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David Brock on the New Carter White House

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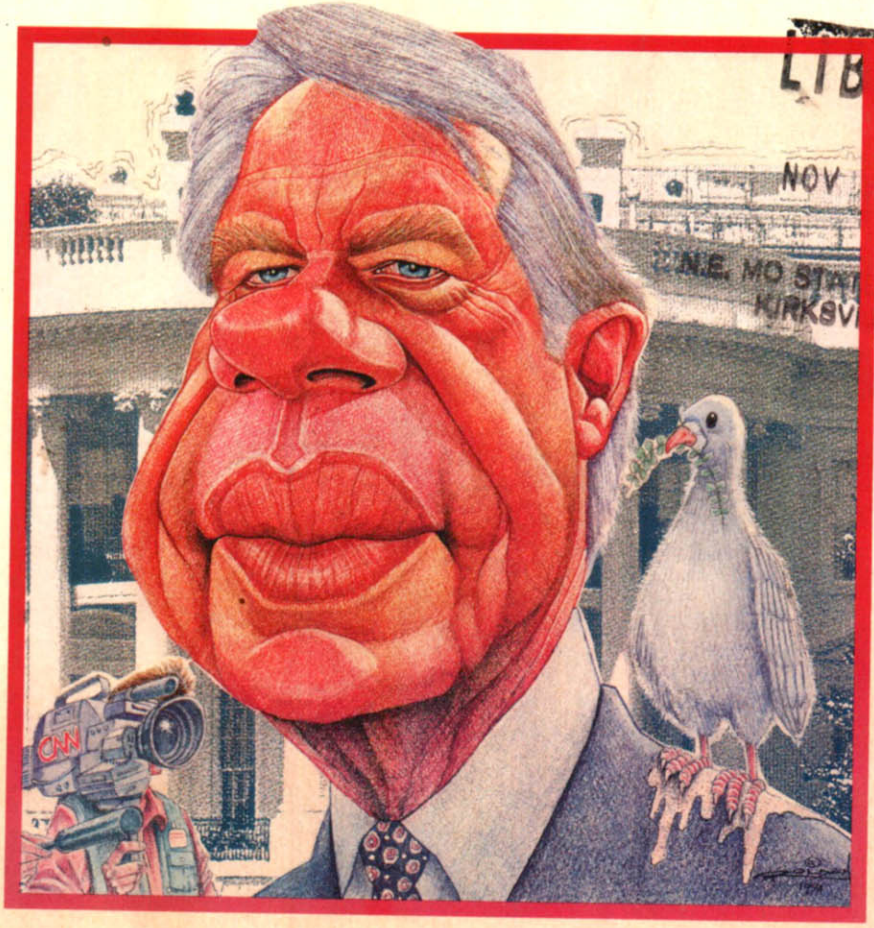

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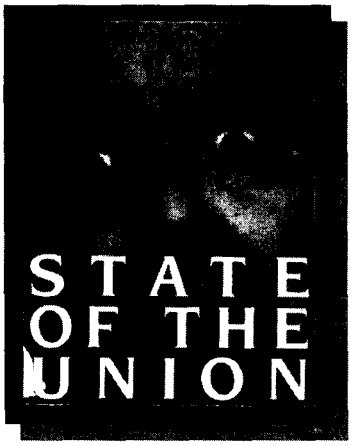

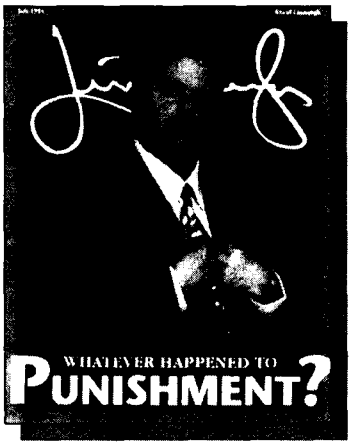

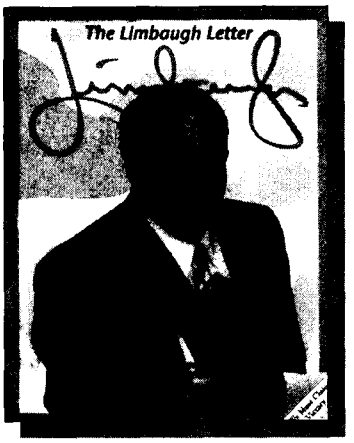

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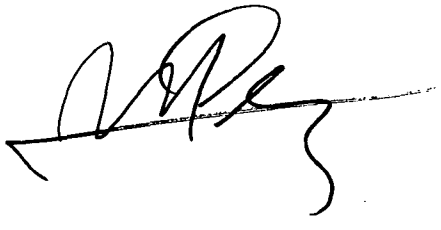
ABOUT THIS MONTH

by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

IT HAPPENED again. There was Gannett's Deborah Mathis planting another question for old pal Bill Clinton at his press conference of October 21. Oddly, her question—about the government's proper role in solving "pernicious social problems here in the United States"—wasn't necessarily designed to score quick political points. The purpose, rather, was to allow Clinton to wax wonkishly about "social problems generally, crime, family breakdown, drugs, gangs, violence, welfare dependency," to drop words like "aggregate," "divergence," and "social mores," and even to outline a quintessentially neoliberal solution: "I think both groups are right and both groups are wrong." Our Bill may be resigned by now to being the butt of popular ridicule, but he'd sure hate to lose the support of Harvard's Kennedy School and its acolytes at such outposts as the *New Republic* (discussed this month in part by John Corry, page 52, and comprehensively by Hilton Kramer, page 66). And as Elizabeth Drew reveals in a book that puts Bob Woodward to shame, Bill is happiest when competing in a policy marathon (see Brit Hume's review of *On the Edge*, page 76). This is one weird guy.

AND MAYBE PREFERABLE, for my money, to such shameless old pills as George McGovern. There he was, the prince of modern Democratic moral equivalence, appearing on MacNeil-Lehrer October 14, the day Hamas terrorism resulted in the deaths of a 19-year-old Israeli hostage and one of his rescuers. George's reaction? "We have to remember that just a few months back a fanatical Israeli settler broke into a mosque with an automatic weapon and killed dozens of Palestinian worshippers." I don't believe MacNeil-Lehrer had him on five days later when Hamas blew up a bus in Tel Aviv, killing at least twenty-three and maiming dozens more. If you were to ask Jimmy Carter about McGovern, he'd likely (and with good reason, no doubt) place him somewhere in between himself and Clinton on a moral scale. No need to wonder who'd be on top. David Brock knew that much going in (see page 26), and he has since discovered that our nation's version of the Dalai Lama (with a dash or two of the Ayatollah thrown in, for good measure) is even more relentless in his self-absorbed crusades than our official president. The experience has been so harrowing for Clinton that it led him into a temporary anti-Carter pact of sorts with Jesse Helms, the devil himself. Too bad North Korea, and not Jesse, is the one with the Bomb.



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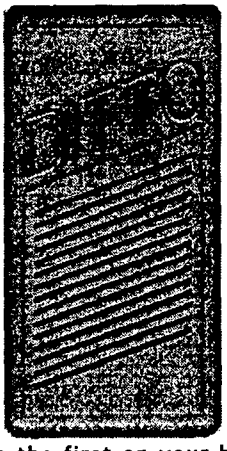

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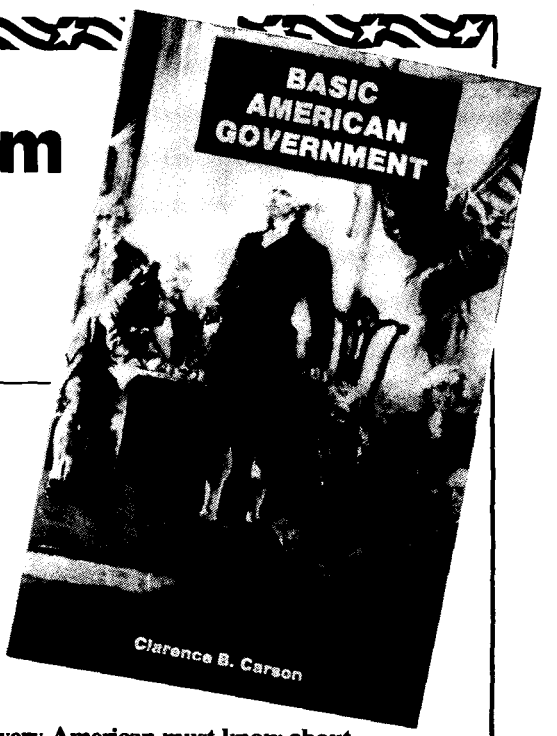

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• October was a month pregnant with diplomatic news. In Ireland, Russian President Boris Yeltsin demonstrated his flair for foreign policy during a brief stopover at Shannon Airport by leaving the Irish Prime Minister, his wife, a regimental band, an honor guard, and numerous flower-bearing children standing next to his plane on the tarmac while he slept off a grand old toot. Less informed foreign policy observers thought it a shocking blunder—much the contrary. Now all Ireland knows that this Russian is a hell of a man, and besides that he got some sleep. President Bill Clinton visited the Mideast at the height of the campaign season and popped up in pictures with Jordan's King Hussein and Israel's Yitzhak Rabin, with Egypt's Hosni Mubarak and the PLO's Yasir Arafat, and with dozens of other Semitic notables. The pictures were utterly eerie. There two steely-eyed Middle Eastern potentates would be eyeing each other coolly, and right there with them—actually a head or so above them—would appear the smiling, nicely coiffed head of Our Bill. What does it mean? The *American Spectator*'s national correspondent, Mr. Victor Gold, explains: "Bill Clinton is Zelig, the Woody Allen character who showed up in pictures with every notable from Woodrow Wilson to Charles Lindbergh to Albert Einstein—wherever there was a notable the face of this person showed up."

• Good taste prevailed in Zurich, Switzerland, when unidentified art critics broke into the gallery of Mr. Max K. Bollag and removed seven disgusting paintings by the late Pablo Picasso, before any museum could purchase them and expose the public to their insane angles and awkward hues. Two of the paintings had been stolen three years before, but for some unfathomable reason they were not promptly destroyed either by the thieves—so-called—or by the police who recovered them. Presumably, the critics will not make that mistake again. They also removed two paintings by the American artist, Mr. Julius Pascin, whose work is less well known and possibly even worse than Picasso's. Though if it is more repellent than the painting of the Spanish mountebank one has to wonder why Mr. Pascin is not equally famous in modern art—perhaps he has not been as zealous in championing the causes of the left-wing zany. Throughout the month, Los Angeles Superior Court Judge Lance A. Ito continued to search for proper ignoramuses to serve on the jury in the trial of Mr. O.J. Simpson. As the month aged, the judge displayed ever balmier behavior on the bench, particularly with regard to the presence of journalists in his courtroom, leading many to believe that Judge Ito is using the trial to secure for himself a place on the faculty of the Harvard Law School or as Our President's next appointment to the Supreme Court.

• The baseball season was officially called off after representatives for the players' union and the owners failed to come to terms. A similar deadlock threatened the hockey season as negotiations languished between both sides, but there could be a breakthrough ahead in negotiations between Marble Rodin, the giant international manicurist agency, and erstwhile journalist Mr. Michael Kinsley, who continues to hold out against Marble Rodin's promise of a six-figure contract to begin his Washington, D.C. career as "manicurist to the stars." That is how Mr. Pedro Manzana, the president of Marble Rodin, described the proffered position to Mr. Kinsley in a September communiqué. Now after noting Mr. Kinsley's demonstrated infatuation with the first family, Mr. Manzana has reminded Mr. Kinsley, in an October 19 letter (a copy of which has been acquired by *The American Spectator),* that "Higher ups in the White House have expressed interest in your services. Think about it: that's guaranteed income! Once you establish a client base, word of mouth on your pedicures, seaweed wraps, and precision electrolysis will make you a sought-after commodity." At month's end Mr. Kinsley continues to hold out, and tense negotiations continue. Yet the unflappable Mr. Manzana has leaked word that he intends to "sweeten" his offer, perhaps by allowing Mr. Kinsley to continue in his chair "on the left" at the CNN television program "Crossfire," even though as manicurist to the Clinton family there might be a perceived conflict of interests—not all that unusual an occurrence these days, but the kind of thing Marble Rodin has steered clear of through all its years of distinguished service.

• In Trenton, New Jersey, Assemblyman Mr. Jeff Warsh introduced a bill that would require publicly funded buildings to provide two women's toilets to every one for the male of the species. Bidets could be next. Controversy continued to embroil the federal courts in Denver, Colorado, where U.S. District Judge Edward Nottingham has ruled that an inmate at the Federal Correctional Institution in Jefferson County, Colorado, Mr. Robert James Howard, an avowed Satanist, be allowed to perform satanic rituals. The rituals incorporate candles, candleholders, a gong (do not ask!), a chalice, a short wooden staff, and a black robe not unlike that worn by the Judge himself. His 23-page ruling was issued early in October. Mr. Howard's diabolical services would ideally be performed between 2 a.m. and 5 a.m. when most inmates are getting some shut-eye, though some watch the David Letterman show and have trouble sleeping. Now opposition is forming, led by the Colorado intelligentsia. Professor Carl Raschke, who teaches religious studies at the University of Denver, believes one of Mr. Howard's rituals could be quite unwholesome. "If you talk to Satanists," he argues, "which I have, rituals of destruction are intended to kill people. I think what the judge did was reprehensible in this case."

• There has been a truly horrible turn of events in famed Ile-aux-Aigrettes off the coast of tiny Mauritius. There, where wildlife advocates and environmentalists have lavished time and treasure to rescue from extinction one of the world's rarest falcons, the Mauritius kestrel, an as-yet-unidentified kestrel ate a Mauritius pink pigeon. The pigeons are themselves among the world's rarest, and though they are deli-

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cious *en croûte* it was quite beastly for the kestrel to eat the defenseless pigeon, feathers and all. On October 7, President Bill Clinton signed a bill that will make it legal for American Indians to use peyote in their religious services, along with light wines and other ardent spirits. Paprika is again on sale in Hungary. The spice, esteemed as indispensable to many Hungarian specialties, for instance goulash and meat loaf, had been taken off the market in September after at least 100 Hungarians fell ill upon consuming paprika that had been contaminated by criminals out to make a fast forint.

• London's incomparable *News of the World* reported that back in 1988 racy films were made of Princess Diana conjugating with a Maj. James Hewitt. Apparently the films were made covertly by Royal Marines surveillance expert Sergeant Glyn Jones, who if I have his account from the *News* right, filmed the illicit accouplement because his superiors believed that the Princess was engaged in acts of terrorism. A tactful book-length account of Mr. (he has left Her Majesty's service since his servicing) Hewitt's five-year relationship written by him and an associate, *A Princess in Love,* which was also published in October, betrays no hint of what terrorist acts the Princess might have committed or for whom she might have acted. Nor is there any suggestion of her international terrorism in *Prince of Wales: An Intimate Portrait,* an authorized biography of Prince Charles that appeared at the end of the month, though that book does make it clear that the Prince had some harrowing moments with the mysterious woman. Mr. Michael Fay, the youthful graffitist who captured the imagination of the world when he was caned in Singapore, entered the Hazelden Clinic in Minnesota after he burned his hands and face during an otherwise conventional butane-sniffing.

• In Dallas, Texas, it appears that the blinding of Miss Myra Obasi, the former second-grade school teacher, by her two sisters was not an act of mayhem but simply another act of diabolical infestation. That is what she has told a jury. Miss Obasi, of Arcadia, California, was having problems and was directed to "Benny," a noted Arcadian "spiritual man." The Rev. Benny spotted demonic sources immediately and urged Miss Obasi and her two moronic sisters to flee. They rented a car and drove to Marshall, Texas, before reporting to police that the rental car also had a curse on it and the radio did not work. At this writing the name of the rental company remains hush-hush, but when Miss Obasi's sisters stopped in Dallas to pray for seven hours across the street from Mrs. Legayla Jones, an "onlooker," their efforts to push garlic into Miss Obasi's eyes and paper down her throat were almost to be expected. The prosecution continues. The *San Francisco Chronicle* is reporting the largest toy duck spill in history. The spill actually took place two years ago in the North Pacific, and it included not only 29,000 toy ducks but also other bathtub toys such as blue turtles, green frogs, and red beavers (for older bathers). Scientists—ever the optimists!—have studied the route that wind and sea currents created for the toys and believe that the spill has been science's gain. Unfortunately now the bathtub toys are showing up along a 500-mile shoreline from Cordova, Alaska, to Coronation Island in the Gulf of Alaska and giving environmentalists great cause for alarm. The mating season of thousands of live ducks could be destroyed by the plastic interlopers, and no amount of therapy will help. *—RET*

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George's Big Buy

I hate to be the devil's advocate for Mr. Stephanopoulos, but did Mr. Labash take into account depreciation in regards to George's building deal ("Buy George," by Matt Labash. *TAS*, October 1994)? It may not even affect too much the question of the loan approval, but definitely affects the affordability question.

If George lives in the residential portion, he may shelter almost $42,000 of his government salary. My calculations follow:

$120,000 salary
$66,000 rental income
–$66,000 expenses
–$41,750 depreciation
(835,000/10 years/ 2)
= $78,150.

This would save him over $12,000 in federal income taxes. When a Democrat starts acting like a Republican, we know we're winning. *—Jim Buscher*
St. Paul, Minnesota

Let's not forget youth and the effect of role models on the young. Mr. Stephanopoulos cannot be blamed for wanting his piece of action; no one wants to be left out. If Ron Brown can skirt $700,000 and Mike Espy can be wined and dined by Tyson Chicken, why not a loan against an upside down debt-income ratio? What I believe we have here is a sleaze factor of biblical proportions . . .
—Michael C. Gilbert
Montgomery, Alabama

Because of Mr. Stephanopoulos's important role within the Clinton administration, I do consider his real estate transaction an important lapse of ethical standards and the matter should be made public and investigated. However, I do not believe that it warranted the importance of a cover story and five story pages. Otherwise please continue the important work.
—Michael T. Nevins
Oak Park, Illinois

In and Out of Fashion

P.J. O'Rourke's "Fashionable Worries" (*TAS*, October 1994) reveals to an unsuspecting American public the startling discovery that times are actually pretty good. Once again, he could not be more on the mark In fact, the way we see it, the incessant bleating of today's average American is not so much a cause for despair, but rather, celebration. What nation today has so serious a shortage of genuine problems that its citizens can sit back and whine about the difficulty they are having defining themselves as individuals in a post-modern, nonpatriarchal manner?
—Jonathan D. Fotos
Arlington, Virginia

During my pre-retirement career in the automobile racing business, I came across a dissertation by P.J. O'Rourke on the subject of some people's fascination with pick-up trucks. An instant fan, I sought out further O'Rourke musings and was pleased to find them in *TAS* when my subscription began.

"Fashionable Worries" came along just as I was in the process of re-reading one of my old time favorite authors, Philip Wylie. Many of the wry observations in "Worries" bring to mind those of the sad man in Wylie's *Finnley Wren* who said, "I am crying because of the feminist movement. Was there ever a more preposterous misconstruction of biological aspirations?"

This truism was written in 1934! Thanks to P.J. O'Rourke for reviving my Wylie-induced cynicism.
—Tracy Bird
Tucson, Arizona

If P.J. O'Rourke would just tell us what he was smoking when he wrote "Fashionable Worries," maybe we could all stop worrying—but with the Clinton clowns in the White House it will take some pretty strong stuff to get me turned around.

With his talent and extraordinary wit he doesn't really have to worry; he has focused the problem so simply that people think it's impossible. "Property rights, rule of law, responsible government and universal education: that's all we need." I think it will also take an injection of responsibility, integrity and gratitude.
—Irwin B. Golden
Upland, California

I knew the relatively high subscription cost of *TAS* had been amply refunded to me after reading "Fashionable Worries." Your excerpt from Mr. O'Rourke's book was outstanding! Dare I venture to say that his work should be must reading for liberals? Indeed the liberal elite is in dire need of a dose of common sense!
—Robert M. Adams
Camden, South Carolina

"Things are better now than things have been since men began keeping track of things. Things are better than they were only a few years ago. Things are better, in fact, than they were at 9:30 this morning"—thanks to P.J. O'Rourke and his eminently sane, quirky lambasting of the sourpusses who bemoan the state of our culture, our nation, and the world.
—D. E. Fanyo
Oklahoma

If meat is murder and eggs are rape, cheese must be really disgusting. Yuck!
—Joseph G. Smith
Whittier, California

Once again the ever perceptive P.J. O'Rourke has put his stiletto-like finger on one of the truly major issues of our times, i.e., the overwhelming and myopic view that everything really isn't fine, even though the "evil empire," as St. Ronald of California termed it, doesn't have any nukes aimed toward the good ol' U.S. of A. anymore. (Of course, there may be other non-governmental members of the old Soviet states with their fingers on or near the buttons, but what the hey!) It wouldn't really be "nuclear war" if private citizens started it, would it?

But O'Rourke conveniently overlooked one of the biggest whiners in the nation. (No, I don't mean Newt Gingrich when he's hauled back into divorce court.) I'm referring to O'Rourke himself. To wit, his writing in the January '94 issue of *Automobile* magazine, where, after having the opportunity to road test an automobile that cost nearly as much as a Rush Limbaugh lunch, the $349,000 Bugatti EB110, a car capable of nearly four times the speed limit, (213 mph), O'Rourke found fault with the fact that his now corpulent body did not easily slide into and out of this fine automobile, he didn't like the window, since it

(continued on page 84)

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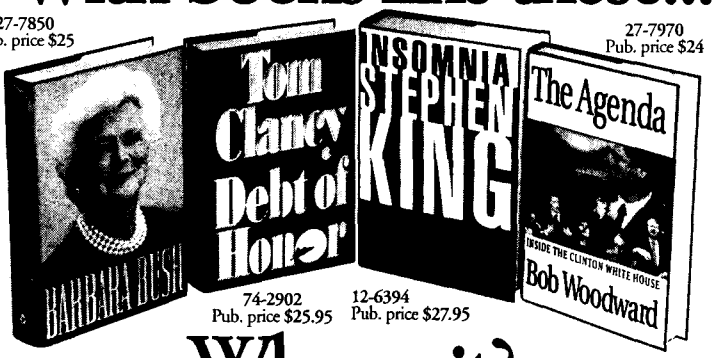

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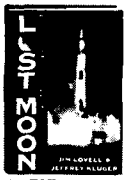

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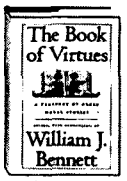

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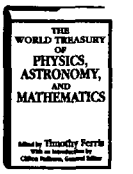

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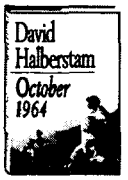

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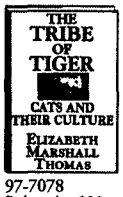

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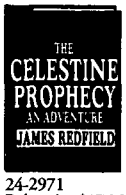

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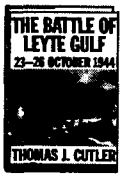

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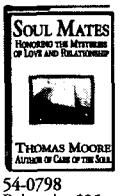

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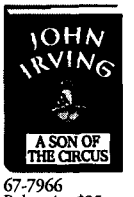

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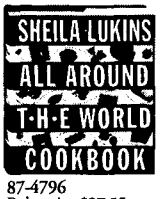

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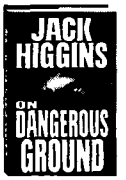

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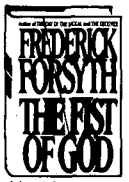

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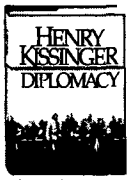

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Who's Afraid of L.D. Brown?

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Harper's magazine held a kind of show trial the other day at the National Press Club. The burden of the apparat's labored efforts was that the *New York Times*'s Jeff Gerth gravely exaggerated the Clintons' wrongdoing in his pioneering reportage of their shaky Whitewater Development partnership with James C. McDougal of the failed Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan. Bearing in mind that the *Times* is famously sympathetic to the Democratic Party, one has to wonder why it would be turning on a Democratic president with charges that, according to *Harper's,* are almost fabrications. Actually *Harper's* nit-picking over Gerth's work does nothing to discredit Gerth or his reporting. The evidence that he has amassed clearly reveals very questionable dealings by the Clintons and the McDougals.

One of the charges raised by the Clintons' defenders at the *Harper's* show trial, and by other Clinton apologists in and out of the administration, is that "the press is out to get" Bill Clinton because he is doing so many progressive things. Well, we have had other progressive Democratic presidents, and they never found themselves entoiled in the vast web of scandals that have been discovered by the press this past year. For that matter, even the hellish Republicans have not faced allegations of campaign finance violations, bank fraud, real estate fraud, obstruction of justice, trafficking in government jobs, and, as raised in the *Economist* magazine, dealings in illicit drugs. At least Republican administrations have not faced all these allegations at once.

Actually, it is not the press that is out to get the Clintons but the Clintons who are out to control the press. The October 31 issue of *Time* magazine reports that "David Kendall, Bill Clinton's private lawyer, has been working very, very hard to keep Whitewater out of the headlines. On Sunday, October 16, he flew from Washington to New York City to persuade ABC News not to air a piece about Arkansas state trooper L.D. Brown, who says he has given information to Whitewater investigators that may help substantiate a former Arkansas municipal judge's claim that Clinton pressured him into making a fraudulent small-business loan." Kendall is not the only one putting pressure on the media. My spies report that the tireless George Stephanopoulos recently was hounding the *Washington Post* to treat a news story unflattering to the president just so. And of course Betsey Wright, Clinton's loyal henchperson, is always on the prowl to see that unfavorable news stories are spiked and that those who claim to have knowledge of the Clintons' errancies are maligned.

As the ABC News story on L.D. Brown has not yet been broadcast, though it was ready about the time Kendall flew to New York, what have the Clintonites been saying about Brown that has kept the piece off the air? Once again I resort to my spies. They tell me that Betsey Wright told ABC that Brown is a "pathological liar." ABC found that the charge was false. Brown is an experienced police officer, one of the best state troopers in Arkansas, and the possessor of a file abundant with superlative commendations, some from Governor Bill Clinton, one from Dr. Joycelyn Elders.

Then ABC was told by Kendall that Brown failed a psychological test. ABC went to Brown's boss, Colonel Tommy Goodwin, retired director of the Arkansas state police, and was told the charge was false. All commissioned officers had to take the test, which Goodwin confirmed Brown passed easily. Now the charges became lurid. ABC was asked to look into the death of Brown's mother, the implication being that Brown might have had a hand in it.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

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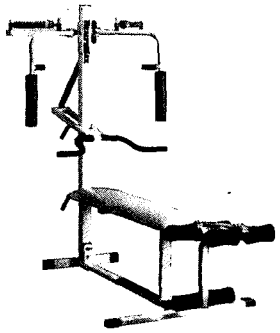

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ABC discovered that the mother died in a domestic firearms accident twenty-three years before, when Brown was a boy. The next charge was that in the mid-1980s Brown flunked a CIA exam. Brown produced letters demonstrating that he was nominated to a CIA position and obviously had done well on all CIA examinations.

Of course, these last two charges had to come from none other than Brown's erstwhile boss, who knew him well back in the 1980s—Bill Clinton. The last one suggests that Clinton has actually sent aides back into Brown's CIA personnel file for dirt on him. This would not be the first time that Bill Clinton got involved in attempts to muzzle the press or shape news stories. It is widely known that in 1993, when Clinton got word that troopers from his security detail were talking to the press, he picked up a White House telephone and called trooper Danny Ferguson. All Washington was amazed that he made that call. Now that he has put his lawyer up to making false allegations against trooper Brown, Washington ought to be equally aroused.

Finally, the press corps might begin to wonder why Bill Clinton is so alarmed about the testimony of L.D. Brown. What does he think Brown might say? And why after so many of the false charges against Brown have been refuted is ABC still reluctant to broadcast its story on Brown? One thing I am fairly confident of is that the answer to these questions and to the questions raised by Jeff Gerth will all come out, and soon. ❐

Mena Spirited

At his press conference on October 7, President Bill Clinton momentarily took on a ghostly pallor when queried by that stalwart of the Washington press corps, Sarah McClendon. She asked him about nefarious activities that took place in the 1980s at the Mena airport in southwest Arkansas. She claimed that the Bush administration and the CIA established an operation there to ship arms to the contras. Drugs got involved. McClendon's question was not the most carefully worded, but the gist was that the CIA was flying arms through Mena to the contras. When the airplanes came back they carried drugs into Arkansas. McClendon wanted to know what Clinton knew about these dark doings.

In the idiom of Arkansas, Bill must have said to himself, "Well, ah'd lahk ta die." With typical Clintonian chutzpah he approached the question boldly, implying that all sorts of red-hot information was about to tumble forth: "Well, let me answer that question." And then he said he knew nothing. Nobody told him anything. It was a federal matter, not a state matter: "The state really had next to nothing to do with it. . . . We had nothing—zero—to do with it, and everybody who's ever looked into it knows that." Then the color crept back into his boyish cheeks.

Unfortunately two days later somebody who has "looked into it" wrote a lengthy report alleging that officials in Bill Clinton's Arkansas knew a good deal more about drug and arms shipments in Mena, Arkansas, than Clinton allowed. The writer is the indefatigable Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, Washington bureau chief for the *Sunday Telegraph* of London. Writing in the October 9 *Telegraph,* he reports that Arkansas was a "major point for the transshipment of drugs" coming into the United States from abroad in the 1980s. In the middle of the decade, Arkansas, he asserts, "was perilously close to becoming a 'narco-republic'—a sort of mini-Colombia within the borders of the United States."

Then Evans-Pritchard summons his evidence. He has spoken with a convicted drug pilot who claims that he flew cocaine into Arkansas from abroad. He quotes an associate of the infamous drug smuggler, Barry Seal, who admits that Seal did indeed bring vast amounts of drugs through Arkansas while performing some sort of function for the CIA. Too late, the CIA discovered that Seal was still a drug merchant. Then, according to Seal's associate, "the Dixie Mafia was blackmailing the CIA" and for a while drug shipments became rampant. Evans-Pritchard has documents implicating Arkansas authorities at Mena, and one of his witnesses claims Arkansas state troopers saw him fly drugs in the state.

Clinton's attempt to distance himself from Mena appears disingenuous. What Clinton knows is unclear, but he must know more than he told McClendon. There were at least three inquiries into drug traffic at the airport and all appear to have been obstructed. The first, a joint investigation involving the Arkansas State Police (your state was not involved, Bill?) and the Internal Revenue Service, lasted from 1985 to 1988. The IRS investigator, Bill Duncan, claims that important evidence was denied the grand jury. He quit the Treasury in protest. Another investigator, Russell Welch, suffered a mysterious bout of anthrax poisoning. His report is in the possession of the *Sunday Telegraph*, as are supporting documents from the FBI and the Drug Enforcement Administration. Another investigation was begun in 1988 through the General Accounting Office at the behest of Arkansas congressman Bill Alexander. After that investigation foundered, Alexander tried another investigation involving Congress and the Arkansas attorney general's office. Again the investigations were obstructed.

The Arkansas depicted in the London *Sunday Telegraph* is a sordid place. By 1986, Evans-Pritchard writes, "there was an epidemic of cocaine contaminating the [state's] political establishment from top to bottom." He claims that Clinton pal Dan Lasater "gave parties at which cocaine would be served like hors d'oeuvres and sex was rampant." He claims that some of these revels are documented in police records, and that "Bill Clinton was in frequent attendance." Now I wonder where those "police records" might be, and will there be more investigations into Mena airport? For some reason Bill Clinton attracts an awfully wide range of allegations for a man professing to be a moral paragon. ❐

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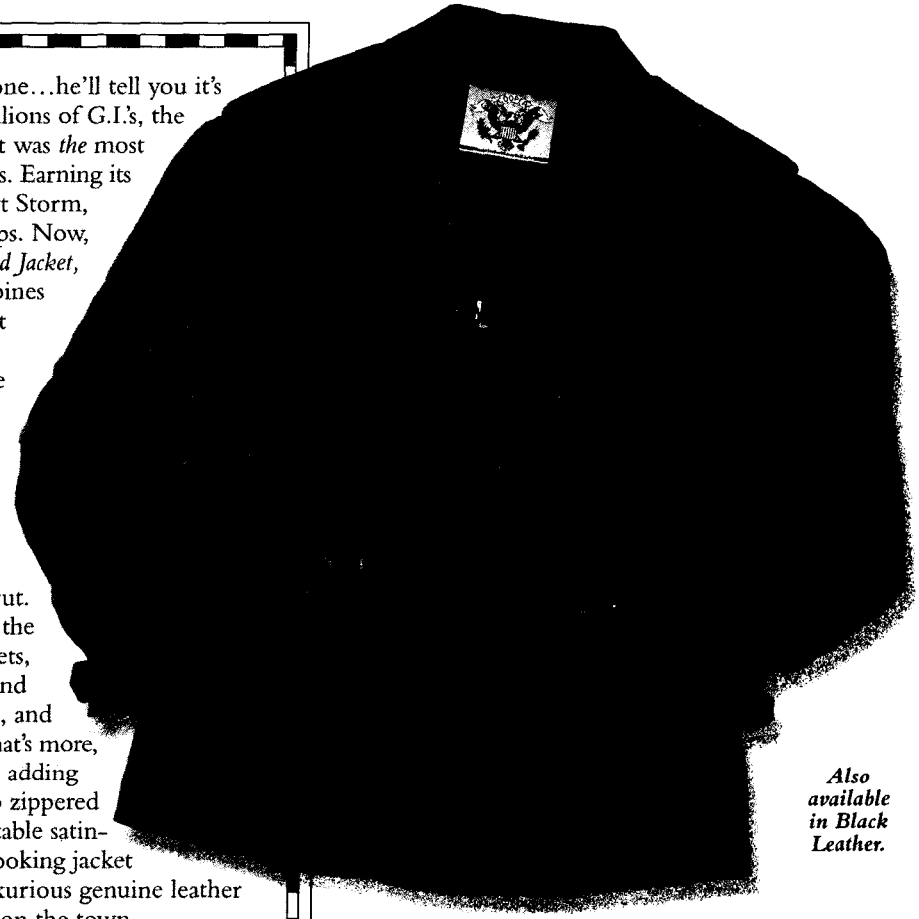

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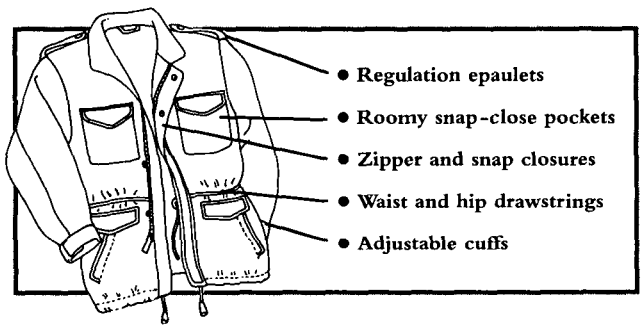

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Renaissance Weakened

by Tom Bethell

I don't bother much with the newsweeklies anymore. Jazzy graphics and ever-larger photographs try to disguise their predictable rehash of the conventional wisdom, and to compete with television. But this only accentuates their irrelevance. The other day, nonetheless, a *Time* cover story really did catch my eye: "Black Renaissance: African-American Artists Are Truly Free at Last."

Here was no bad news about the inner city. *Time*'s team (themselves all black, judging from the photograph) had found that black artists were embarking "on one of the most astonishing outbursts of creativity in the nation's history." First, there was Quotapoet Maya Angelou at the inauguration, then Toni Morrison won the Nobel Prize for literature. Now there's much more, including choreographer Bill T. Jones's "Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin," depicting the evils of slavery. Admittedly, during a performance last summer, Jones "dropped his pants and exposed himself while standing near two children." But that was for Art's sake. He is in the business of shocking people, *Time* reassured—"trying to test the boundaries of propriety." That's okay, then. In a companion essay, Henry Louis Gates, Jr. of Harvard's Afro-American Studies Department concluded that "today's may truly be the renaissance to end all renaissances."

I went to a record store in Georgetown in search of this new outburst of creativity. As I entered, something not too bad at all was coming over the loudspeaker. But it turned out to be a Bobby Bland oldie, circa 1962. To say that record stores have become venues of nostalgia is putting it mildly. In the realm of American music, the treasures of the last seventy years have been engraved compactly on silicon, whole libraries and eras of music miniaturized, shrink-wrapped, and stored in racks. One is reminded obscurely of the monastic scriptoria, in which monks assiduously copied the wisdom of the ancients onto parchment, even as the Dark Ages approached. This impression is strengthened in the classical-music departments of large stores today, where the shelves are filled with Gregorian chant, and new recordings on old instruments more precisely capture the performance standards of earlier centuries. It's enough to make you wonder if we are preparing for our own Dark Age.

Or renaissance to end all renaissances. I asked the shop assistant, a young black woman, if she could help me find one or two of the best black popular groups; something current, something that everyone was listening to, admiring, talking about. She gave me an odd look—something about my request didn't quite "compute," evidently. But she recommended two groups, one called Boyz II Men, the other Public Enemy. The latter album was illustrated with a skeleton holding a pistol to its head, and was entitled Muse Sick-N-Hour Mess Age. (Hey, that's not bad: Music and our Message: The Muse is sick in our messy age.)

If I may be permitted a personal digression: in a way it was black culture that drew me to America. The music specifically. I was intrigued that the European classical tradition had petered out in the nineteenth century (discounting the avant-garde stuff as a muse-sick corpse, kept going by grants, governments, and music departments), and that something new and "democratic" had magically reappeared in the United States; the year of renaissance being almost exactly 1900. As far as we know, jazz, ragtime, and the blues all started up in different places at the same time. There was a peak at some point in the first half of the twentieth century—no one quite knows when, exactly. In World War II, recordings were made in New Orleans dance halls of black bands nonchalantly playing a three-or four-part counterpoint as complex as the Brandenburg Concerti, and similar to them in other respects. (Recently this was issued on CD—check out Bunk Johnson and George Lewis on the American Music label.) Just about all the best musicians throughout this period were black.

I arrived in 1962—too late. Some of the old timers were still alive, even playing, in New Orleans, but they couldn't tell you much. They knew nothing about "art" and wouldn't have wanted to talk about it even if they did. We know less about the origins of jazz and the blues than we do about the life of Shakespeare. The crucial early years, c. 1895-1915, are a blank; no recordings, and hardly anything written down. All we have are a few recollections and hazy photographs.

But in 1962 there was still some pretty good music around. John Lee Hooker was playing in Chicago at or near his peak. On the hit parade: Esther Phillips's "Release Me," which today evokes a golden age. Music in the black churches was often outstanding, and what a pity more recordings were not made in the churches, as opposed to studios. At that point you could walk around the black neighborhoods of cities like New Orleans in the middle of the night if you wanted to. I distinctly remember the change—I think it was in 1966 or 1967. I made some recordings of the old-timers myself in those years, and I was looking for a particular musician. The old drummer Cie Frazier, then playing at Preservation Hall, told me that my man lived in the Desire housing project. But he told me not to go there because it was unsafe—"worse than a gang of rattlesnakes." Three years earlier I had been out there many times.

One unfashionable statement I am prepared to make is that black music, pre–civil rights, was artistically greatly superior to what came later. Explaining the cultural dynamics of this change

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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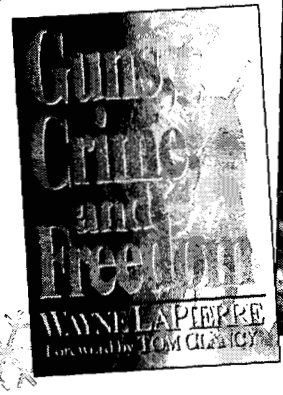

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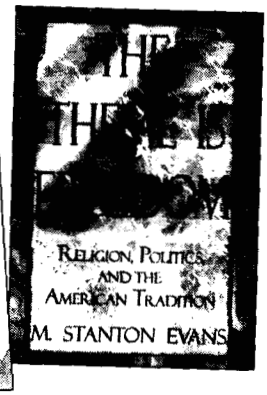

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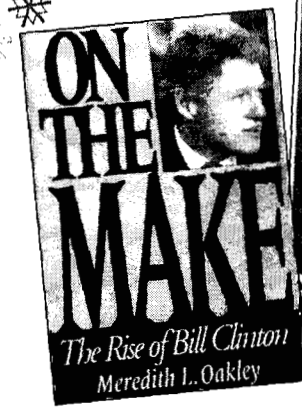

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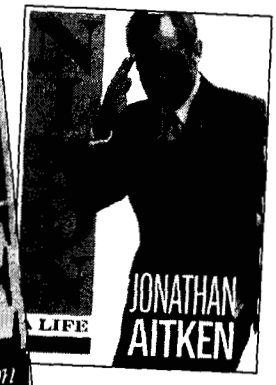

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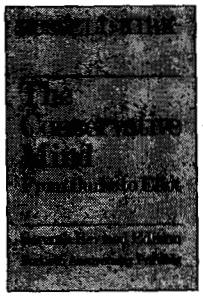

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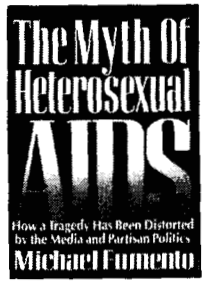

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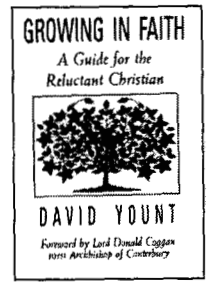
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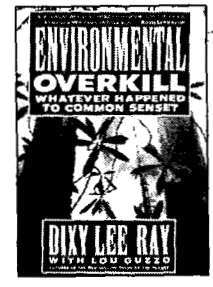

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would be a critical feat, but today it might also count as a hate crime. Nonetheless, Mahalia Jackson's gospel recordings in the 1950s are far superior to the sentimental stuff she issued after becoming a mascot of the civil rights movement, and there is simply no modern counterpart to Bessie Griffin's "Too Close to Heaven," recorded in a "Sanctified" church in Memphis in 1953. The music just plain declined. It's not that voting and political rights are incompatible with artistic expression. I suspect, all the same, that politics does sicken the Muses. With politics came welfare, don't forget. This is now destroying family life in the inner cities—a catastrophe greater than disenfranchisement.

Boyz II Men turned out to be a not very interesting male quartet. Tonally it's "progressive," which means it's painful listening for me. Vocalist Shawn Stockman hopes that "artists worldwide from rap to metal keep revolutionizing and diversifying the music art form." Melody and lyricism have been expunged in favor of crooned modernistic dissonances and sibilant microphone-whispering. The liner notes include surprising dedications from each singer: "All praises are due II my Lord God Almighty and my Savior Jesus Christ," says Stockman, who adds a list of family and friends. I'm told that such dedications are standard on the liner notes of black groups now.

The rap group Public Enemy is on another plane entirely, and I am not sure it counts as music. In the notes, by the way, it acknowledges "All praises Due to Allah (God)," family and friends not listed. You may well have heard Public Enemy without knowing it. "Lyrics" have turned into harangue, and the overall tone is one of accusation and defiance. There's a veneer of irony, and political radicalism, which seems to mask an underlying nihilism. Repetitive phrases turn over and haunt us as in a bad dream; imps squeak and tease from the multi-track electronic inferno. It's Bedlam, or worse.

In *Hole in Our Soul*, Martha Bayles describes "the loss of beauty and meaning in American popular music." She's right about the beauty, but listening to Public Enemy's Chuck D, I'm not so sure about the meaning. Quoting from the small-print rap sheet that comes with the album (their spelling):

> *The only good niga iz a dead niga*
> *Dats what they used to say*
> *Can't understand why a man*
> *Gotta use a trigga*
> *On his own, suppose to act grown*
> *Cracka in da back*
> *Watcha brother pull a trigga on another brother*
> *Couldn't shoot and shot a mother*
> *Four kids alone home*
> *Ungrown, & now they on they own.*

If in the future people wonder about life in our inner cities, rap recordings will convey the flavor accurately enough. In that sense they are meaningful indeed; at times the meaning is skillfully conveyed. I can only say that the social decline and sheer physical destruction that has taken place in the thirty-odd years since I first walked through black neighborhoods in my naive search is fantastic and almost unbelievable, and rap musicians seem to feel that *somebody* is to blame. They are right. The problem is, they haven't figured out who the culprits are, beyond whites in general, mainly because they have been so misled by their own leadership.

Is there no hope? I made one more trip to the music store, and picked up a CD called "Saints in Praise," made at the West Angeles Church of God in Christ in 1990. It really did cheer me up, because it was much the same old sound, seemingly unaffected by the surrounding turmoil (I hope the church wasn't burned in the riots). The congregation itself does most of the singing, and the notes include this intelligent comment from one Bishop Charles Blake:

> Over the past five or six decades, church congregations have gradually delegated singing to specialists and professionals. Soloists and skilled musicians have dazzled those attempting to worship by the flamboyancy and intricacy of their rhythms. . . . The result has been non-participative worship services, a spectator mentality, and a songless people.

Right on, Bishop. Now, if only you can take back the culture more generally from your political soloists and specialists and professionals, there might be a renaissance indeed. It could happen, but it will take a miracle. ❐

Strange New Respect Award

In his *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* dissent (1992), Justice Antonin Scalia noted that the Supreme Court's temptation is always to "eliminate checks upon its own power." In the same way, officials in Washington, whether elected or appointed, find themselves under constant pressure to continue the long-term trend toward the centralization of power in the capital. Temptations include the adoring gaze of the Washington press corps, the prospect of flattering profiles in major newspapers, a relaxed standard of investigative scrutiny (that's how Ted Kennedy survived), invitations to fashionable dinner parties, and much more. For those who don't go along? Well, look at Justice Clarence Thomas's press coverage.

Unless armored with strong personal integrity and a political philosophy, newcomers are apt to find that the benefits of betraying those who appointed or elected them are far greater than the costs. A grumbling editorial in *Human Events*, after all, is a small price to pay for an admiring article in the *Washington Post*'s "Style" section. The cultural power of liberalism—the ideology of those who seek to centralize decision-making to the maximum extent possible—still far exceeds that of conservatism.

Those who succumb to the temptations of betrayal are looked upon with what in Washington is called a "strange new respect." Recently, Justice David Souter was so recognized. In his most embarrassing public appearance, at the time of Thurgood Marshall's funeral, he was photographed holding hands with retired Justice William Brennan on the steps of the Supreme Court. But in recognition of his malleability, one of liberalism's highest rewards was recently bestowed upon him: a worshipful profile in the *New York Times Magazine*. The headline on the cover read: "Justice Souter: A Surprising Kind of Conservative."

He was called an "intellectual leader," and a man of "exceptional intelligence." He was admired above all for adhering to the doctrine of *stare decisis* when considering liberal precedents and showing growth and compassion when ruling on conservative ones. "A Justice Evolves," was the headline inside. He wins the Strange New Respect Award for 1994. —*T.B.*

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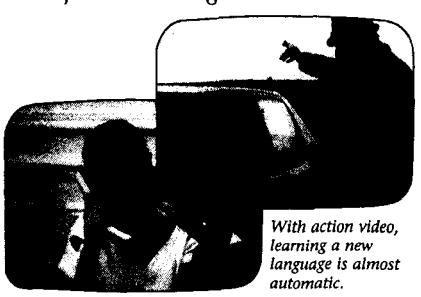

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Have GAO Will Travel

When the White House is in trouble, the General Accounting Office can be counted on to lend a hand, even if that means ignoring its own findings in the Travelgate affair.

by Byron York

On July 2, 1993, Mack McLarty and Leon Panetta held a long-awaited press conference to announce the results of their investigation into the White House Travel Office scandal. They singled out four staffers for particular criticism: David Watkins, the White House administration chief who fired the travel office staffers; William Kennedy, the associate White House Counsel who brought the FBI in to investigate; Jeff Eller, the director of media affairs who was in on the planning; and Eller's girlfriend Catherine Cornelius, the low-level aide whose designs on the office helped start the whole affair.

"We've had some very frank and direct discussions and I have made it clear that I will not tolerate any repetition of the conduct which has been criticized," McLarty, then White House chief of staff, said. "I have issued reprimands to David Watkins, William Kennedy, Jeff Eller, and Catherine Cornelius." Panetta, at that time OMB director, said he and McLarty told them that "we would make public the fact that these reprimands have been made." Panetta later told a House subcommittee that "the reprimands were given orally by Mr. McLarty and me," referring to the job as "dirty work."

But there's a problem with the story: it didn't happen. Three staffers who were "reprimanded" told General Accounting Office investigators that they never got the much-ballyhooed dressing-down from McLarty and Panetta. Eller told the GAO that nobody talked to him: "Mr. Eller's reprimand," according to a GAO investigator's notes, "consisted of Mr. McLarty's announcement of it at the July 2 press conference." Cornelius told investigators that she "found out about [the

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reprimand] from watching the press conference." As for Kennedy, the GAO papers say, "Mr. Kennedy's reprimand regarding the travel office consisted of Mack McLarty's oral reprimand during his July 2 press conference and no further action." The fourth staffer, Watkins, didn't say how he learned about the "reprimand."

It seems reasonable to conclude that McLarty and Panetta lied—in Panetta's case, to Congress. Yet the General Accounting Office's final report on Travelgate doesn't even mention the contradictions between the McLarty/Panetta line and what the White House staffers told the GAO's own investigators. It is just one of many omissions in a report that was supposed to uncover definitive answers about Travelgate.

The General Accounting Office is Congress's investigatory agency. After the administration's conflicting public statements in the first days of Travelgate, followed by the unconvincing White House Management Review of the affair, Republicans in Congress called for hearings on the travel office firings. Democrats blocked that move and instead proposed ordering the GAO to investigate. Republicans agreed, but only with the stipulation that they would renew their call for hearings should the GAO report prove as weak as earlier efforts. The study was commissioned by Public Law 103-50, passed in September 1993.

Three staffers who were "reprimanded" told General Accounting Office investigators that they never got the much-ballyhooed dressing-down from McLarty and Panetta.

The resulting report, published in May of this year, was mildly critical of the administration, but was mostly made up of chapters with titles like these:

"White House Inquiry Violated No Procedures"
"FBI Response Violated No Procedures"
"No Evidence of Inappropriate Actions Pertaining to IRS"
"Operating Procedures Have Been Further Improved But Additional Work Remains"

Critics of the administration labeled the report a "whitewash" and questioned the reliability of the GAO. Republicans on Capitol Hill suspected the agency probably found out quite a bit about Travelgate but—out of either partisanship, institutional timidity, or both—pulled its punches. So Republican members of the House Government Operations Committee asked to examine the notes and work papers used by GAO investigators to prepare the report. By comparing the report's conclusions with what the investigators actually learned in face-to-face interviews of White House officials, they have pieced together a picture of omissions, misrepresentations, and mistakes that make the GAO report the latest cover-up of Travelgate.

The GAO papers have not been released to the public; what follows is based on the House investigators' analysis. It reveals a number of problems with the GAO report:

The Handling of Evidence

Early accounts of Travelgate described how Catherine Cornelius collected and copied travel office records to build the case for the firings. Concerned that her behavior might have compromised evidence in the case, members of Congress specifically asked the GAO to investigate how documents were handled. But the GAO report does not address the subject—even though its investigators discovered new and damaging information.

The White House Management Review reported that Cornelius removed a "small" number of papers from the office in April—and then *took them home*. What happened to them after that? The Review didn't say. The GAO work papers reveal more of the story. Cornelius told GAO investigators that she took home "a stack of canceled checks" and files for a trip taken during the Bush administration. She said she kept them at home until May 12, when deputy White House counsel Vincent Foster told her to bring them back. On the thirteenth, according to the White House Management Review, Cornelius met with FBI agents, who apparently reviewed her material and concluded that there was enough evidence to warrant an investigation of the travel office.

What happened next? Normal procedure in such a case would be for the FBI to seize everything that might be evidence. But the agents didn't do that. Instead, they agreed to Foster's request that they wait until accountants brought in by the White House to audit the travel office finished their work (the audit took just three days, ending on May 17, 1993). The agents not only waited until after the audit was finished; they waited nearly a month more, finally getting the records on June 10.

Where was the evidence kept before June 10? GAO investigators asked a man named Brian Foucart, who at the time was the acting director of the White House Administrative Office. He told them:

> "The bulk of the [travel office] records were kept in the file room and were kept locked until June 10. There were some records in the [travel office] that . . . Catherine Cornelius . . . had access to before June 10. However, I removed the checkbook, cash, journal and black notebooks on May 19 and gave them to the FBI on June 10."

What did Foucart—or other White House staffers—do with the evidence between May 19 and June 10? And what did he do with the checkbook, cash, journal, and black notebooks? The answers could be critical to the case of fired travel office head Billy Dale, who is facing possible indictment on charges he embezzled $55,000 from the fund used to pay for press trips. The *Washington Times*, citing associates of Dale, has reported that he kept records of his spending in black notebooks, and that those notebooks, which

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could exonerate Dale, are now missing. But the GAO apparently didn't ask.

It did ask whether any travel office documents were in Vince Foster's office at the time of his death. Investigators spoke to former White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum, who was among those who removed materials from Foster's office after Foster apparently shot himself. The investigator's notes say Nussbaum replied:

> Mr. Foster's office contained confidential and privileged information. It also contained materials regarding the travel office which Mr. Nussbaum did not describe.

What were they? The investigator apparently did not ask any follow-up questions.

And where are the records today? It turns out that even when the White House gave them to the FBI, it didn't actually *give* them to the FBI. According to the GAO's interview of Joseph Gangloff, the acting chief of the FBI's Public Integrity Section,

> The WHTO documents are being held in the White House Counsel's Office under lock and key and . . . although the White House had physical custody, the FBI must approve access to them.

None of these findings are included in the GAO report. Not Cornelius taking the documents home, not the delay in giving them to the FBI, not the evidence in Foster's office, not Foucart's removal of critical items, not the fact that the records stayed in the White House. Nothing.

The President's Statements

Bill Clinton said very little in public about Travelgate. But the things he did say appear to contradict each other; Congress wanted the GAO to clarify his role in the affair. As part of its investigation, GAO asked for and received copies of all the president's public remarks on the firings.

On May 19, 1993, the day of the firings, Clinton was asked whether the action was fair. His response:

> "All I know about it is that I was told that the people who were in charge of administering in the White House found serious problems there and thought there was no alternative. I'll have to refer to them for any other questions. That is literally all I know about it. I know nothing else about it."

Six days later, in response to a similar question:

> "I've told you all I know about it. All I knew was there was a plan to cut the size of the office, save tax dollars, save the press money."

The next day:

> "The press complained to me repeatedly about being gouged by the White House Travel Office. I kept hearing it everywhere."

In a week, Clinton had gone from knowing the barest of information told him by White House staffers to citing repeated complaints from reporters. It's hard to reconcile the last statement with the first. In the words of one congressional investigator, "If the President told the truth in that statement, then all his other statements are lies."

The GAO report does not mention any of these contradictions. Perhaps some explanation might have been obtained by interviewing the president. But the GAO didn't even ask.

The Role of the First Lady

The actions of Hillary Rodham Clinton are one of the persistent mysteries of Travelgate. The White House Management Review lists several instances in which she either inquired about or received information on the travel office. The GAO report cites David Watkins' statement that on May 12 Hollywood producer and White House pass holder Harry Thomason told him that he, Thomason, spoke to Mrs. Clinton about the travel office. On May 14, according to the GAO report, Watkins told her about sloppy management in the office and the first lady "urged that action be taken to get 'our people' into the Travel Office."

Mrs. Clinton refused to be interviewed by the GAO, but she did answer a small number of written questions (her response was not actually in her own words, but instead came by way of a letter from the White House Counsel's office). A footnote in the GAO report contains her response to Watkins: she "does not recall this conversation with the same level of detail as Mr. Watkins." But the report does not include her answer to the question: Did she talk with Thomason? The answer is in the work papers:

> Mrs. Clinton has a general recollection of having conversations with Mr. Foster and Mr. McLarty about the Travel Office situation prior to the termination of the Travel Office employees. She has no specific recollection of any particular conversation with Mr. Thomason on this issue at that time.

No *specific* recollection, no *particular* conversation, *at that time*. It was the sort of legalistic evasion that enraged senators of both parties when used by White House officials during the Whitewater hearings. Yet the GAO, an arm of Congress, did not mention Mrs. Clinton's answer, nor did it follow up on what it might actually mean.

David Watkins's Role in the Cover-Up

On February 15, three months before the firings, Watkins received a memo from Catherine Cornelius suggesting changes in the travel office. She had coveted a job in the office since the campaign and had given Watkins two previous memos on the subject. In the February memo, she included an organization chart for a new travel office; her own name was at the top.

When the storm erupted after the firings, Watkins said he

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did not read the February memo, that he simply received it and filed it away. When GAO investigators asked questions about the issue, they were faced with conflicting stories. Cornelius said Watkins *asked* for the memo, a statement which, to its credit, the GAO included in the published report. But, according to the work papers, she went further than that: Cornelius told GAO investigators of a conversation with Watkins in which "it was clear that he read the Feb. 15 memo." The GAO's report simply says Watkins "told us he had little recollection of the details of the memoranda and apparently he did not respond substantively to any of them."

But that wasn't the whole story. According to the notes, when investigators first questioned Watkins, his response was: "Mr. Watkins does not remember reading Ms. Cornelius' Feb. 15 memo. He didn't respond to it. He does not know why it was written."

Three days later, according to the notes, Watkins's lawyer called up to clarify his client's answers:

> [Watkins's attorney] said that while Mr. Watkins did not actually read the memo until he saw it in the Management Review, he does recall receiving it and briefly scanning its contents, especially the organizational chart which named who would serve in which position. [The lawyer] said Mr. Watkins also recalls discussing the memo briefly with either Ms. Cerda or Ms. Cornelius.[1]

There is no mention of Watkins's memory change in the GAO report. Nor does it raise questions about another change in his story—the explanation of why he ordered the firings in the first place.

Watkins originally justified the shake-up by saying it was part of Vice President Gore's National Performance Review, a story spokeswoman Dee Dee Myers passed on to the press. The explanation was greeted with great skepticism and died altogether when the vice president's office said it wasn't true. By the time he spoke to GAO investigators, Watkins had a different story: The travel office review, he said, was actually part of the effort to fulfill the president's pledge to cut White House staff by 25 percent. The GAO apparently did not question him on the inconsistency, nor does the report make any mention of the change.

Meanwhile, Watkins left the administration earlier this year after taking a presidential helicopter to a round of golf at a Maryland course. He said he was scouting the site as a possible course for Mr. Clinton to play.

[1] The GAO also learned details of how Watkins came to request the memo. The work papers say that Watkins originally requested another assistant, Matt Moore, to prepare a memo on staff travel. According to the notes, one of Cornelius's co-workers "said that Ms. Cornelius' feelings were hurt because Mr. Moore was asked to do the memo." The documents say Cornelius went to Watkins, apparently to complain, and he told her to prepare her own proposal on taking over the travel office—which turned out to be the February 15 memo that Watkins first said he didn't remember.

The Role of the Press

Despite Clinton's "gouging" remark, almost all members of the White House press corps felt the travel office did a good—and often excellent—job of ferrying them around the country and the world, often under difficult conditions. Yet the GAO report seems to minimize press happiness with the old White House Travel Office. The report says that "according to press representatives, services provided in making and implementing [travel] arrangements were satisfactory."

That was a wild understatement. According to House staffers who reviewed the GAO work papers, the press representatives said far more than that:

> Examples of the types of comments found in the GAO's work papers include statements that the "previous staff ran an efficient operation;" that "with Billy Dale we had a secure feeling that the baggage would be handled [and] there would be good hotels . . . we do not feel secure anymore;" that "the new staff are overworked kids and we are less confident now about travel operations;" that the press had "tremendous respect for Billy Dale."

None of that praise is found in the GAO report. And the GAO's comments on the press were drawn from very few interviews. The report cites interviews with representatives of just one television network, one major newspaper, and one national magazine, out of the dozens that regularly assign reporters to the White House beat. In comparison, investigators interviewed forty-five airlines, airline brokers, and travel agencies.

Beyond the major points, the GAO work papers contain several previously unknown minor—and sometimes amusing—facts about Travelgate. Like the following description of one of Harry Thomason's White House visits:

> Thomason was asked to provide advice on "how to use the White House better as a physical plant." Actress Markie Post and Mr. Thomason's assistant were with him . . .
>
> At the meetings, he talked to White House staff about "communication links between offices," communications with the media, scheduling the President's time, developing a theme or message and how to get headlines from events.
>
> Mr. Thomason and Ms. Post took notes of the meetings.

Then there are the GAO investigator's notes on the questioning of David Watkins about Management 101 at the White House:

> Mr. Watkins does not know the definition of the term procurement official. However, he does obligate funds for government goods and services. He is not aware of the Procurement Integrity Act or if he is subject to it.

And there is a curious episode involving Dee Dee

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Myers. It was widely reported that Darnell Martens, the Thomason business partner who wanted some of the White House travel business, called Myers to ask about getting in on the action. She told the press in May that "I talked to Darnell in probably early February. . . . It was about a 30-second phone conversation. I transferred him to the Travel Office." Later in the same briefing, she said Martens had come to the White House a few days before: "Let me just point out, the reason Darnell Martens was here on Friday was because he was in Washington and I asked him to come." Yet when GAO investigators interviewed Myers, the notes say "Ms. Myers said that she never had any contacts with Mr. Martens about the travel office." The investigator goes on to note, "This is contrary to the Management Review." There is no mention of the inconsistency in the GAO report.

Republicans in Congress are quick to point out that their objections to the GAO report are not aimed at the GAO investigators. Those who have read all the work papers say the investigators did a pretty good job; they got a lot of information and passed it on to their superiors. But that is where the whole thing broke down.

The report was written by Nancy Kingsbury, an assistant director of the GAO. In "The Travelgate Cover-Up," published in these pages last June, David Brock, citing Republican staffers in the House, reported that Kingsbury "betrayed a bias" on the issue, saying that the fired travel office employees are better off now than they were at the White House. The staffers also told Brock that the GAO seemed to have reached its conclusions before learning all the facts; portions of the GAO report, they said, were written before key White House witnesses were interviewed. And, of course, the GAO didn't interview the fired travel office workers themselves.

Republicans on Capitol Hill suspected the agency probably found out quite a bit about Travelgate but—out of either partisanship, institutional timidity, or both—pulled its punches.

When questioned about the issues raised in this article, the GAO's answers revealed an agency willing to restrict its own investigation—and accept the White House word on Travelgate:

- On the reprimands, GAO spokesman Cleve Corlett says "we weren't doing an investigation of reprimands."
- On the handling of evidence, Corlett says the GAO has "no direct knowledge" of what Brian Foucart did with the checkbook, cash, journal, and black notebooks, but assumes he needed access to them, since he was responsible for helping run the travel office after the firings.
- On the Travelgate papers in Vince Foster's office, Corlett says GAO investigators who interviewed Bernard Nussbaum agreed among themselves that when Nussbaum mentioned "materials regarding the travel office" in Foster's office, he was referring to a single, well-known document concerning a complaint about the travel office from a few years back. Nothing else. The work papers do contain a note to that effect—but it wasn't written by GAO investigators. It was added to the papers by Nancy Kingsbury, and signed "NKingsbury, 5/12/94," which was long after the investigators had done their work. It was, in fact, after the GAO report was published. Kingsbury's handwritten note was added about the time members of Congress asked the GAO to open its records.
- On the role of the president, Corlett says the GAO did not attempt to question Clinton because top White House officials had already taken responsibility for the firings and the GAO had no reason to question the White House Management Review.
- On the first lady's role, the GAO sees no problem with Mrs. Clinton's statement that she has "no specific recollection of any particular conversation with Mr. Thomason on this issue at that time." Corlett says the first lady "clearly stated that she did not have any further specific recollections of conversations with Mr. Thomason."
- On David Watkins's changing story, the GAO sees no need to try to figure out whether Watkins or Catherine Cornelius was telling the truth: "Resolution of these differences," Corlett says, "was not relevant to the overall outcome of our work."
- On the role of the press, Corlett says determining whether the press was happy with the travel office was not central to GAO's mission of assessing "the financial management operations of the travel office and the actions of White House and other officials in the dismissals of the seven employees."
- And on the failure to question the fired workers, the GAO says all seven refused to answer written inquiries. What about interviews? "The Justice Department," Corlett says, "objected to interviews because of an ongoing criminal investigation."

All the contradictions and gaps in the GAO's report and work papers have prompted Republicans in Congress to resurrect the call for hearings. They point out that the study was conducted by order of Congress; lying to the GAO, they contend, is the same as lying to Congress. And in one case, Panetta's, it appears the official lied to Congress directly. It will take hearings, they insist, to sort it all out.

That all depends on the elections; if Republicans win control of either house, there undoubtedly will be hearings. In an October memo, Newt Gingrich offered a one-word explanation of what he felt would be the key power of a Republican-controlled Congress: "subpoena." Now that Congress's own investigators have failed to get the story of Travelgate, that seems the only way to find out. ❐

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David Brock

Jimmy Carter's Return

How a disgraced ex-president's crusade for vindication led to the hijacking of Clinton foreign policy.

I.

The consensus view: he has been a superb ex-president.
—Time, October 3, 1994

From virtually the moment he left office in defeat and disgrace, Jimmy Carter refused to retire with the quiet dignity that long has been the custom for ex-presidents. As early as the spring of 1981, he fell into a fit of pique over not having received briefings on national security similar to those his own administration had given Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. (Reagan aides had planned to brief all three living ex-presidents, but the crush of business had not yet permitted them to do so.) Carter put out word that he would embarrass Reagan by complaining to the press, and his threat paid off. Within weeks, Reagan NSC director Richard Allen and an aide were off to Plains. Nixon and Ford were also briefed, but only the Plains visit was unpleasant; Rosalynn Carter served the group dreadfully overripe peaches without plates or napkins.

David Brock is an investigative writer for The American Spectator *and the author of* The Real Anita Hill *(Free Press). Matt Labash helped in the research for this article.*

More unpleasant still was a letter Carter wrote a few weeks later to members of his former cabinet and senior staff, which he made public. Carter accused Reagan of a "one-sided attitude of belligerence toward the Soviet Union" that would "severely damage our own reputation as a peaceloving people." The leaked letter was vintage Carter: blunt, self-righteous, determined, and treacherous. He would soon follow with more of the same. In 1983, he labeled a U.S. arms reduction proposal "propaganda" and took the Soviet line that defenses against ballistic missiles were an "insuperable obstacle" to arms control.

But Carter did more than snipe at Reagan from his outpost in Plains, unusual enough for an ex-president. He undertook quasi-diplomatic missions without the consent of the U.S. government, indeed often in derogation of the sitting president. Whether or not one agrees with the policies of a particular president, this is reprehensible behavior. The 1798 Logan Act, in fact, expressly proscribes private citizens from negotiating with foreign nations. Carter added insult to injury, the record shows, by deceitfully manipulating both sides in such negoti-

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ations, including his own government, and lying to the press.

Many observers have commended Carter's role in heading off Clinton's planned invasion of Haiti. But whether or not Carter played a helpful role in this case, the dangers posed to American interests by an ex-president's ad hoc diplomacy—even if sanctioned by the U.S. government—are not mitigated. The dangers are considerable, since through his own lack of interest and vacillation President Clinton appears to have allowed his foreign policy to be hijacked not only by Carter's people and Carter's style, but also now by Carter himself. Many of the foreign policy démarches claimed as triumphs by Clinton and touted as such in the press are Carter's, not Clinton's. And on close examination they are thin gruel indeed.

Back in 1981, some foreign leaders saw that they could turn Carter's travels to their advantage. The Chinese were especially canny. That year, the New China Agency published an exclusive interview with Carter in which he seemed to lavish praise upon China's treatment of Tibet and the Tibetan people. It turned out that Carter had let himself speak with Tibetans through a Chinese government interpreter, who tailored the remarks. A flustered Carter told reporters that he wasn't an expert on Tibet.

Carter has managed to grab several hundred thousand dollars in public funds for his vote-monitoring projects, and the Carter Center has received Agency for International Development grants to the tune of several million dollars.

In an effort to remind the world of the Camp David Accords, Carter has been active in the Middle East. In 1983, he met with leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization, though U.S policy had forbade official contacts on the grounds that the PLO's charter refuses to recognize Israel's right to exist. Refusing to acknowledge the symbolism of the meeting, Carter said he was acting in his capacity as a professor at Emory University—a position he assumed soon after leaving office—and was not "representing my country in any way."

As he was about to leave for Africa in 1986, Carter was advised by the Reagan administration to turn back because the bombing of Libya was about to commence. It is one of the few times that anyone on Carter's staff can remember his deferring to anyone, let alone the American government. "Carter takes no instructions, and that includes from presidents," as one former Carter Center aide put it. Carter subsequently denounced the bombing as a "serious mistake" and, in a flash of the old moral equivalence for which he was once condemned, stated that if his daughter Amy had been killed under circumstances similar to Moammar Qaddafi's, he would devote his life to retribution and expected Qaddafi to do the same.

The Reagan administration also opposed a Carter visit in 1987 to Syria, since all high-level meetings had been banned after Syria's involvement in a plot to blow up an Israeli airliner taking off from London. Carter went anyway, and described Syrian President Hafez al-Assad as an "intelligent" man, "totally dedicated to independence from domination by any country." He also used the occasion to lash out at Reagan for "always" preferring military to negotiated solutions. Reagan, he said, was "more inclined to form a contra army to overthrow the Sandinistas, or inject the marines into Lebanon, or use American battleships to shell villages around Beirut." The comment was so intemperate it drew criticism in the liberal U.S. press while Carter was still abroad.

In 1986, with the president and Congress supporting the contra movement to democratize Nicaragua, Carter held twelve hours of private talks with Sandinista leader Daniel Ortega. When Ortega visited the U.S. the next year, Carter invited him to visit a tenement renovation project on Manhattan's Lower East Side, run by the nonprofit organization Habitat for Humanity, with which Carter has close ties. Habitat later built houses in Sandinista Nicaragua. "We've got a lot of friends in Nicaragua. We want folks down there to know that some American Christians love them and that we don't all hate them," Carter said.

Such activities out of office (not to mention his record of appeasement, accommodation, and acquiescence within) have led some to mischaracterize Carter as a leftist, a dictator-lover, or a dolt. Actually, the driving force behind Carter's approach—his one constant in facing any foreign-policy problem—is fear of American military intervention. It is a strikingly non-ideological and non-strategic position, always placing him on the side of American enemies and assorted global terrorists and thugs, because they are ipso facto the object of any exercise of American power.

"He tries to appeal to the deeper, inner self, even in a bad character," said one former assistant who admires the approach. "He believes that even a dictator will have a weak point, which in a dictator is the good [side]. He looks for the good in any human being." The problem with this philosophy is that it fails to recognize that some systems and some leaders have more good in them than others, and some have no good in them at all.

Carter's mode of operation is more that of a therapist than a statesman, often lending his diplomatic rhetoric a surreal quality. He once said of Mikhail Gorbachev and himself, "Two farmers can't be antagonistic toward one

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another." In the same vein, he said that Sandinista Nicaragua had "as much free enterprise, private ownership, as exists in Great Britain." These statements will strike most observers as laughable, though Carter can't be so easily dismissed. He is no lightweight. Acting within his own belief system, however naive or cowardly it may be, he is both tough and shrewd. "If you watch the way he constantly slaps the cuffs on his own government," says one foreign-policy expert who has traveled with Carter, "you can see that this is one hard-nosed SOB." The former Carter aide added, "Carter never does anything without a purpose."

What, then, is the purpose of Carter's long-standing desire to be a player again on the world stage, now apparently facilitated by Clinton? The most credible explanation is hinted at by an official who traveled with Carter to observe the Panamanian elections in 1989 and accompanied the ex-president to his post-election briefing of President Bush in the White House. "It was the first time he'd been back to the White House since Sadat's funeral in 1981," the official recalls. "It was the end of a long and trying trip, every pore was oozing Panama. He went in and briefed the president and half the cabinet. When we came out and got in the car, he didn't even mention Panama. Out came this intense anguish over the [Iranian] hostages and the helicopter crash." Those close to Carter believe that he is still embittered by what he sees as a misperception of failure in his handling of Iran and the hostage situation. Carter is angry that he lost the 1980 election and believes that he did the right thing in resisting the use of force to end the crisis. Ergo, his entire subsequent career has been spent seeking to redeem his presidency in the eyes of history by re-making contemporary American foreign policy along pacifist lines.

Jonathan Winer's fingerprints were on a Washington Post *story run just before the election that sought to implicate Oliver North in contra drug-running charges from the mid-1980s, which Winer had fruitlessly pursued for Sen. John Kerry.*

Carter's obsessive effort to redeem his reputation by projecting his own failures in Iran onto Reagan prompted his call in 1991 for a congressional investigation into the "October Surprise" allegations leveled by former Carter NSC staffer Gary Sick. Sick alleged that Reagan aides stole the 1980 election by negotiating with the Iranians to delay the release of the hostages.

The ensuing investigation found no evidence of this. On the contrary, a case can be made that it was Carter, not Reagan, who played politics with Iran, when he did too little, too late in ordering the abortive Desert One rescue effort. In late 1979 the military had told a paralyzed Carter that a rescue effort had a much better chance of succeeding the sooner it was ordered. By March 1980, Carter, stuck with his commitment not to campaign while the hostages were in captivity, was about to take a beating from Senator Edward Kennedy in the New York primary. Although by then the chances of success weren't good, Carter ordered the rescue mission anyway. At a White House meeting immediately following the debacle, according to someone who attended it, Charles Manatt, then the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, asked Carter a question that appeared to be prearranged: "Would you now be willing to campaign in New York?" Carter's answer was "Yes." This suggests that the rescue attempt was initiated to liberate Carter from his pledge not to campaign by changing the circumstances.

II.

Both Carter and his wife Rosalynn traveled a long road back from the depths of depression to which they had sunk after losing the 1980 election. In their 1987 book, *Everything to Gain: Making the Most of the Rest of Your Life*, the Carters recounted their return to a "potentially empty life" in Plains. The family peanut farm was bankrupt and creditors were anxious. Agri-giant Archer-Daniels-Midland saved the day when it went into the peanut business and bought several Georgia warehouses, including the Carters'. Still, they suffered periodic bouts of self-pity, disillusionment, and anxiety. Jimmy spent hours beating objects with a hammer in his woodworking shop.

The Carters eventually saw light at the end of this dark tunnel. Carter took a teaching post at Emory University in Atlanta in 1982 and announced plans to build an elaborate public-policy center on the campus. The Carter Center was dedicated in 1986. The complex includes the Jimmy Carter library, a presidential museum (complete with an Oval Office replica), the Global 2000 project (a health program focused on Africa), the Carter-Menil Human Rights Foundation, and the center itself. The operation runs on a budget of more than $20 million a year, most of it from private foundations, and employs some 200 people. Carter has managed to grab several hundred thousand dollars in public funds for his vote-monitoring projects, and the Carter Center has received Agency for International Development grants to the tune of several million dollars. (AID's administrator under Clinton, Brian Atwood, served in the Carter administration.)

Among the guests at the dedication of the center was Agha Hasan Abedi, the founder and president of the Bank of Commerce and Credit International. BCCI promoted itself as a Third World Bank committed to Third World

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development. As Carter would later tell Senate investigators, "His relationship with us was one of 'I want to do something practical to help people who are suffering and we will help you.'" Abedi contributed more than $500,000 to the center, and as co-chairman of Carter's Global 2000 project, he forked over another $8 million. Abedi, the head of what would later be revealed to be a global criminal syndicate, sought to avail himself of Carter's reputation. And Carter—either too naive to see the situation clearly or too morally cocksure to care—obliged.

According to a December 1992 report by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "The BCCI Affair":

> Less than one month after the Carter Center opened, the former President traveled with Abedi to Pakistan and to Bangladesh to sign agreements with government officials starting Global 2000 health care programs in those countries. . . . Without President Carter's knowledge, BCCI either had, or was to develop corrupt relationships with several of the countries visited by Carter and Abedi, including Bangladesh.

With the exception of Carter's local paper, the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*, media coverage of the report all but ignored the Carter connection. The *New York Times*, for example, didn't even mention it in a long piece that focused on the far more tenuous ties between the bank and Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah. This may have been because the report faulted the CIA for failing to inform Carter that he had exposed himself "to the designs of a criminal institution for almost a decade." Interestingly, the aide to Democratic Senator John Kerry of Massachusetts who was largely responsible for the report and the attending media spin, Jonathan Winer, has been rewarded by NSC adviser Anthony Lake, a Carter era veteran, with the post of deputy assistant secretary of state for international narcotics matters. Winer, however, is still functioning as a political operative. His fingerprints were on a *Washington Post* story run just before the election that sought to implicate GOP Senate candidate Oliver North in contra drug-running charges from the mid-1980s, which Winer had fruitlessly pursued for Kerry. (Winer didn't return a call seeking comment.)

Over the years, the countries to which Carter and Abedi traveled together on Abedi's plane—including Pakistan, Kenya, Zimbabwe, and China—became major banking centers for and investors in BCCI. According to the Senate report, China allowed BCCI to be the second foreign bank to operate in the country. China lost $500 million when BCCI collapsed in 1991. BCCI stole $171 million from Bangladesh alone, including disaster relief aid from foreign countries, the Senate report said. How many AIDS-ridden, starving African children have Carter to thank for their plight is difficult to estimate.

Carter told the committee that it was not until Panamanian General Manuel Noriega was indicted in 1988 that he became aware of BCCI's involvement in illicit activities (the indictment charged that Noriega used the bank to launder money). Yet according to the report, even after the Federal Reserve Board issued a cease-and-desist order concerning BCCI's ownership of First American Bank in 1991, Carter continued to "solicit and receive significant contributions from Sheikh Zayed, who together with his government had formally purchased the controlling interest in BCCI." Sources at the Carter Center say the free travel relieved the biggest budgetary pressures Carter faced.

III.

Abedi wasn't Carter's only strange bedfellow. Though it went entirely unnoticed, Carter began to develop real influence for the first time as an ex-president by forging links with, of all things, a Republican administration that was known for its cool and competent conduct of foreign affairs. "Everything changed when Bush came in," said a Carter Center source. "All of a sudden, our calls were getting returned." The first contact came when Brent Scowcroft, Bush's NSC adviser, made a quiet trip to Plains soon after the Bush inaugural.

Carter's big break came when Secretary of State James Baker decided to distance the new administration from Reagan's Central America policy by essentially turning it over to the Democrats. He appointed moderate Democrat Bernard Aronson, who had helped forge bipartisan coalitions for contra aid in the mid-1980s, as the assistant secretary for Latin America. And Baker chose the Carter Center as the site of his first major statement on Central America policy in March 1989.

The Carter Center is organized like a mini-National Security Council, with experts in Latin America, the Middle East, Africa, arms control, and conflict resolution. The Latin expert, Robert Pastor, the only Carter Center scholar who served in his administration, is first among equals. The son-in-law of Robert McNamara, he has ties to left-wing lobbies like the Committee on Latin America and the Institute for Policy Studies. As the Carter NSC's Latin American expert, Pastor "was a loose cannon on deck," recalled one former Pentagon official. "He was orchestrating the Panama Canal Treaties with a real bum and a crook [Gen. Omar Torrijos]. Next they were going to give away Guantanamo." Alarmed at Pastor's free-lancing, the then-chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff George Brown passed on a note to Carter NSC adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who was nominally Pastor's boss. Brzezinski wrote back saying that he couldn't rein in Pastor, since the masterful in-fighter was "hiding behind the skirts of Rosalynn."

Pastor's vast contacts and Carter's name recognition made the duo players in the region even a decade later; as it happened, Pastor also knew Aronson quite well. Central America policy soon became known as "the Bob and Bernie show."

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The first act was in Panama in 1989, when Carter at his own initiative announced plans to head a delegation to observe elections between General Manuel Noriega's puppet presidential candidate, Carlos Duque, and opposition candidate Guillermo Endara. Rosalynn, who is deeply involved in Carter's undertakings, was against the idea, fearing that the association with Noriega might taint her easily snookered husband. "She felt Noriega was a jerk and a sleazeball. She screamed at him about it one day in front of us," said one source who witnessed the outburst. "We were really embarrassed. Carter left the room and came back a couple of minutes later and said 'Rosie will be going with us to Panama.'"

Bending the usual procedures for international observers that guarantee impartiality and objectivity, Carter and Pastor negotiated the size and composition of the group with Noriega, who was not even recognized by the United States. Members of the congressionally funded National Democratic Institute and International Republican Institute were part of the delegation. "There was a lot of concern among both Democrats and Republicans about Carter negotiating our way in. We felt any deal he struck could compromise us," said one member.

When Bush's hand-picked observer group was denied visas, Baker gave his imprimatur to Carter, much to Noriega's delight. To assuage Republican concerns, Baker called former President Gerald Ford and asked him to serve as co-chairman. When a writer for *Newsweek* implied in his coverage that the initiative had been Bush's rather than Carter's, Pastor instructed staffers at the Carter Center to cut that reporter off forever.

Ford stayed in Panama for only a day, flying out two days before the Sunday balloting, thus leaving the delegation in Carter's hands. On election day, people with government and military credentials were voting more than once. Opposition people were stricken from the vote rolls. On Sunday afternoon, Endara and vice-presidential candidate Ricardo Arias Caldron read a list of irregularities, including the shooting of a foreign priest observing the balloting. Carter's only comment on the voting was, "It looks okay."

By Monday afternoon, Carter faced an open mutiny in the delegation. "Reporters started asking us 'Why does everyone but Carter see this?'" said one Carter critic. "The answer is he went to Panama to negotiate, not to observe the election. He knew of the vote rigging. We could see from our quick-count that the opposition had won. But he wouldn't say so because he thinks there's no circumstance he can't fix. He still thought he could get through to Noriega." According to a source close to the ex-president, Carter had four separate channels into Noriega in an effort to short-circuit an official stamp on the results and lure the general into mediation. Typically, he acted on his own, keeping his fellow observers in the dark.

Carter went out on a limb for Noriega, adamantly refusing to condemn the election as invalid in the face of mounting evidence so as not to compromise his "credibility" with the regime. That is until, by happenstance, Carter wandered from his hotel across the street to the electoral counting center at about 5:45 p.m. "He could see for himself that the tally sheets marked in pencil didn't match the results that were being read out by the board," said one member of the delegation. "He went up to one of the officials and said very loudly in Spanish, 'Are you an honest man or a thief?' Then he sent word to Noriega that it was all over if he didn't hear by 6 o'clock. He never heard back."

"She felt Noriega was a jerk and a sleazeball. She screamed at him about it one day in front of us," said one source who witnessed the outburst. "We were really embarrassed. Carter left the room and came back a couple of minutes later and said, 'Rosie will be going with us to Panama.'"

Though Carter soon denounced the election as "totally fraudulent," the Carter critic in the delegation said, "There is no certainty he would have condemned it if he got into talks with Noriega. The decision to involve Carter put U.S. policy one step away from a calamity."

And not for the last time, either.

When Daniel Ortega agreed to stand for election in 1990, he followed Noriega's lead and invited Carter in on his own terms. Visas to the official Bush group were denied. So Carter's delegation, with Baker's okay, became the proxy Bush group. Before departing, Carter managed to press Baker into saying that the U.S. would honor the results of a fair election, in spite of the Sandinistas' refusal to release earmarked funds to the opposition campaign. Sanctioning a victory by the government appeared to be Carter's aim again. Republicans in Congress, however, were on to the ex-president. In an extraordinarily tense meeting in the Capitol, Carter made a personal pitch for support from Republican senators in a meeting attended by sixty-seven members. Instead, he got a severe tongue-lashing from GOP Senator John McCain of Arizona, who at one point shouted at him, "How naive can you be?"

In the apparent belief that the Sandinistas would win the vote, Carter told an election-eve press conference that he had "strongly recommended" to the Bush administration that it should "move immediately toward reconciliation" with the Sandinistas after the balloting. But despite the irregularities, the opposition victory margin was too

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big to be denied. At 4 a.m., Carter woke up Baker, who was traveling in New York. "It was the most incredible thing," said one person who was in the room with Carter during the call. "He told Baker, 'Get a piece of paper and write this down. Here is what you're going to say to the press tomorrow. There will be no Ortega-bashing. And the first thing is the contras must disband.' Carter was like a schoolteacher instructing a child. And we all laughed when Baker said just what he was told to say the next day."

These two episodes notwithstanding, the Bush administration generally kept Carter at arm's length, and rejected several pleas by the former president to be given an official mediation role. "He would call fairly often and he would write," recalls one former top-level Bush official. "He wanted to play a role in Ethiopia [where the U.S. mediated the first formal peace talks between Ethiopia and Eritrean separatist guerrillas], and he wanted to go to North Korea. We always turned him down."

Why? "Because I know him too well. I have no doubt his motives are pure. The problem is that he is not an impartial mediator. He knows what deal he wants going in. When he negotiates, he is not negotiating for you, he's negotiating for Jimmy Carter. Once you let him in, it is very difficult to control an ex-president. I've seen him operate on committees and such. He knows how he wants the final report to come out and he doesn't care what anybody else says on the way there."

"He told Baker, 'Get a piece of paper and write this down. Here is what you're going to say to the press tomorrow. There will be no Ortega-bashing. And the first thing is the contras must disband.'"

That Carter would pursue his own agenda independent of official American policy was made startlingly clear when Bush officials discovered that he had written letters to members of the U.N. Security Council, including the Soviet Union, urging them to vote against the U.S. position on the Persian Gulf war. This came after Carter's public suggestion that a "respected mediator" be named to help settle the crisis fell on deaf ears.

Carter took matters into his hands in what has to be the most striking effort ever by any ex-official of the U.S. government, let alone an ex-president, to undermine American policy by direct communication with foreign governments on the eve of war. His intervention was not widely known within the highest levels of the administration or at the Carter Center. Former CIA director Robert Gates, for instance, is said to have learned of it in the recent *New York Times* interview in which Carter himself revealed his role. The former Carter Center aide told me, after a pained silence, "He has a right to communicate, but it was a mistake to admit it." (Carter himself recently said it "was perhaps not appropriate.")

Carter has often defended his free-lance diplomacy by claiming that he writes reports on all of his activities and submits them to the government; on the Gulf matter he told the *Times* that he had sent a copy of the letter to Bush so that he "wouldn't be going behind his back." According to a Carter Center spokesperson, on November 11, 1990, Carter sent a hand-delivered letter to Bush that was similar in content to the Security Council letters. But contrary to Carter's implication in the *Times*, the letter did not inform Bush that he had sent letters to Security Council members. "We knew about it, but not from him," said a top official in the Bush White House. "One of the heads of state who received a letter told us about it. We never heard a word about it from the others." (After publicly attacking the policy as troops were going into battle as "a massive, self-destructive, almost suicidal war," Carter had the audacity to complain, "I have not received one word of briefing from the White House or the State Department since the Iraqi invasion took place, which I think is not a proper way to treat a former president.")

An official who attended the high-level war-planning meetings at the State Department put it this way: "Carter was a glimmer on the radar screen. We were vaguely aware of what he was doing. It is the difference between a competent foreign policy team and an inept one. To us, Carter was just a nuisance."

To the Clinton crowd, Carter has been something else entirely.

IV.

Indeed, there is little doubt that Carter's recent emergence says as much about Clinton's weakness as a leader and the internal dynamics of his foreign-policy team as it does about Carter.

The Carter takeover began when Clinton turned to many Carter veterans to staff his administration. But he turned only to a certain type of Carter person; the more assertive, strategic-minded Carter NSC adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski and those closely associated with him were largely overlooked in favor of skittish, paper-pushing acolytes of former Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, many of whom had their formative experience as political appointees or foreign service officers, when they turned against the Vietnam war. (Chief among them are State Department officials Warren Christopher, Peter Tarnoff, and Richard Holbrooke; NSC adviser Lake and his aide Morton Halperin; and Walter Slocombe, the undersecretary of defense, who is said to have actually cried when Carter withdrew the SALT II Treaty.) One senior foreign policy aide has mused that Brzezinski's memoir *Power*

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and Principle served as a guide on whom *not* to pick to serve Clinton.

The Jimmy Carter depicted by Brzezinski could be persuaded. (Carter became more of a knee-jerk anti-interventionist with age.) Vance, often outflanked by Brzezinski and Defense Secretary Harold Brown, could prevail with Carter only when the Soviets were being good. Clinton is like Carter was, in that he is not *reliably* squishy. And he is like Reagan in that he has little interest in day-to-day management of foreign policy, which gives the subcabinet more latitude, breeding intrigue and nasty turf-fights. "May the best back-stabber win," says one insider.

Thus, from the outset of the Clinton administration, the name of the game for the old Vance cabal has been to control the inputs to Clinton and eliminate independent power centers. This way, Clinton would get warmed-over Carterism at its worst: the CIA is bad; never use force (updated for the nineties to include politically correct interventions in Bosnia, Somalia, and Haiti); arms sales are dangerous; nuclear weapons are bad no matter who has them; the U.N. is good; China is bad; Russia is good; Syria is the key to the Middle East; and so forth.

One track has been to place like-minded people throughout the bureaucracy. Favored training grounds include places like the ACLU's Center for National Security, headed for years by Halperin, whose Defense Department nomination was defeated by Republicans in the Senate last year, but who has now emerged in an even more powerful position as an aide to Lake, who is the predominant figure in the foreign policy sphere. (Warren Christopher's attention to image over substance has made him little more than a figurehead, though his subcabinet has influence.)

Lake and Halperin resigned from government service in the Nixon administration to protest the Cambodia bombing. As director of policy planning at the Vance State Department, Lake was at the center of every policy debacle during the Carter presidency. In 1981, he moved to a farm in Massachusetts, where he remained until tapped by Clinton. Halperin's DOD nomination was opposed by some Republicans who charged that he had supported renegade CIA agent Philip Agee, who disclosed the name of a CIA station chief who was later assassinated. But the most telling thing about Halperin is that he is the author of a classic study of bureaucratic maneuvering in foreign policy.

The Arms Control Association, where as a staffer George Stephanopoulos developed his views, has also given the administration Gloria Duffy, who toiled at the association writing anti-nuclear tracts for more than a decade before finding herself in charge of nuclear security at the Pentagon. Pro-Arab ex-Ted Kennedy aide Nancy Soderberg runs Middle East policy at the NSC. State's intelligence bureau is run by Tobi Gati, a lackluster academic whose last job was heading the U.N. Association, and Jennifer Symms, a former aide to Senator John Danforth and the wife (and former student) of Robert Gallucci, assistant secretary of state for political affairs. In an example of how the administration's few moderates have been outplayed, Gallucci was appointed a special envoy to take North Korea policy away from its rightful place in the bureaucracy under the tougher-minded assistant secretary of state for east Asia, Winston Lord.

The second track has been to force moderates out of power when they've acquired it. Lake's goal has been to make sure no Brzezinskis or Browns emerge. Former Secretary of Defense Les Aspin, who strongly supported the Persian Gulf War, was his first victim. Having spent twenty-five years preparing to be defense secretary, Aspin was a threat because he was a close adviser of Clinton during the campaign (Clinton ran on Aspin's defense budget). As a former chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, he had wide experience and his own network of contacts. Lake and Halperin, who was then at the Pentagon awaiting Senate confirmation, were able to make Aspin take the fall for the decision not to send armor to Somalia, where eighteen U.S. soldiers subsequently died in battle. In fact, Lake never took the decision to the president, and Halperin was writing Somalia policy memos to Aspin even though he was unconfirmed at the time.

Another opportunity for Lake to monopolize the field came when Colin Powell retired as chairman of the Joint Chiefs. As the military saw it, front-runners for the post included Air Force General Lee Butler, a defense intellectual; Admiral Paul Miller, the innovative Atlantic Fleet commander; and the strong-willed Marine General John P. Hoar, commander of the rapid-deployment forces. Also high on the list were Admiral Charles Larson, the Pacific Fleet commander who is both a naval aviator and a submariner, and Air Force Chief of Staff General Merrill McPeak. Under the normal rotation, McPeak would have gotten the nod.

Clinton's actual pick, announced after an unusual White House dinner for all sixteen of the candidates attended by Hillary Rodham Clinton, was Army General John Shalikashvili, the NATO commander. Shalikashvili was thought to be a long-shot candidate because of his heavy Polish accent, his father's pro-German past, his wooden manner, his unpopularity in the army, his relatively hawkish position on Bosnia, and his lack of ideas on how to reform the military in the post-Cold War era. "Not very West Point," as one Pentagon aide put it.

When the choice of Shalikashvili was announced, word among Pentagon brass was "Hillary picked the runt." Their theory was that Shalikashvili's eccentricities—including his Bosnia position—were seen as strengths by Hillary and Stephanopoulos. "Given the military's lack of confidence in Clinton, they didn't want a Colin Powell type who could go on 'Face the Nation' and say he didn't agree with the administration," the Pentagon aide said. McPeak, for instance, had slit his own throat when he criticized the Clinton defense budget in testimony to Congress.

As if the appointment itself were not enough, Lake then

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moved to take control of Shalikashvili's brain. The chiefs have a think-tank with wide access to raw intelligence at the National Defense University, the Institute for National Strategic Studies, which provides foreign policy advice. Lake arranged for a close associate, Hans Binnendijk, to take control of the institute and, with it, Shalikashvili's speeches and talking points for interviews. In the 1970s Binnendijk had been a staffer to Senator Charles Percy of Illinois, the Republican water-carrier for Carter's plan to pull U.S. troops out of Korea. The institute will soon complete a "Strategic Assessment" that suggests, according to those who have seen a draft of the study, that the U.S. could meet its security obligations around the world and still cut its forces *in half*. To say the least, the military isn't happy.

CIA director James Woolsey's access to Clinton has been blocked by Lake. He has cleverly used a Democratic hawk, retiring Senator Dennis DeConcini of Arizona, to force Woolsey out. Ed Levine, a Senate intelligence committee staffer and former Howard Metzenbaum aide, has convinced intelligence panel chairman DeConcini that Woolsey has misled him on various matters. Levine has close ties to Halperin; in the 1980s, he worked closely with Halperin to pass several bills hamstringing the CIA that Halperin was pushing from his perch at the ACLU. Metzenbaum was Halperin's strongest supporter in the confirmation battle. Lake also put out word that Woolsey had not served the president well in preparing him for the trip to Syria. The problem, it seems, was that Woolsey gave Clinton the unvarnished view that Syria is a terrorist state that can't be trusted to live up to its promises.

Former Rep. Stephen Solarz saw Lake kill his nomination to be ambassador to India (he'd already been passed over for a higher-level spot). One mark against Solarz was his history of support for aid to the Cambodian and Afghan resistance forces. When North Korea's Kim Il-Sung told Solarz "We have no nuclear weapons," the congressman responded, "That's a lie!" No Carterite, he.

Solarz's nomination was imperiled when a story surfaced about his business association with a Hong Kong entrepreneur who had a criminal record. When Solarz had originally asked the U.S. consul about the man, he hadn't been told of the man's mafia ties. Solarz was informed only several months later, when he inquired about helping the man obtain a U.S. visa. A foreign service officer in the consul's office saw to it that Tony Lake was tipped off. Lake then spun the story against Solarz, when in fact Solarz should have been fully briefed by the consul in the first place. A Justice Department inquiry into whether Solarz had done anything illegal ended without charges, but Lake told Solarz he could never be confirmed—a dubious judgment—and his nomination therefore was being withdrawn. Lake then told reporters that Solarz had withdrawn his own name, which is how the story played.

With Solarz out of the picture, Lake, with the support of Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott (who had supported the coup against Aspin as well), moved to take out yet another moderate by nominating Frank Wisner, the undersecretary of defense for policy, for the New Delhi post. Wisner's mother is Georgetown socialite Polly Fritchey, who had backed Aspin years ago when he was a kid running for Congress from Wisconsin. But Aspin couldn't protect him when Wisner double-crossed Halperin and Lake during the former's confirmation battle: he sent the Senate Armed Services Committee documents showing that Halperin had improperly participated in inter-agency meetings and taken part in personnel matters while awaiting confirmation. The removal of Wisner helped Talbott win an internal struggle over U.S. policy in Russia, with Wisner favoring more pressure for reform and more support for the independent states. Talbott's other rival on Russia policy, DOD official Graham Allison, was also pushed out and has returned to Harvard University.

One senior foreign policy aide has mused that Brzezinski's memoir Power and Principle *served as a guide on whom* not *to pick to serve Clinton.*

V.

This is the context in which Carter's emergence in the Clinton administration must be viewed; his own willfulness was not enough to make it happen. When splits have developed in the foreign-policy team, Carter has been brought in by alumni of his own administration to win these power struggles and box Clinton into climbing down from confrontation. At the same time, Carter has exploited the divisions to advance his campaign to rehabilitate the discredited policies of his presidency.

This is probably news to Clinton, since the source of Carter's influence comes through his former associates, not Clinton himself. Though he endorsed no candidate in the '92 Georgia primary, Carter was notably cool to Clinton. He criticized Clinton's middle-class tax cut plan and went out of his way to compliment Paul Tsongas. "It was a distinct lack of enthusiasm," said one Carter associate. "If he was going to choose someone, it would not have been Clinton."

Why not? "Carter had the utmost respect for Bush. But not for Clinton. I think it's the moral questions. Carter has a very close personal friendship and a very, very rich relationship with his wife. If they are on a six-seater plane and she's sitting behind him, he'll reach back and they'll hold hands for half the trip."

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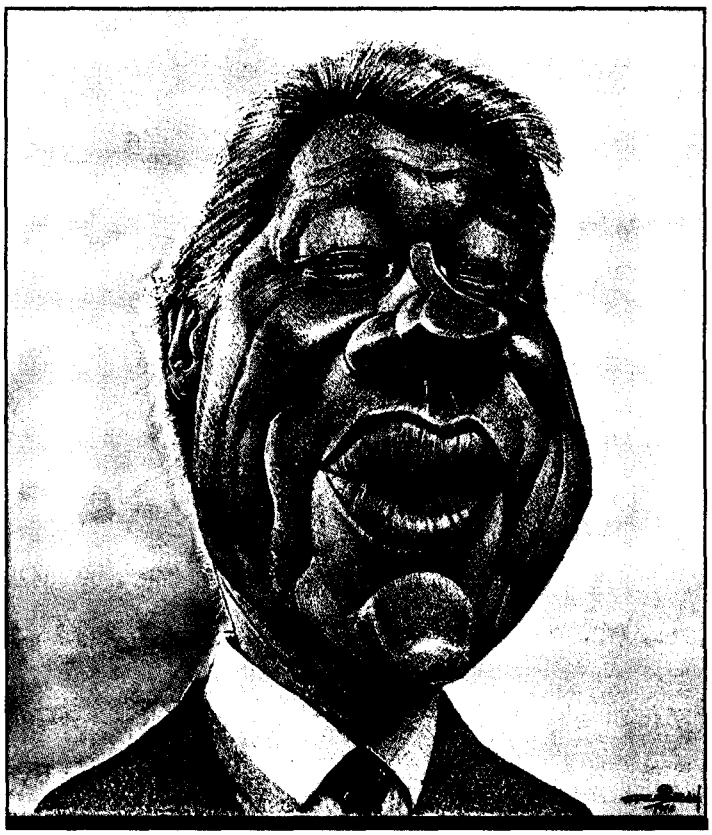
After the election, Carter was reportedly miffed that the Clinton people were giving him the cold shoulder. The *New York Times* reported in January 1993 that "the former president couldn't repress a small grin when recalling Mr. Clinton's 'ignominious defeat' in 1980 after one term as governor, when voters in Arkansas 'brought him down a notch.'"[1]

Carter's first foray during the Clinton presidency—public and private criticisms of U.S. policy in Somalia's civil war—appear to have led to a shift away from a military solution. As U.N. troops attempted to capture and arrest Gen. Mohammed Farah Aidid, Carter gave an interview to a Paris-based African magazine, calling the effort "regrettable." Aidid saw an opening and called on Carter to mediate the crisis.

With approval from both the U.S. and the U.N., Carter soon received a delegation representing Aidid at the Carter Center. A proposal emerged that would have created an independent U.N. commission to evaluate criminal charges against the general for the ambush against Pakistani peacekeepers. The sole purpose of this commission, evidently, was to clear Aidid of responsibility, since a U.N. investigation had already found him culpable.



Through Lake, Carter successfully lobbied for a political rather than a military solution. But Les Aspin blocked Carter's campaign to be appointed the U.S. negotiator. Former U.S. envoy to Somalia Robert Oakley was sent instead. According to a report in *USA Today*, shortly thereafter, at the Israeli-PLO ceremony at the White House in September, Carter took Clinton aside and complained. "This lack of cooperation was completely and thoroughly discussed and resolved," Carter told the newspaper. Within a few months, with both Aspin and Powell gone, Carter got his way on North Korea.

U.S. policy had been clear: North Korea must not be allowed to obtain any nuclear weapons. If the North Koreans unloaded plutonium-bearing fuel rods from its nuclear reactor in Yongbyon and destroyed evidence of its past bomb-building, the U.S. would withdraw from talks and seek sanctions. North Korea's current nuclear program produces weapons-grade plutonium as a byproduct in the fuel rods, which can be reprocessed to produce enough plutonium for five or six nuclear bombs. The collision course was set when North Korea removed the spent fuel rods and refused international inspections of its nuclear facilities.

At the United Nations, U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright, who has frequently advocated the use of force, albeit under U.N. auspices, proposed tough economic sanctions that would have, for example, cut off the more than $600 million a year sent home by North Koreans working in Japan. The director of operations for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Marine Lt. Gen. Jack Sheehan, meanwhile, drafted several options to beef up U.S. military assets in the area, including dispatching squadrons of fighters and bombers—raising the prospect that the U.S. might bomb the North's fuel reprocessing facility. Also, to protect South Korea, six Patriot anti-missile batteries were scheduled for delivery.

Adamantly opposed to the confrontational U.S. stance, which he feared might lead to war, Carter decided to take Kim Il-Sung up on an invitation to visit. Carter made it clear he was going with or without the administration's okay. He received private encouragement from U.S. Ambassador to South Korea James Laney, a former president of Emory University and an ex-missionary who claims to be fluent in Korean but isn't. Laney opposed the Patriot delivery. He is also no less naive than Carter: When briefed by the outgoing U.S. Ambassador Donald Gregg, Laney had inquired of him, "How did you control the military and the CIA?"

The White House (i.e., Tony Lake) approved the visit for the same reason Kim had invited Carter: as a way of blocking U.N. and Pentagon muscle-flexing. Gallucci was dispatched to Atlanta to brief Carter. And the Patriots, which

[1] Carter's handlers were out in full force trying to play down these personal differences in the wake of the Haiti mission. Jack Nelson, the Washington bureau chief of the *Los Angeles Times* who doubles as a Democratic Party adjunct, wrote a piece in September that made the Clinton-Carter relationship out to be a mutual admiration society. But Nelson had to tailor the facts to fit the premise. He wrote that Carter's White House visit with Clinton was his first time in the White House since leaving in 1981, when in fact Carter had been back under both Reagan and Bush. Nelson also falsely reported that Carter endorsed Clinton, helping him carry Georgia.

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should have been delivered by air for maximum deterrent effect, were instead sent by sea.

Carter spoke with Clinton before his departure. The understanding was that Carter would present the U.S. position, not negotiate: No face-to-face negotiations until North Korea agreed to halt all nuclear activities—surrender the fuel rods, and allow inspectors to check whether enough plutonium had been diverted in 1989 to make nuclear weapons, which the CIA suspects is the case.

But Carter did not hesitate to pursue his own solution once in Pyongyang. With Rosalynn acting as note-taker, Kim and Carter struck a deal: Kim agreed that North Korea would temporarily freeze its nuclear program if it discerned there were "good faith efforts" to settle the dispute. Yet the freeze meant nothing, since the fuel rods were too radioactive to handle for months anyway. Nor was it verifiable. And the question of whether the country already had Bomb-building capabilities—or even the Bomb itself—was not addressed.

Carter announced the deal on CNN—which had already been let into the country by Kim for the occasion—before vetting it with the administration, which had not agreed to resume talks, contrary to Carter's assurance to Kim. The State Department was incredulous; when Kim died less than a month later, the joke was that he died laughing after negotiating with Carter. Even Lake and Gallucci, advocates of at least wrist-slapping U.N. sanctions, were dismayed; they were beginning to see that even a carefully planned hijacking can run off the tracks. When Lake tried to amend the deal, "the wording was contrary to what I had worked out, so he corrected that," Carter later said.

Lake arranged for a close associate, Hans Binnendijk, to take control of the institute and, with it, Shalikashvili's speeches and talking points for interviews.

Clinton was stuck either with embracing Carter's announcement or repudiating Carter and thus his own judgment in sending him. "We want to know what they mean and if it represents a change in position," Clinton said warily. Then, CNN reported that Carter had been overheard telling Kim Il-Sung that he had consulted with the White House and the U.S. had "stopped the sanctions activity in the U.N." as a result of the deal. Carter was hoping to bluff Clinton into a concession, but on this point Clinton held his ground. "All I know is, what I said is the policy of the United States," a frustrated Clinton said. Yet even after Clinton's statement, Carter continued to slam U.S. policy in interviews from Seoul. "The declaration of sanctions by the U.N. would be regarded as an insult by them, branding it as an outlaw country. . . . It would constitute a personal insult to their so-called Great Leader," Carter said.

The deal announced by the two sides in October followed the Carter blueprint in that it did not take Korea off the nuclear road. North Korea's past activities have been forgotten or forgiven, and the inspections are so limited they will do little to prevent future bomb-building. More than $4 billion will be pumped into the repressive North Korean regime by the West. Trade restrictions will be lifted and bilateral diplomatic relations, long sought by the North, will be established.

Clearly, the policy had been set by Carter. The sanctions effort had been thwarted. Clinton—with Lake, Vice President Gore, and Stephanopoulos weighing in—accepted the phony freeze as the only pre-condition to direct dialogue with the Koreans. When Carter returned to the U.S., Clinton stiffed him; it was Lake who received him in the White House.

VI.

Oddly enough, the invasion of Haiti began as a project of the American left—the "Aristide exception" to the long proscription on using force. The ideological rationale for the invasion was first laid out by Morton Halperin in an article in the spring 1993 issue of *Foreign Policy* magazine entitled "Guaranteeing Democracy." Though no specific mention of Haiti was made, Halperin wrote, "When a people attempts to hold free elections and establish a constitutional democracy, the United States and the international community should not only assist but should 'guarantee' the result . . . using force if necessary." Under the Halperin theory, the U.S. would explicitly surrender the right to intervene unilaterally; thus, neither the invasions of Grenada nor Panama would have been permitted without the consent of the U.N. or the Organization of American States (both organizations approved the Clinton Haiti intervention). Meanwhile, Randall Robinson of TransAfrica lobbied his friend Tony Lake to get Clinton to take a more confrontational stance, including the imposition of tough sanctions.

By mid-September, with the administration heading toward military invasion, Carter received a letter from General Raoul Cédras's foreign minister suggesting he mediate the crisis. While press accounts have credited the idea to Joseph Blatchford, a Washington lawyer-lobbyist with many Latin clients who in a September 13 *Los Angeles Times* op-ed suggested a role for Carter, Cédras himself had floated the idea in a little-noticed interview with CNN on August 6. Cédras had met Carter in 1990 when he was in Haiti to observe the elections; true to form, Carter predicted the result of that election wrongly, telling Aristide to prepare to accept defeat. Aristide ended up winning 67 percent of the vote, but Carter's predisposition impressed Cédras.

Cédras telephoned him in Atlanta a few days before the

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expected invasion. Carter then contacted Colin Powell and Democratic Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, and asked if they would join him on a last-ditch Haiti mission. By this point, if Clinton rejected Carter's overture, Carter could go public with the plan and embarrass the president, who had committed himself to exhausting every diplomatic effort before invading.

Lake and Halperin, meanwhile, were beginning to go south on their own policy once they got a glimpse of what an invasion would actually entail. Marine General Sheehan told Clinton and Lake that he wanted to take no chances with the lives of American men. Unlike in Iraq, CNN was already in Haiti. And Clinton wouldn't want Americans in body bags six weeks before the election. So the invasion plan developed by Sheehan began with a surgical option *à la* the Bay of Pigs; U.S. forces would pre-emptively kill any Haitian conceivably resisting an American landing. If successful, it would have meant between five and 100 American lives lost, but perhaps upwards of 10,000 Haitian casualties.

Powell was shaken by a private briefing from Sheehan. The two were old friends; Powell had been former secretary of defense Caspar Weinberger's military assistant at the time that Sheehan was deputy defense secretary William Taft's top aide. An emotional Powell, a Caribbean-American, would later describe the plan to Cédras at a key moment in the negotiations. When a friend spoke with Powell after the invasion had been called off, and said, "You saved American lives," Powell responded, "And Haitian lives."

Support in Congress was also collapsing. Former Nunn aide Robert Bell, an NSC staffer, had promised Lake that he could deliver Nunn's endorsement of the policy, but Nunn came out against it in a speech on the Senate floor.

Carter called Clinton on Wednesday night, shortly after speaking with Cédras. Lake sold Clinton on bringing in Carter to take the U.S. off the track of intervention, just as he had in Korea.

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"A simply delightful book written in such a personal way. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and finished it with regret."
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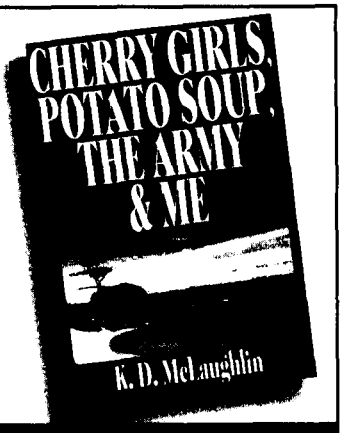

Cherry Girls, Potato Soup, the Army and Me recounts a young captain's service in the Army, 1962-1964. From Tennessee to Texas to Okinawa and back the places, the people, the good, the bad are on full display. A good angel on one shoulder, a mischievous little devil on the other, the author writes in a way which transports the reader to far away places, long ago times and makes them real again.

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In Lake's view, the Sheehan plan, which Clinton had signed off on, had to be stopped. And if Carter failed, at least the powerful Nunn would be neutralized.

After his Thursday night speech to the nation, Clinton called Carter and okayed the trip. Also in the room voicing approval were Vice President Gore and Stephanopoulos, the very same pair who had endorsed the purported Carter breakthrough in Korea. State was by then out of the loop; Christopher watched the Clinton speech from his Georgetown home, and Strobe Talbott is said to have learned about the Carter mission on CNN. Ironically, Christopher, not Lake, had been closer to Carter during their years in exile, frequently visiting the Carter Center. But the two had become estranged since Christopher became secretary of state and was loath to give over his portfolio to his former boss. Lake, content to operate behind the scenes, was not threatened by Carter's public profile. Indeed, he and Halperin realized the bureaucratic benefit of having a stalking horse. Lake's close connection is to Pastor, who is thanked as a teacher in the foreword to *Somoza Falling*, Lake's book on the failure of the Carter Nicaragua policy.

As in Korea, Carter's impetus was his opposition to U.S. policy, not a desire to represent the administration. The Carter delegation, Pastor in tow, arrived in Port-au-Prince on Saturday. That night, Carter sketched out a draft agreement on his personal computer. Though White House aide Larry Rossin was accompanying the delegation, Carter presented it to Cédras without White House approval. The draft didn't have a deadline for Cédras stepping down, it lifted the trade embargo, and it made no mention of Aristide's return. When Carter finally permitted Rossin to fax it to the White House 12 hours later, Clinton didn't like it. Talbott began drafting another document, but Carter told him it was too late.

By then, troops were on their way. Clinton later said that his decision to dispatch troops caused Cédras to agree to step down. But Carter, in an interview with CNN early Monday morning before he briefed the president, said that the sending of troops almost undid the deal. Carter had been met at Andrews Air Force Base early Monday morning and taken to the White House to spend the night. He later joked that he was taken to the White House so he wouldn't go on CNN. Carter rose at dawn and called CNN President Tom Johnson to arrange a live interview from Washington. In a scene reminiscent of Al Haig's "I am in control here" speech, Carter announced, "The problem last night and in a number of places around the world causes it to be necessary for the Carter Center to act."

The Clinton and Carter statements can't both be true. Assuming that Carter had a bleary-eyed moment of candor (he later changed his story to bring it into line with Clinton's), his comment suggests that he may have sandbagged Clinton by waiting to present him with an unsatisfactory deal at the last possible moment so that Clinton's only choices would be to accept the deal as written or risk the wrath of Carter and be seen as choosing war. Clinton took the deal.

Neither Carter nor Clinton was entirely happy in the end, a sign that the relationship will remain tricky in the months to come. Though one job applicant at the Carter Center in 1988 was told that the center expected seven more years of Carter's active life, he shows no signs of slowing down or ending his efforts toward redeeming his presidency by promoting accommodation at any price. On his return from Haiti, Carter made it clear that he had been "ashamed" of Bill Clinton's aggressive stance—he told one interviewer that he had told Cédras this as well, but later denied saying it to the Haitian leader—and for good measure he tweaked Clinton by revealing that he had been holding secret talks with Fidel Castro since July.

"Carter had the utmost respect for Bush. But not for Clinton. I think it's the moral questions. Carter has a very close personal friendship and a very, very rich relationship with his wife. If they are on a six-seater plane and she's sitting behind him, he'll reach back and they'll hold hands for half the trip."

Though evidently too weak to control his own foreign policy, Clinton is quite capable of exacting modest, and less public, revenge. When Bob Pastor's nomination to be ambassador to Panama came before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee after the Haiti mission, Senator Jesse Helms, still steamed about Pastor's role in the Panama Canal Treaties and in conspiring to mislead Congress about the role of the Sandinistas in exporting terrorism, led Republican opposition to it. Republicans were also concerned about Pastor's role as Carter's aide-de-camp in Haiti while awaiting Senate confirmation. When the *Washington Post*'s Al Kamen wrote up the controversy, Pastor, in his inimitable style, called and accused him of being "a shill for Jesse Helms."

Carter pulled out all the stops. He got Sam Nunn to call Helms and ask him to relent. Pastor went to see GOP Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming and persuaded him to appeal to Helms. Colin Powell, at Carter's request, called Minority Leader Bob Dole and asked him to intervene. And Carter personally called Helms, opening the conversation with this ice-breaker: "You thought I was bad, how do you like Clinton?"

The Pastor nomination died in October, never coming to the floor for a vote. The White House, I'm told, didn't lift a finger to help. ❐

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PERHAPS MORE THAN ANYONE, THIS MAN IS HELPING AMERICA LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT BILL AND HILLARY CLINTON'S WHITEWATER SCANDAL.

Now This Man Needs Your Help

An Open Letter to Readers of The American Spectator

My name is L. D. Brown. I'm an Arkansas State Trooper, and for years I was on the security detail of then-Governor Bill Clinton. I know Clinton well, very well. And I know a lot about Whitewater and other "business" dealings of Bill and Hillary Clinton-- an *awful* lot.

Now, because I've told the Independent Counsel what I know about the Clinton's Whitewater Scandal , I'm paying a very heavy price.

But before telling you about the price I'm paying for talking to the Whitewater Independent Counsel, let me tell you more about my background and my relationship with Bill Clinton.

From 1982 to 1985, when I had a falling out with him, I was on Bill Clinton's security detail. I was at his side six and seven days a week. My wife, Becky, also knows the Clintons well. She was Chelsea Clinton's nanny in Arkansas.

Maybe you remember the photograph of me and Bill Clinton on the cover of this magazine back in May. Since then, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., the Editor of The American Spectator, has used his syndicated newspaper column to write about me and what I know about the Clintons' involvement in Whitewater and the looting of Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan in Little Rock.

After I obtained a transfer from Clinton's security detail, and despite my differences with him, I worked my way up to a position in an elite white collar criminal investigation unit at State Police Headquarters.

But then, shortly after The American Spectator story about me and the Clintons appeared, Clinton's successor as Governor, Jim Guy Tucker, suddenly yanked me out of the white collar crime unit and had me assigned to a traffic detail.

The timing of Tucker's move was not accidental. At that time, I was in the middle of an investigation that was deeply embarrassing to Governor Tucker and to the Clintons. Also, The American Spectator article about me had just appeared and had thoroughly upset Tucker and the Clintons. On top of that, the Clintons and Tucker were clearly worried about my testimony to the Whitewater Independent Counsel.

My transfer was an act of political retaliation, pure and simple.

Even though the odds are against me, I've decided to fight back. I've filed a lawsuit against Jim Guy Tucker in which I explain the history of harassment against me extending back to Bill Clinton. I want to do my job, tell the truth to the Independent Counsel and put an end to the system of political retribution that holds back the truth and keeps people down.

This lawsuit -- and the legal bills I'm running up because of my frequent appearances in front of the Whitewater Independent Counsel -- are draining my family financially. (My wife is a schoolteacher and we have four young children.)

So some friends suggested that I write this letter to you, asking for your help. And that's what I'm doing.

I'm not asking for money for myself. But I do need your help to pay my huge legal bills. That's why I've set up the "L. D. Brown Irrevocable Legal Expense Trust."

Bill and Hillary Clinton have set up a legal fund to pay for their Whitewater and other legal bills. And I bet they won't have any problem raising the money they need. But for me, looking to people like you is the one hope I have to keep fighting.

Any contribution you make to help will mean more to me than you can imagine. Thank you very much for reading my letter.

Most sincerely yours,

L. D. Brown

P.S. If you can contribute at least $35, I'll be able to send you a copy of the lawsuit I've filed. It contains details of my relationship with Clinton and other Arkansas politicians -- much more detail than I'm able to include in this letter to you.

Clip and mail to: *"L. D. Brown Irrevocable Legal Expense Trust"*
P.O. Box 469 Little Rock, Arkansas 72203

_____**Yes, Trooper Brown**, I'm with you all the way as you continue to expose Bill Clinton's shady "business" dealings and take on his political cronies in Arkansas -- both before the Whitewater Independent Counsel and in the courts. I understand your family faces huge legal expenses, and unlike Bill Clinton who can call on well-heeled special interests for his legal fees, you must depend on the financial help of friends like me. So I'm enclosing my contribution to help pay your expenses in these costly but essential legal battles against Clinton and his cronies.

___$1,000 ___$500 ___$250 ___$100 ___$50 ___$35 ___$25 ___$ other_____

Please Make your Check payable to L. D. Brown Legal Expense Trust. Both personal and corporate donations can be accepted.

_____My contribution is at least $35, so please send me a copy of the lawsuit you've filed against Clinton's political friends.
_____Please do not send me a copy of the lawsuit.

Name_____
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City _____State_____Zip-Code_____

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Books for Christmas

Our annual list of holiday gift suggestions from distinguished readers and writers.

Fred Barnes

I recommend two political books for different reasons. One is, at once, the best book I've read on President Clinton, the best piece of reporting in recent years, and the best page-turner in non-fiction: *The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House*. Bob Woodward insists he's not a liberal, and this book strengthens his case. He's got Clinton and his aides pegged. No, the problem isn't staff. No, it's not the chaos that sometimes strikes White House operations. The problem is the chaos inside Clinton's head. He can't make decisions, thus leaving himself vulnerable to whoever pressures him most intensely, usually liberals.

The other is *Dead Right*, by David Frum. He dislikes that new breed, the "big government conservative." He gives me credit for coining the phrase. Thanks a lot. I wish I'd never heard of it. My idea wasn't big spenders, but those who'd rather slow the growth of spending than break their pick in search of spending cuts in Social Security, Medicare, etc., that never materialize. Frum argues, from a libertarian argument, for breaking your pick. It's an interesting argument, one conservatives need to hear, then reject.

I read few novels, but I grabbed a paperback my 12-year-old nephew left behind. It was *Killer Angels* by Michael Shaara. The subject is Gettysburg, and Shaara sides with Longstreet against Lee. Absolutely riveting, the best (though maybe the only) historical novel I've read since I went through those books by Kenneth Roberts as a teenager.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

L. D. Brown

Not being one to miss anything related to Bill Clinton, however remote, I recommend *Life of the Party: The Biography of Pamela Digby Churchill Hayward Harriman* by Christopher Ogden. Biographer Ogden takes hours of conversations with Harriman, who at the time was collaborating with him on a memoir of her life, and transforms it into a hefty volume exposing her remarkable life for all to see. When Harriman got cold feet on the project and bailed out, Ogden continued on and produced a timely exposé of her life from her childhood through her celebrated marriages to Randolph Churchill, Leland Hayward, and Averell Harriman and on to being the real "first lady of the Democratic party."

Having met Mrs. Harriman while in Washington, D.C. with then-Governor Bill Clinton, I think Ogden has truly captured the real Pamela Harriman, who reveals her thoughts at the time on the man who would eventually reward her with the ambassadorship to France.

I'll not miss the opportunity in this space to suggest you reread William Manchester's *One Brief Shining Moment*, a recollection of John Kennedy's presidency. Commissioned by the late Jackie Kennedy Onassis, it will be interesting to see if Bill Clinton can commission someone to write such a glowing tome after he leaves office. Even the master Manchester may not be able to pull this one off.

L. D. Brown is an Arkansas State Trooper.

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Robert P. Casey

First Things: An Inquiry into the First Principles of Morals and Justice. Hadley Arkes' clear, provocative, and witty treatise on moral reasoning.

Plain Speaking: An Oral History of Harry S. Truman. Merle Miller's marvelous portrait of an American original and a forgotten art.

Battle Cry of Freedom: The Civil War Era. James M. McPherson's epic account of America's defining moment.

Chronicles of Wasted Time: An Autobiography. Malcolm Muggeridge's brilliant memoir.

Shane. Jack Schaeffer's timeless western about a reluctant but deadly gunslinger saving a group of struggling farmers.

Before the Shooting Begins: Searching for Democracy in America's Cultural War. James Davison Hunter's account of the current struggle for the soul of America.

Our Country: The Shaping of America from Roosevelt to Reagan. Michael Barone's magisterial rendering of modern American political history.

Robert P. Casey is the governor of Pennsylvania.

Dick Cheney

Over the years, my favorite books have been about American history—and in particular, military history.

The 50th anniversary of Normandy provided a fitting occasion to review some of the most recent books on World War II. One of the best is *D-Day: June 6, 1944*, by the historian Stephen Ambrose. In magnificent detail, Ambrose recounts the battles at Omaha and Utah beaches. By focusing on the individual troops in the field—from the enlisted men to the generals—Ambrose allows the reader to witness the bravery and strength of our armed forces under the most demanding wartime environment.

Leaping forward a few decades one gets to Al Santoli's *Leading the Way*. This oral history of the Vietnam War is a riveting portrait of a generation of troops who proudly served our nation in Southeast Asia and then—upon returning to this country— passed through one of the most difficult times for our armed forces. Many of my good friends and colleagues from the Pentagon—Gens. Colin Powell, Barry McCaffrey, Freddie Franks—remained committed to the U.S. military and led the way toward restoring the dignity and professionalism of our armed forces.

To appreciate just what a magnificent force we could field after this period of rebuilding, one can turn to *Washington Post* reporter Rick Atkinson's *Crusade*—one of the best accounts of Operation Desert Shield/Desert Storm. As well as any reporter I've read, Atkinson moves seamlessly between interagency meetings in Washington and the decision-making and actual fighting in the desert.

In a completely different category of books, I'd recommend James Cannon's *Time and Chance*. Cannon traces Gerald Ford's early political career in Michigan, his impressive rise in the U.S. House of Representatives, his selection as vice president, and finally his assumption of the presidency. Cannon reminds us that Ford's greatest professional ambition was to become House Republican leader; he never sought the vice presidency much less the presidency. Yet he served in the White House honorably and with great distinction and bravely led our nation through one of its most turbulent times.

Finally, being a lifelong fly-fisherman, I console myself when not actually fly-fishing by reading about it. Although I've plowed through several new titles this year, the classic in the field remains Ray Bergman's *Trout*. Originally published in 1938, Bergman's book has been reprinted thirteen times. It's the most complete text on trout fishing available both for the experienced angler and the novice. As the 1975 introductory note says, "In *Trout*, waters will forever run pure and sparkling and fish will rise in clear, untrammeled streams."

Dick Cheney is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and the former secretary of defense.

Arthur Cooper

Henry and Clara, by Thomas Mallon. The best novel of 1994. People will be reading it in 2094. Unless Newt Gingrich gets the bomb.

Catch-22, by Joseph Heller. The funniest novel ever written by an American, I think it's the closest we've come to The Great American Novel.

Cocksure, by Mordecai Richler. The funniest novel ever written by a Canadian. Actually, Richler has also written the second, third, and fourth funniest novels ever written by a Canadian.

A Moveable Feast, by Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway's most appealing book. It made my generation want to starve in Paris for art. None of us starved. None of us wrote anything worth a damn.

The Nine Tailors, by Dorothy Sayers. *The* great English mystery. Lord Peter Wimsey and Ms. Sayers at the very top of their game.

A Piece of the Action, by Joseph Nocera. A lucid, impeccably researched history of personal finance that is exquisitely reader-friendly. There are as many "characters" in this book as in a Dickens novel.

Arthur Cooper is editor-in-chief of GQ.

Bob Dole

Aside from wading through the 1,342 pages of the Clinton health care plan this year, I have recently had the pleasure of turning the pages of several good books. I would like to recommend the following titles:

Beyond Peace, by Richard Nixon. President Nixon's last book was also his best—a compelling analysis of world affairs, common sense solutions for America's domestic problems, and a call for a return to American leadership. →

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D-Day: June 6, 1994, by Stephen Ambrose. The definitive account of the young soldiers who put their lives on the line to ensure the survival of democracy.

Truman, by David McCullough. For some reason, I loved this fascinating biography about a no-nonsense straight-talking senator from the Midwest who became president.

Eisenhower, by Stephen Ambrose. President Dwight D. Eisenhower, a fellow Kansan, has served as a role model throughout my career. Not only was Eisenhower an admirable chief executive, but he also was a great commander of those he led in the Army. To date, this book is my favorite source of Ike inspiration,

The American Red Cross First Aid and Safety Handbook. This handy reference book might save the life of someone in your family.

Bob Dole is the Republican leader in the United States Senate.

Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr.

The best but most underpublicized book of 1994 is Bruce Porter's *War and the Rise of the State: The Military Foundations of Modern Politics*. Beginning with medieval Europe, the book chronicles how warfare reshaped the map and governments of Europe. The chapters on the U.S. are superb. Liberals won't be happy to learn how important war was as a catalyst for social reforms, and defense-minded conservatives will choke as they read how a strong military invariably means a powerful central government. Other worthy reads include Cal Thomas's *The Things That Matter Most*, Frederick W. Marks's excellent set of essays, *Velvet on Iron: The Diplomacy of Theodore Roosevelt*, David Halberstam's *October 1964*, Bob Woodward's *Agenda*, and for all its flaws, Peter Schweitzer's *Victory*, which properly credits the Reagan administration's critical role in winning the Cold War. The novel of the year is Chris Buckley's *Thank You for Smoking*, with Michael Crichton's *Disclosure*, a close second.

Malcolm S. Forbes, Jr. is president and chief executive officer and editor-in-chief of Forbes Magazine.

David Frum

Demosclerosis by Jonathan Rauch searingly condemns a political system paralyzed by greedy, short-sighted gimme groups. *The Ethics of Culture* by Professor Samuel Fleischacker attacks a liberal philosophical tradition stretching back to Kant to argue that ethics must nearly always originate in religious orthodoxy. Finally, conservatives who hope that the next Republican White House will avoid the debacles of the last one must commit to memory John Podhoretz's *Hell of a Ride*—a brilliant and hilarious portrayal of abject political failure.

David Frum is author of Dead Right *(New Republic Books).*

John H. Fund

In this time of revolutionary political change in America, my suggestions for Christmas gift books focus on the lessons we can learn from the demise of Communism. I believe Bill Clinton will be to welfare-state liberalism what Mikhail Gorbachev was to the Soviet Union—a transitional figure who tried to keep a failing system alive but actually accelerated its collapse. Here are some books that help us hasten the collapse of liberalism's Berlin Wall:

Imperium, by Ryszard Kapuscinski. A Polish foreign correspondent, Kapuscinski gives a surprisingly witty and insightful perspective on the collapse of the Soviet Empire. As a citizen of a Warsaw Pact nation, he was allowed far greater access to Communist countries than any Westerner.

Dismantling Utopia: How Information Ended the Soviet Union, by Scott Shane. Shane, a Moscow correspondent for the *Baltimore Sun*, tells the fascinating story of how the Soviet system was undermined by the new information technologies and the growing press freedom the Gorbachev regime was prompted to tolerate. Not only was George Orwell wrong in *1984*, he was spectacularly wrong. Thank goodness.

The Private Life of Chairman Mao, by Dr. Li Zhisui. Mao's doctor for twenty-two years reveals that the Great Helmsman was actually just a minor-league Stalin, but with even fewer friends.

Of course, one shouldn't ignore American politics completely. Ralph Reed, the executive director of the Christian Coalition, provides a fascinating overview of what ails America and how ordinary citizens are taking their country back in *Politically Incorrect: The Emerging Faith Factor in American Politics* (published by Word Publishing, Dallas). After reading this book, I concluded that conservatives have very little to fear from the activities of Christians in politics, and they should be thankful to have someone of Reed's organizational skills in their corner.

The growing consensus that our welfare system has imploded should rekindle interest in one of the best public policy books I've ever read: *The Tragedy of American Compassion*, by Marvin Olasky, a fascinating discussion of how early social workers combated poverty until the Progressive Era. Help was a two-way street. The poor were expected to improve their lot, or in dire cases do something, *anything*, that contributed to society and allowed them to keep their dignity.

Finally, I recommend a real treat to remind us of how fascinating British politics can be for an outsider—combining as it does high moral purpose and sordid behavior. *Mrs. Thatcher's Minister: The Private Diaries of Alan Clark.* These splendid memoirs by Britain's former minister of defense will never be read by an American politician. They are far too frank and literate.

John H. Fund is an editorial writer for the Wall Street Journal.

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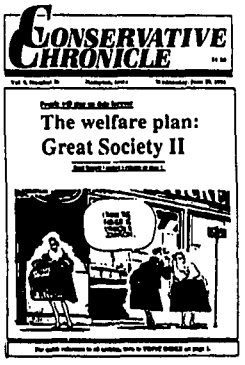
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Georgie Anne Geyer

Amusing Ourselves to Death, by Neil Postman, professor of communications at New York University. This book is so good—so original, so necessary to read to understand our times—that I simply cannot understand why Postman is not so wildly famous that his phone is ringing off the wall. He traces for us the way that the human personality has actually changed as we passed from the print age to the television age. The unfortunate corollary, at least as it seems to me: "there's no going back." Absolutely brilliant. (And his later book, *Technopoly*, is good, too.)

The Impossible Country: A Journey through the Last Days of Yugoslavia, by Brian Hall, an excellent political travel writer living now in Ithaca, New York. If there is one book to read on "Bosnia," which is becoming *the* archetypal tragedy of the post–Cold War syndrome, it should be this one. Hall takes the reader by the hand, introduces him to these tragic worlds-within-worlds with their orchestrated hatreds.

The Democratic Imagination: Dialogues on the Work of Irving Louis Horowitz. This Transaction Publishers book is a paean to Professor Horowitz, the prestigious professor of sociology at Rutgers University—and he well deserves one, for he is one of the few true searchers after truth still in the academy, a man who portrays things the way they are and not the way the political correctors insist they be. A group of his multitude of friends write about his "other" way of thinking.

Hollywood vs. America: Popular Culture and the War on Traditional Values, by Michael Medved. You can never read this book too many times. It is unique in telling us the dismal story of why Hollywood insiders do truly hate the America they supposedly represent. Most unfortunately but not surprisingly, nothing has changed since this book was published in 1992.

Haunts of the Black Masseur: The Swimmer as Hero, by Charles Sprawson. If you are a swimmer, or even if you simply think there is nothing quite so beautiful on God's earth as rivers, bays, oceans, seas, and even swimming pools, this book takes you back through history and into the lives of all the great people who loved swimming. You see ultimate romanticist Byron swimming in the Hellespont and the drunken Jack London floating out to sea while roaring death chants at the stars—altogether a perfectly wonderful little book.

Georgie Ann Geyer is a columnist syndicated by Universal Press Syndicate and author of the new book Waiting for Winter to End: An Extraordinary Journey Through Central Asia *(Brassey's).*

James Goldsmith

African Genesis, by Robert Ardrey.

Ancient Futures, by Helena Norberg-Hodge.

Hermit of Peking: The Hidden Life of Sir Edmund Backhouse, by Hugh Trevor-Roper.

Sir James Goldsmith is a businessman and member of the European Parliament.

Paul Greenberg

Democracy in America, by Alexis de Tocqueville. Only prophetic when it was written in the 1830s, now it is relevant. See the perfect description of Political Correctness in Volume II, Chapter VI, "What Sort of Despotism Democratic Nations Have to Fear." Or the description of the true power of American women in Volume II, Chapter XII, "How the Americans Understand the Equality of the Sexes." Or the sections on the role in American life of private associations, of lawyers, and so relevantly on. Our French visitor came, saw, and perceived.

Vico's Science of Imagination, by Donald Philip Verene. Hannah Arendt demonstrated the root of fascism, Nazism, and Communism in her *Origins of Totalitarianism*. The trouble, it seems, began with the French Revolution, as Edmund Burke knew it would. Readers of Vico will realize that all the trouble goes back to the Renaissance, to Descartes. This is a fine introduction to, and summary of, a heroic mind and his road not taken by the world.

All the Pretty Horses, by Cormac McCarthy. Beware the sound of these Texican words; they will move you to speak your own truth unadorned—which is to ask for trouble. This long, long ride will exhaust and refresh and bring moments of unbearable revelation and recognition that will make the hair on the back of your neck stand up prickly as a dog's. And you will no longer be the same, or you'll be a lot samer.

Franz Rosenzweig: His Life and Thought, by Nahum N. Glatzer. The life of this theologian and anti-theologian, poet and teacher, seeker and finder who died young of Lou Gehrig's Disease is only a little more inspiring than the simple, shattering, inundating light of his words. This is a clear, restrained telling of his life that lets its power come through, together with a finely chosen selection of his words.

Pirke Avot: The Ethics of the Fathers. This is the famous, inexhaustible little talmudic treatise on ethics. Forget the volumes of commentaries; stick to the slim text, and avoid the more modern translations. Ponder each *perek*, or chapter. The best commentary will be your own. Take a piece of advice from the book itself: *Provide thyself with a teacher and find a companion for study.*

Paul Greenberg is editorial page editor of the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette *whose column is distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate.*

Christopher Hitchens

I thank providence that, because of a mediocre television series, I was in effect actually paid to reread *Middlemarch*. How did she know *so much*? But the life of the reviewer is seldom so peachy, berry, and skittle, and anyway I'm not invited to recommend the classics, so let me just defend the idea of reading as hedonism against the notion of literature as social science. In fiction I was much taken by *The End of the Hunt*, Thomas Flanagan's rounding of his trilogy about Irish history. (It was to have been titled *The Heel of the Hunt*, but

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some fool thought that all Americans both use and misunderstand Mickey Spillane vernacular.) Joanna Trollope's *The Men and the Girls* caught me in its snare of humane wit. I also followed Gore Vidal's advice and took in all of Dawn Powell, which is very good on women on men. Salman Rushdie's collection of stories, *East West*, is the latest refutation of Orwell's deceptive dictum that the imagination, like certain wild creatures, will not breed in captivity. In the political column, Noel Malcolm's *Bosnia: A Short History* was a great work of freelance advocacy and a surprising Tory growl against the foul (at least when Serbian) invocation of race, nation, and empire. The other outstanding political book of the year was also penned by a conservative. H.R. Haldeman's *Diaries* make the clearest connection yet between small-time crookery and big-time, serious crime.

Christopher Hitchens writes the "Cultural Elite" column for Vanity Fair *and the "Minority Report" column for the* Nation. *His collection,* For the Sake of Argument, *is freshly out in paperback.*

Ojars Kalnins

William Manchester's *A World Lit Only by Fire* is wonderful to read and even better as a reminder that regardless of how difficult, confusing, irrational, and dangerous life seems to be today, it has been much worse. While a glimpse at the distant past helps put the present into a more comfortable context, recent history, as brilliantly analyzed by Zbigniew Brzezinski in *Out of Control*, has a more sobering and instructive effect, especially useful to those who are thinking about where we should be in the future.

Although found in the "science fiction" section of most book stores, Morgan Llwelyn's fascinating novels about the ancient Celts (I have so far read *The Druids* and *The Bard*) offer a beguiling mix of history, spirituality, and adventure. In between all this, I find myself returning to Goethe's *Faust* about once a year, just to be reminded that "freedom and life belong to that man solely who must reconquer them each day."

Ojars Kalnins is Latvia's ambassador to the United States.

G. Gordon Liddy

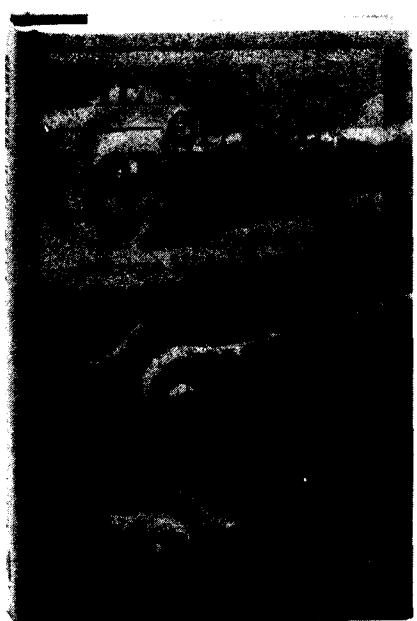
The Jerome Biblical Commentary. An extraordinary work of scholarship that puts together, at one's fingertips, all that scholars of various religions, archaeologists and so on have learned to date about each Book of the Old and New Testaments.

The Book of Virtues, compiled by William Bennett. Don't even try to raise a child without it.

Modern Times (revised edition), by Paul Johnson. A succinct, thoughtful presentation of where we are and how we got here.

Commentary of the First Ten Books of the Roman Historian Titus Livius, by Niccolò Machiavelli. Still the most modern work on politics available to us.

Guns, Crime and Freedom, by Wayne LaPierre.



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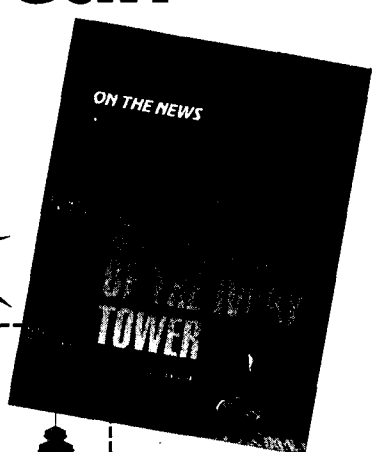

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Essential to an understanding of the meaning of the Second Amendment and how it undergirds all our freedoms and obligations under the United States Constitution.

Public Education: An Autopsy, by Myron Lieberman. The biggest problem facing the future of this country is the failure of the public education system. This book offers a scholarly and critical analysis, with suggestions as to what to do about it.

Tower of Secrets, by Victor Sheymov. True story of the conversion and brilliantly executed (and highly dangerous) defection of the most important member of the KGB ever to come over to the side of freedom.

G. Gordon Liddy is a nationally syndicated radio talk show host as well as writer, lecturer, actor, and businessman.

Thomas Mallon

Three old ones:

Letters of John Keats. "We read fine things but never feel them to the full until we have gone the same steps as the Author." With these letters a reader can take Keats's great, gutsy journey with him. The only dead immortal writer one would truly like to have met.

Vanity Fair. Not Tina's or Graydon's, but Thackeray's. The best English novel. Ever.

Memories of a Catholic Girlhood, by Mary McCarthy. The most deeply felt book by a woman who defined style as "lucidity, perspicuousness," and who had it in every word, including "and" and "the."

Three new ones:

The Bird Artist, by Howard Norman. Creepy, spare, and sometimes slightly ridiculous, this novel about murder and redemption in 1911 Newfoundland certainly "has something," as they say, even if, in this case, it's hard to say just what.

Mrs. Thatcher's Minister, by Alan Clark. Everything *The Haldeman Diaries* are not: egotistical, judgmental, hilarious. Clark is no more capable of self-censorship than Boswell or Pepys, and he makes "the Lady" seem, finally, a good deal more terrifying than "P."

Case Closed, by Gerald Posner. The author rides a leaf-blower across the grassy knoll, scattering every kook, *auteur*, and quick-buck artist who ever addled the nation's brains over the Kennedy assassination. Common sense has rarely been so exhilarating.

Thomas Mallon's most recent book is Henry and Clara *(Ticknor & Fields).*

Adam Meyerson

Escalante: The Best Teacher in America, by Jay Mathews. Read this book before signing on to Charles Murray's argument that IQ is the best determinant of academic and economic achievement. Intelligence tests would never have predicted that Garfield High School in working-class, Mexican-American East Los Angeles would become one of the nation's ten top high schools for Advanced Placement Calculus. What made the difference were three math teachers, Jaime Escalante, Ben Jimenez, and Angelo Villavicencio, who set high expectations, taught math the way coaches teach football, and, fighting the designed-for-failure public school system all the way, inspired sullen teenagers with the *ganas*—desire—to learn and succeed.

Truman, by David McCullough. When *Policy Review* profiled seven Western leaders who did the most to win the Cold War, we featured Harry Truman, along with Ronald Reagan, Winston Churchill, Pope John Paul II, Konrad Adenauer, George Meany, and Whittaker Chambers. Truman, who had the moral courage to save millions of lives by dropping the atom bomb, and who built the Cold War alliance against Soviet Communism, was the last Democratic president who knew how to handle foreign policy. McCullough's biography masterfully tells the story not only of Truman's political career, but also of an education and upbringing in small town Missouri that was right out of Bill Bennett's *Book of Virtues*.

Modern Times, by Paul Johnson. This *tour de siècle* by one of England's preeminent journalists is still the finest single volume political history of Planet Earth in the twentieth century, a period in which "The power of the State to do evil expanded with awesome speed" while "its power to do good grew slowly and ambiguously."

Cold Sassy Tree, by Olive Ann Burns. One of the best American novels of the past decade, this is an endearing story of a young man growing up and a grandfather growing young in rural turn-of-the-century Georgia. Fourteen-year-old Will Tweedy is a marvelous boyhood hero in the tradition of Tom Sawyer, a mischievous rebel who steadily grows in maturity as the teachings of experience and his elders reinforce his natural kindness and moral principles.

Adam Meyerson is vice president for educational affairs at the Heritage Foundation, and editor of Policy Review.

Andrew Neil

The Economist on America: 150 Years of Intelligent British Commentary on America by the World's Most Influential News Magazine. Written and edited by Sir Alastair Burnet, who edited the *Economist* for ten years, then went on to become Britain's Walter Cronkite.

Rethinking AIDS: The Tragic Cost of Premature Consensus, by Robert Root-Bernstein. The most authoritative debunking of the many American myths about AIDS peddled by an unquestioning media in the pockets of the AIDS Establishment. The author painstakingly explains why there is no heterosexual AIDS epidemic and never will be; and why to be HIV positive is far from being the death sentence conventional wisdom would have us believe—because HIV does not cause AIDS.

The Oxbridge Conspiracy, by Walter Ellis. A provocative analysis of how graduates of Oxford and Cambridge have kept their stranglehold on the British Establishment

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and because of the anti-business snobbery these universities impart how this has contributed to Britain's decline. As Ellis concludes, "Britain under Oxbridge is a failed experiment."

The Bell Curve: Intelligence and Class Structure in American Life, by Richard J. Herrnstein and Charles Murray. Murray, the author of *Losing Ground*, which revolutionized the debate about welfare, turns to the even more controversial matters of genes and intelligence, arguing that those who don't succeed in the American meritocracy fail largely because they are not bright enough. This book is likely to dominate intelligent discourse this winter: read it if you want to participate in the debate.

Thieves' World: The Threat of the New Global Network of Organized Crime, by Claire Sterling. A frightening study of the rise of the post-Communist Russian Mafia, the fastest-growing, most violent organized-crime group in the world, whose tentacles are spreading west in a way that makes it almost as big of a threat as Marxism, especially since, as Sterling shows, the Russian Mob is linking up with other organized crime groups to form a global network.

The Agenda: Inside the Clinton White House, by Bob Woodward. At times it is far too "inside the Beltway" and some of its sourcing is suspect. But it still manages to paint a convincing, authoritative picture of a rudderless administration devoid of values or strategy.

Andrew Neil is editor of the Sunday Times *of London and executive editor of Fox Television's "Full Disclosure."*

Fred L. Smith, Jr.

As a policy wonk, my recommended reading list, not surprisingly, is wonkish. Still, among all those dusty, boring books that make up this body of writing, there are a few gems that make it all worthwhile:

Searching for Safety, by Aaron Wildavsky. Read this book and learn why poorer is sicker and wealthier is healthier. A wonderful story teller and brilliant thinker, Wildavsky in these rabbinical tutorials on modern foolishness does much to explain the ongoing inquisition against technological and economic growth.

Essays on Economics and Economists, by Ronald Coase. This is the latest collection of essays by one of the few Nobel Prize economists whose work is actually relevant to the real world. Coase's style is delightful, saving his fiercest jabs for "blackboard economics" and the central planner's mentality.

A Rebirth of Values, by Frederick Turner. A series of essays by an under-read author who dares suggest that mankind can actually be a positive force in an evolving earth. The essay, "Towards a New Bioethics," extolling man as gardener rather than despoiler, is a much-needed antidote to the Blame-Mankind Firsters who dominate the green agenda.

Lost Rights: The Destruction of American Liberty, by James Bovard. A modern-day *Common Sense*, painfully detailing the extent to which our economic and individual liberties are being eroded away by an arrogant and unconstrained Leviathan. As this book becomes more widely read, Americans are very likely to rise up in anger, making the current political turmoil seem but a tempest in a teapot.

Science Under Siege: Balancing Technology and the Environment, by Michael Fumento. A book that might be subtitled, "Lies, Damned Lies, and the EPA" dealing with the horrendous misuse of science and statistics by environmentalists over the last two decades. Fumento, CEI's 1994 Warren Brookes fellow, is perhaps the only journalist in the world able to write about epidemiology without making a fool of himself. (Another important book is *Eco-Scam: The False Prophets of Ecological Apocalypse*, by Ronald Bailey, who was CEI's 1993 Warren Brookes fellow.)

The Lord of the Rings, by J.R.R. Tolkien. A trilogy that does more than almost any work I know (save perhaps the Bible) to make the case as to why each of us must struggle against the Evil Empires here and abroad, even though there are no permanent victories (or defeats) in this eternal battle.

Fred L. Smith, Jr. is president of the Competitive Enterprise Institute.

Herbert Stein

Adam Smith, *The Wealth of Nations*: I'm not showing off; my book discussion group made me do it. Returned to after all these years. Smith reminds us of his analytic power, literary skill, and erudition. More surprising, he shows a pragmatic attitude towards the role of government in the economy. The University of Chicago Press has a fine edition with type large enough for aging eyes.

Robert Skidelsky, *John Maynard Keynes: The Economist as Savior, 1920-1937*: Keynes had more influence and led a more colorful life than any other economist of this century. Now he has the most comprehensive and perceptive biography ever written of an economist. His character does not come through as admirable and his economics may be questionable. But he was a total genius at making his ideas and prescriptions the standard thinking and policy for a generation after his death. This may be a warning to some and a lesson to others.

George P. Shultz, *Turmoil and Triumph: My Years as Secretary of State*: This is an eye-opening account of what it means to be a model secretary of state—trying to develop strategy, negotiating with foreign counterparts, coping with a constant firehose of information from every corner of the world, contending with the White House and the Department of Defense, and managing a large bureaucracy. I don't know of any other picture of government in action at its best that can match it.

Herbert Stein is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute. ❐

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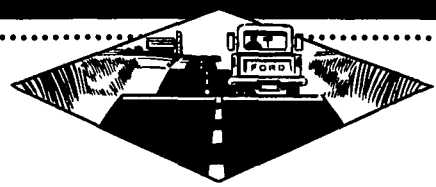

Lens Democracy

by Thomas Mallon

For a century and a half the politician and the camera have been involved in a power struggle, changes in technology shifting the advantage between one side and the other. In the beginning, like anyone else who posed for Mathew Brady or Alexander Gardner, statesmen had to stand still and, even less characteristically, shut up for a moment or two. Early presidential facial expressions run to impatience and bafflement, as their wearers struggle not to move: Martin Van Buren leans on a book and John Quincy Adams folds his hands, to steady them, one suspects, in his lap. General Grant actually stands with his head clamped between the tines of what looks like a giant tuning fork. Lincoln, unsurprisingly, manages to defy convention even as he honors it. Photographed by Gardner in the last months of his life, he adopts the conventional three-quarters profile staring into space, but his lips portray amusement over his son, Tad, standing a foot or two away.

After the Civil War, the camera's increasing speed and portability allowed the politician to force it away from portraiture and into witnessing the historical moment. But even in 1862, Gardner was shooting Lincoln and McClellan in a tent at Antietam, the two subjects looking animated and intense, a map or newspaper (it's difficult to tell) discarded at the President's feet, and a Confederate flag folded up on the dry ground. Soon the camera could even travel along with a politician on the mere chance that something might happen. In 1910, William Warnecke succeeded in capturing New York Mayor William J. Gaynor an instant after he had been shot; the blood pours down from his head and a young man rushes wide-eyed to his aid.

The curators of "American Politicians: Photographs from 1843 to 1993,"[1] which runs at New York's Museum of Modern Art through January 3, have tried to keep a balance between general historical significance and important developments in this particular genre of picture-taking. A viewer will find little of Franklin Roosevelt and Ronald Reagan, however much the camera loved each of these titans, and a surprising amount of William McKinley, a dull-looking man whose photographers did an interesting job (in the days before zoom lenses) of capturing the crowds around him.

Probably the best political photographs come out of election campaigns, when the candidates are desperate with self-importance and the voters are jazzed by courtship. Riding through Elwood, Indiana, in August 1940, Wendell Willkie—surrounded by roaring faithful tipping their hats, and police motorcycles churning up dust—seems so mad with excitement that he can't have noticed how he's just ridden past the undertaker's parlor. Six years later, Congressman Joseph Martin is photographed through the office window of the Massachusetts paper he published, as he listens to election returns over the telephone. So stunned does Martin seem (he's on his way to becoming Speaker of the House), and so in character everyone else around him, that a viewer wonders just how spontaneous Allan Grant's picture really was. A *Life* photo of John Kennedy from the same year shows the congressional hopeful sitting beneath his own poster, which looks as if it's been designed to tout a film instead of a candidacy.

When dealing with politicians, art photography is generally about as appealing as state-sponsored painting. Edward Steichen's Theodore Roosevelt, from 1908, is gauzily heroic, and the 1955 Nixon that Philippe Halsman caught for his pointless "jumping" series does have a certain vice-presidential irony to it (as well as

Thomas Mallon's latest book is the novel Henry and Clara *(Ticknor & Fields).*

[1] An accompanying book, with the same title, carries a text by Susan Kismaric and is distributed by Harry N. Abrams, New York (208 pp., $39.95).

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the additional merit of giving an aerodynamic lift to Nixon's jowls), but politicians are best captured when they are trying to manipulate people instead of permitting photographers to manipulate them. In 1984, even the still-squeamish *New York Times* could not resist running on its front page a Columbus Day photograph (absent from this exhibit) of Walter Mondale, Mario Cuomo, and Geraldine Ferraro stepping gaily around some horse manure on the parade route; there has rarely been a picture of politicians more joyfully in their element.

The camera may not lie, but that fact has misled many photographers and viewers into believing that every time it opens and closes its shutter it speaks the truth, whereas, like the human mouth, as often as not, it says nothing at all. The MOMA show is mercifully short of Avedon, whose coroner's style of portraiture remains utterly unrevealing—totally individuating, yes, but in the way of a DNA smear, and no more evocative of character or essence than that. His Eisenhower, wan and wall-eyed, is of course meant to surprise us with some sort of meaningfully reversed expectations, but it doesn't, any more than a driver's-license photo exerts any strong claim as truth or art. More thought-provoking, and certainly amusing, is a 1945 *Life* photograph of the general returning to his mother's front porch in Abilene, Kansas. She is the one wearing a big grin, looking more like Ike than he does.

When the camera does manage to say something, it often does so by indirection, or even inversion, like the reliable source whose yes can be counted on to mean no. Jacqueline Kennedy's beautiful face fools the lens into thinking it's being eluded, that her realest part is somewhere else, held in reserve, a glamorous mystery. In fact, Mrs. Kennedy is fully present, fully in control, *projecting* mystery into the camera with more art than that mustered by most of the thousands of photographers who took her picture. Her talent was something opposite to that of Ronald Reagan, a man who, in so many photos one remembers, made himself seem fully present to the camera, shaking your hand with his eye, while all the time a part of him, probably the best and most interesting part, was somewhere else. No photographer ever "got" Reagan any more than a biographer will. There's no here there.

Pat Nixon lacked the acting skills of either of these two. Her face, full of intelligence, is more directly present than either Mrs. Kennedy's or Reagan's; one sees her straining to cooperate in a situation she cannot bear but knows she must, unable to displace herself mentally to wherever it is she would prefer being. The last thing she appears to be is plastic, a word with which she was always scorned, but which, in the application of its simple physical meaning to camera-subject relations, seems made for Jackie and Reagan and painfully inapplicable to her.

The photo opportunity, which came in with Teddy Roosevelt (shown here riding a steam shovel and weighing some skinny boys in a New York hospital), brought politicians to a point of maximum power over the camera, allowing them to be a different sort of actor from the kind they had been playing since the Roman forum. The oratorical ham gave way to the silent player of *tableau vivant*, which required little more than the ability, after hours of someone else's advance work, to show up when the flashbulb popped. Even after its cornball apotheosis with Fiorello LaGuardia, who drove rivets, cut ribbons, smashed slot machines, and pretended to fight fires to shamelessly good effect, the photo op wasn't exhausted. A 1952 Cornell Capa shot of Adlai Stevenson, "Deciding Whether to Run for the Presidency" as he sits beneath a tree on his Illinois farm, can still probably fool some of the people some of the time—though Al Gore, who sits next to Bill Clinton in "Family Help," a 1993 AP photo of the president and vice president talking "on telephones in the Oval Office . . . to families who were forced to choose between their jobs and time off to care for children or ailing parents," seems to be overacting his way through a tryout for the St. Albans class play. He makes Clinton look positively genuine.

Photo opportunities have, on occasion, undone the lesser lights of political theater. The current exhibition offers two wince-inducing examples, the first of them from September 1947, in which Governor Thomas E. Dewey appears to be performing chiropractic upon a cow. Whatever he's doing in his freshly pressed suit, it's certainly not milking. Forty years later, Michael Dukakis, the closest thing to Dewey the Democrats ever came up with, rides an M1-A-1 battle tank toward a photographer who has just helped to build the George Bush presidential library.

The camera does sometimes succeed in differentiating the mere phony from, to use a term of Truman Capote's, the "real phony," that preferable entity who actually "believes all this crap [he] believes." (In this show, William Jennings Bryan and James Garfield, each of them photographed in a six-button coat and trying to look as Napoleonic as possible, provide a study in contrasts between the former species and the latter.) The current exhibit provides few depictions of politicians in truly unguarded moments, but the most pleasing of these comes from Atlantic City c. 1928, when Al Smith and his plump, giggling wife crowded into a photo booth and made two four-shot strips, unfiltered and fully human.

The Happy Warrior is also shown in an Indian headdress ("Governor Smith Becomes Chief 'Leading Star'"), a venerable subgenre of political photography. The show gives us Jimmy Walker similarly attired, and of course, Calvin Coolidge, who looks as sad as one of

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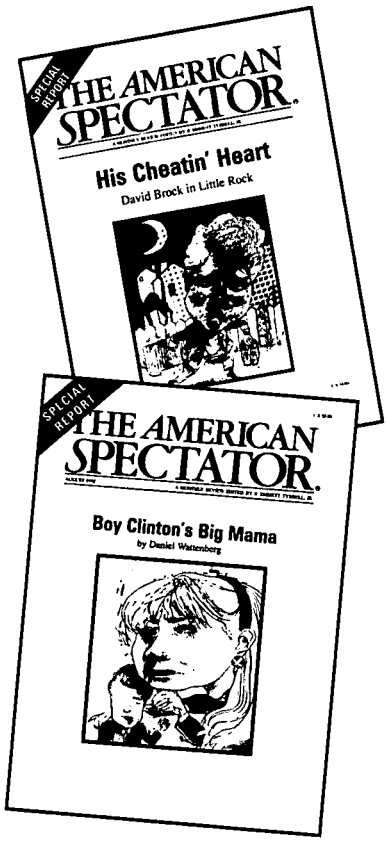

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those William Wegman dogs forced into a negligée for the camera. George Bush, going halfway as usual, accepts a ceremonial pipe from Crow medicine-man Floyd Realbird in Billings, Montana, but instead of trying on Realbird's magnificent bonnet, Bush is pointing toward his waiting limo.

In recent years the photographer has regained a certain power over the politician. The lenses are longer and less merciful than ever, and now tricks like "morphing" allow for such uncannily apt editorializing as *Time*'s recent series of a half-dozen photos in which Bill Clinton turns into Jimmy Carter. But recent photo ops seem less autonomous than the older ones, more like millimeters of a video you've got on Pause. After all, you've seen these images on video; you know what comes just before and after them, and it's frustrating not to be able to scroll them forward or backward. Wasn't it, in fact, the waggle, i.e., the movement, of Dukakis's helmeted head, like one of those dolls with a spring in the neck, that added to the scene's absurdity? Even so, still photography invites greater contemplativeness, and it's only in Michael E. Samojeden's AP photo that you're likely to spot the person actually driving the tank, who's keeping his head sensibly hidden behind a gun.

Occasionally, a single photograph in this exhibition will call up many moods, such as one from 1977 that gives us a group including Carter, Robert Byrd, and Tip O'Neill, all dewlaps and wattles and perplexity, a ridiculous picture of one-party gridlock—comical until you realize that the emaciated fellow with the wisps of hair at the picture's left is the gallant, dying Hubert Humphrey. But it says something fine about the national character and the essentially untragic history of the United States that irreverent and humorous pictures make up as large a part of this show as they do. The camera's true historical focus here is less on the familiar faces than on all the tiny heads looking up at the platforms and waving from the sidewalks, row upon row of them, blurry bowlers and Gibson-Girl hairdos, appearing to be mere extras who made up the crowd scenes, but in fact the people who, however imperfectly, ran the show. ❐

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The Straight and Narrow

by John Corry

The press is growing uncomfortable. America is changing, but the press is not, and increasingly people seem to dislike it. A poll by the Times-Mirror Center for the People and the Press finds that 71 percent of Americans believe the press "gets in the way of society solving its problems." Shortly afterwards, the *New York Times* reports that "criticism of the press is in vogue again," and that a consensus is growing among media scholars: Journalism is undermining its own credibility by cynically insisting that even good guys must somehow be bad. Apparently, though, the cynicism is "politically neutral." Supposedly the press sticks it equally to conservatives and liberals alike.

Uh-huh. Sure.

Political bias is a touchy subject among journalists, most of whom deny its existence. (We are talking now about real journalists and not the pseudo kind, like the gasbags on television or the harpies hovering around the trial of O.J. Simpson.) They decline to recognize that a political point of view has become part of the newsroom norm. A page-one headline in the *Washington Post* declares, for instance: "Rising Tide Doesn't Lift Clinton/Despite Recovery, Voters Deny President Credit on Pocketbook Issues." Ignore now the cover story in *Time* magazine a week later—"Boom for Whom?/America's economy is back on top. But many Americans are still in a slump"—which denies that the tide is rising. The point is that the *Post*, in what is supposed to be a straight news story, is suggesting that voters should be grateful to Bill Clinton, whether they want to be or not.

John Corry, a former New York Times *media critic, is the author of* My Times: Adventures in the News Trade *(Grosset/G.P. Putnam's sons).*

By contrast, consider the press coverage of the Republican Party's "Contract With America." Granted that when 300 Republican congressional candidates stand on the steps of the Capitol and wave little American flags while a band plays John Philip Sousa, it is hard to escape all mirth. The candidates looked like the Mormon Tabernacle choir. Still, they deserved better treatment than they got. They promised that if they won control of the House they would submit to a vote ten bills on a wide range of issues—term limits, a balanced-budget amendment, and a cut in the capital-gains tax among them. They did not say the bills would all pass, but they did raise important questions. Some even had position papers to prove they were serious.

The press coverage, though, was dreadful. Honest skepticism gave way to derision. "Today, GOP congressional candidates were summoned to Washington and given a battle plan," Tom Brokaw reported. "However, as NBC's Lisa Myers tells us tonight, it is long on promises and short on sound premises." Then Myers dismissed the Republican effort as a political ploy. She ended by saying it is "no wonder voters are cynical."

Myers was editorializing, which you expect from, say, NPR's Nina Totenberg ("Contract With America is nothing but gimmicks and silly stuff," she declared), but not from an NBC reporter. Editorializing, however, has now become a game any number of journalists can play, whether qualified to or not, especially on issues that agitate liberals. Old beliefs must be sustained even when disproved. Frank Rich wrote in the *Times* that the survey of Americans' sexual habits by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago found that "somewhere between 3 and 10 percent of the population is gay." In fact, only 2.8 percent of the men and 1.4 percent of the women in the survey said they were homosexual or bisexual.

Meanwhile, the staff at the *New Republic* had a much publicized tantrum when its editor, Andrew Sullivan, commissioned a piece by Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein, co-authors of *The Bell Curve: Intelligence and Class Structure in American Life*. The book argues, among other things, that intelligence is partly inherited, and warns that we may be approaching a two-tier society made up of the smart and the dumb. It also points out, gingerly, that blacks do not do as well as whites on IQ tests.

This implies that government ought to rethink many social programs, from remedial reading through job training to affirmative action, and presumably this was one reason the staff had its tantrum. Liberal journalists deplore the idea of change. They are also stricken by fear they might seem to be racist. When the *New Republic* published the eleven-page Murray-Herrnstein article, it accompanied it with seventeen separate rebuttals. The rebuttals took up fifteen pages and appeared *before* the article. "Pseudo-scientific racism," wrote one *New Republic* editor. "Creepy, half-baked tribalism," said another. The vituperative spirit was intense, even for a liberal magazine. Inspired by the furor and also grinding an ax of its own, *Time* ran a two-page article about *The Bell Curve* that said, in the last sentence, "It looks as if it is likely to be remembered for some dubious premises and toxic conclusions."

But *The Bell Curve* ought to be remembered for more substantive reasons than that, a fact stunningly recognized in one of the last places serious media watchers expected to find it. Forsaking its usual devotion to the politi-

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cally correct, the Sunday *New York Times Book Review* assigned *The Bell Curve* and two other books that dealt with human intelligence to Malcolm W. Browne, not an ideologue but a respected science reporter. Intellectual integrity was served and politics wasn't. The *Book Review* upgraded itself.

"The government or society that persists in sweeping their subject matter under the rug will do so at its peril," Browne wrote about the three books, and concluded his lengthy and highly respectful review with a plea for further rational discourse on the subject of intelligence. "It is hard to imagine a democratic society," he said, "doing otherwise."

But you can imagine it, of course, if that democratic society is guided by a press that finds some topics too distressing to dwell upon. This brings us to Bill Clinton. A new study from the Center for Media and Public Affairs finds that the press has done its best to ignore the least attractive aspects of the man. Journalists who followed up David Brock's story on the Arkansas state troopers believed their allegations. Nonetheless, the study found, the national media ran more than six times as many television and print stories on Whitewater and its related events than they did on the sex scandals, including the charges of harassment by Paula Jones. "Some in the press corps have repeatedly suggested that the sex allegations against Governor Clinton, even if true, are irrelevant to President Clinton's conduct of office," the authors of the study, Larry J. Sabato and S. Robert Lichter, write, "but this view ignores several factors." Indeed it does, and in citing them Sabato and Lichter indict both Clinton and the reporters who excuse him.

If the charges of sexual misconduct are true, Clinton has, among other things: habitually lied; used state employees as procurers; held himself above the normal rules of social and political conduct; demonstrated compulsive and even uncontrollable behavior; treated women as one of the perks of high office; and become vulnerable to either subtle or blatant forms of extortion. The study quotes an unidentified national reporter who says: "I think Clinton may have opened himself to blackmail."

So why were the charges of sexual misbehavior minimized in the press? Sabato, who also wrote *Feeding Frenzy*, and Lichter, co-author of *The Media Elite*, offer some reasons. Journalists are more tolerant of sexual misbehavior than most people; they did not want to damage the office of the presidency; major news organizations consider tawdry sex scandals unworthy of serious attention. Sabato and Lichter also touch delicately on what they call "the conservative taint." The troopers' accusations appeared first in *The American Spectator*. Therefore, the major news organizations felt that they had to dismiss them.

Sabato and Lichter ought to have bitten the bullet and called this what it was: political bias. They also ought to have pointed out that during the Reagan-Bush years the press reported on Republican sex scandals, meager as they were, with great delight. Media reluctance to explore the charges against Clinton comes from a double standard. News organizations unhesitatingly pursued skimpy rumors about George Bush in both the 1988 and 1992 campaigns before deciding they were groundless. Charlie Rose, the PBS talk-show blabbermouth, recently raised them again in an interview with Barbara Bush. Few serious people think the charges against Clinton are groundless, but the press prefers to ignore them.

Daniel Wattenberg's "Love and Hate in Arkansas: L.D. Brown's Story," which was published in this magazine in April, amplified on the seediness of Clinton's tenure as governor. It also corroborated the piece by David Brock four months before. A college English instructor in Texas called the *Spectator*, and said one of Clinton's trooper bodyguards propositioned her on his behalf at a dance in the mid-1980s. She still had a card with the trooper's name on it: L.D. Brown. Wattenberg got in touch with Brown, who did not recall the English instructor, although he did say he had propositioned women for Clinton "so many times" he could no longer remember each one. Brown also made it clear that many sources in Arkansas declined to talk about Clinton because they fear reprisal from his old political machine. Indeed, after Brown was quoted in the *Spectator*, the Arkansas state police demoted him from a special investigations unit in charge of white-collar crime to uniform duty on the highway patrol. Brown is now suing Gov. Jim Guy Tucker of Arkansas, charging that the demotion was caused by the *Spectator* article.

The major news organizations, except for the *Washington Post*, ignored Wattenberg's findings, and the *Post* dismissed them as "old allegations." Meanwhile, Brock was back in the *Spectator* reexamining the White House Travel Office scandal and discovering that it was far more serious than either the press or the General Accounting Office had reported. Its tangled roots, stretching back to Little Rock, had been choking Vincent Foster. "At the time of Foster's death," Brock wrote, "the media assumed that such a 'minor' issue could not possibly have been a factor," but for Foster it was not minor at all. The White House had been running a cover-up, and Foster was troubled. Confirmation of this soon came from an unexpected source. A report by Robert W. Fiske, then the independent prosecutor on Whitewater, said that people close to Foster believed that the travel office had been the great source of his "stress and anxiety in the weeks prior to his death." Conventional media wisdom, of course, had held otherwise. Foster had taken his own life, it said, because he was in despair over editorials in the conservative *Wall Street Journal*.

Conventional media wisdom is formed when the press talks only to itself. It wonders now why Clinton is not getting credit for his supposed successes, and although it talks about the character issue, it does not understand it. Late night comedians are closer to the truth here than Beltway thinkers on the Sunday morning talk shows. When Clinton insisted that his administration had been the most scrutinized in history, David Letterman said, "Bill, if you're tired of scrutiny, quit dropping your pants." When Clinton said he would expand Head Start, Jay Leno said this meant that "now women in his hotel room will get a 20-minute head start." The president is a national embarrassment, even if the news organizations do not know it. It may mean something that the circulation of this magazine has climbed, even as the rest of the press loses esteem, and 71 percent of all Americans think it stands between them and their problems. ❐

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Good-bye Summer

by Benjamin J. Stein

Monday

A very early dinner at Morton's with my old pal Barron. We talked about how to buy a bank in a small town, then how to make it buy other banks, and then how to loot it or, as the Texas saying goes, "make it bounce." We're not planning to do it, of course. We only wanted to work out, step by step, how one *might* do it, and see how hard it would be. Most of all, over our tuna and mashed potatoes, we wanted to see at what stage the conscience choke-point came into play and prevented any further action. For me, it was just thinking about it. That's pretty early, so I guess I can't ever do it. I wouldn't even want to do it. I still can't sleep thinking of girls I two-timed thirty years ago, so I guess bank-looting is out.

It was such a beautiful evening, I decided I would drive out to my house in Malibu and fight with the spiders over who got to sleep in my bed. When I arrived, the moon was so bright over my driveway that I could have read a book right there.

Pushing away the spiders and ants, I sat at my dining table and started to go through my mail. No checks, but my heart leapt when I discovered a letter in a hand familiar from twenty-five years ago. It was from a woman I'll call Kay. She had been my classmate in high school starting in 1959. I had the world's biggest crush on her. She was a tall, slender blonde who greatly preferred hard guys to brainos, but she was still mildly friendly. Although she never kissed me, I loved her and kept in touch over the decades.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, actor, economist, and lawyer living in Malibu, California.

Ten years ago, I saw her in Malibu with her two daughters, April and Colleen, every bit as lovely and haunted-looking, every bit as blonde and thin and ethereal. Kay had been married twice, divorced twice, with no child support, a totally unreliable husband the last time, and little in the way of earning a living except secretarial work, for which she was ill-suited by temperament.

For Kay, the ideal work would have been dancer in videos, dancer in nightclubs, dancer. My idea of the ideal high school girl of 1961 will always be Kay, dancing the jitterbug, "Washington-style," in the girls' gym at Montgomery Blair High School after the game with Wheaton High. I have seen ballets and modern dance, hip-hop and the Electric Slide, but what I have never seen is more fluid, electric dance expressing human longing than Kay could do on the spur of the moment, even with a bad partner.

When I saw her ten years ago, I loaned her a few dollars, or maybe a few hundred. I think she paid me back, but I'm not sure. It was a thrill just to be in business with her, so to speak.

Anyway, I saw her at our 30th high school reunion in 1992, with her third husband, a solid-looking retired sheriff named Bill.

That time, we danced a poor jitterbug—mine was the poor part, although I was a good dancer in high school. We talked, and Kay seemed to have found peace.

So there on my table was a letter from her. Maniac that I am, I completely expected the first paragraph.

> Dear Ben,
> I think of you often. It's not difficult. Your face and/or voice seem to be constantly on TV. I just don't seem to have enough time to write.

It was the next graf that threw me for a long, hard loop:

> I am on the hardest journey of my life. I thought of you because I am headed to L.A. My daughter Colleen, who turned 21 in January, committed suicide yesterday. It's been nine years of waiting for the other shoe to drop. . . . Everyone had been through a rough weekend with Colleen. It's no one's fault. I knew it would happen. The hard part is that we had all been a team after the divorce. We'd barely sur-

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vived. Things are still not easy, but better. I work very hard. Colleen was in school, but she also had to work, and I guess she got overwhelmed. . . .

I have come to dislike funerals and viewings. I think I'm going to have her cremated and either take her ashes to the beach in Malibu or else scatter them around the Eastern Shore in Maryland. She used to ride around there and loved it for its greenery and peace. . . . At least Colleen isn't troubled any more. She was so talented and artistic. I really think some people are so sensitive they can't endure the problems of the everyday world. She kept asking "What's the use?" Sometimes I think she saw me at 50, still struggling to get by and didn't want to be like me. I shall miss her all my life. . . . I keep remembering all the times she was depressed, and I'd just talk to her for hours. And I'd hold her. She was so thin. I told her suicide was selfish. That we'd all suffer forever. My God, what demons she must have known. I have been depressed many times. I cried every morning on the way to work for three years when I was alone raising three girls with no one helping me. But I had to be responsible for them. They didn't have anyone else.

By this time, I was crying so hard I could barely read anymore. "I'll write more soon, I promise," she closed, "the next time on a happier note."

I lay in bed holding the letter. Oh, life. This is what it comes to. What to do with the ashes. I kept turning the letter over and over in my hand, hoping that it might magically change inside so that it was just a fan letter from an old flame, and not a letter filled with poison.

Tuesday

Yom Kippur. The Jewish Day of Atonement. No small thing in the Jewish calendar. We mark it by prayer and fasting. Now, some might think that Jews think only of money. This is not true. Mainly what Jews think about is *food*. Thus, the injunction to fast on Yom Kippur is serious business. I am fasting this morning while I read a prayer book that my late Uncle Hy gave to me thirty-six years ago. This part of the book has a densely printed three-page list of sins that we ask forgiveness for: "stiff-necked pride," "obdurate brow," "wanton looks," "usury and increase," "bearing tales," "haughty mien," and many others. But what I mostly notice is that the items most Americans I know would think of as sins are not even listed in the catalogue.

There's no entry for being overweight, no entry for smoking, no entry for not picking stocks that go up, no entry for not being as rich as our neighbors, no entry for not being the most successful guy in your class, no entry for not being thin. (Apparently these were not sins in those days.) There *are* entries for envy and jealousy and false pride.

I guess our religion has changed.

I called Kay this evening. "I saw her father at a service for her in L.A.," Kay said. "I told him, if you had paid child support, if she hadn't felt the fear that she always felt, she wouldn't have been so afraid. She wouldn't have grown up with fear and worry about money. Fathers don't pay attention. They think there's no problem if they skip their responsibilities. The kids feel it.

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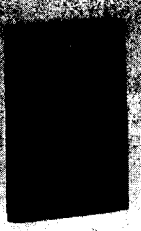

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They feel it every time. Even when she got older, the father was always promising her money for things and then cheating her. I think that the last weekend of her life, he was supposed to buy her car from her and re-sell it, and then he didn't give her the money. I think that was the last straw."

I told her again how sorry I was.

"I still owe you money," she said.

"It's truly nothing," I said. "Please don't think about it."

"But if you don't have it, you have to think about it," she said. "That's all you think about. That and how you're going to take care of your kids. At least she's at peace now. And I don't feel like I ever want to go out of the house or ever talk to anyone again. Not ever. Just stay and look at the box with Colleen's ashes.

"By the way," she said, "when you pick them up at the airport, they're in a carton with letters five inches high that say, '*said to be* the remains of . . .' Isn't that nice?"

"I don't know what to say," I said.

"Just stay in touch," she said. "That means everything."

Wednesday

A fundraiser for our fine state attorney general, Dan Lungren, downtown at the ornate Bilmore Hotel. Thanks to a request by my old pal Ken Khachigian, I am the master of ceremonies. The guests of honor are Jack Kemp and Bill Bennett. Plus one of my absolutely favorite California public-spirited guys, Lod Cook of Arco, is here, although only for the cocktail party. I like the crowd. Very respectable, solid citizens. I wish Roy Ash were here, but he's not.

Everyone spoke well, but Lungren spoke extremely well. Kemp talked about football and about Abe Lincoln. I'm still pondering it. Bennett talked about some Eskimos who supposedly banished offending juvenile delinquents to an island so that they could have time for deep meditation and reflection on their crimes. I thought that had been reported to be a hoax, but maybe I'm wrong.

Afterwards, I walked back to my car in a parking lot about a block away. I passed the trucks, paraphernalia, and crew of a film being shot near Pershing Square. I loved being at the head table at the Republican fundraiser, but I would rather be working on that movie.

Day for night and night for day. Inside the charmed circle of misfits, but I love it. The lights, the attention, the food table, the camaraderie: better even than sliced bread. It's not really the fame. In fact, some of the best experiences I have ever had have been working on TV pilots that never were shown on the tube at all.

Saturday

The scariest day of my life. Mr. Perfect and I were up here in Sandpoint, Idaho. We were shopping for a motorboat. I have decided to keep one here. Yesterday at the Alpine Shops we looked at Thompson Boats. My pal Peter Feierabend suggested that we also try a boat yard in East Hope that sells Four Winns.

We headed out to Hope with Peter and his son, cliff-jumping Alex. It was a drizzly, cool day with the sun occasionally peeping through onto the lake. The salesman was nowhere to be seen, so a mechanic—or so we thought—showed us around. He recommended a 1978 Sea-Ray. "No," I said. "That's too old. I don't want to buy trouble."

"This boat's in great shape," he said. "And a great buy."

"Does it have a radio?" I asked. "Does it have life preservers? Does it have a fire extinguisher?"

"It has everything," the man said. And so, with him at the wheel, we headed out onto the lake.

No sooner had we gotten out to about a mile from the yard than plumes of smoke came from the engine and it went dead, with hissing and crackling sounds coming from the engine compartment. The "mechanic" threw open the engine hatch and more smoke billowed out. I was scared.

The mechanic confessed he had no idea of what was wrong with the engine and had even less idea of how to fix it. Then he admitted that he also had no life jackets, no radio, no cell phone, and no fire extinguisher. It was getting dark and there was not another boat in sight. I was very scared.

Tommy, of course, was not scared at all. He and his pal Alex were blithely offering to swim to shore—about half a mile if we went to nearby Warren Island, or about fifty times as far as Tommy has ever swum before. Peter, a truly great swimmer, said he did not particularly want to swim naked to shore in a cold lake. It was getting darker. Oh, please, God, I thought to myself. Please don't let us drown.

Wow, I thought to myself, this is it. How could I have been so stupid? How could I have failed to note that there were in fact no life jackets on board? How could I have failed to insist that he show me that the radio really did work? It's all my fault, all for the fool's errand of taking out a used cabin-cruiser that I really didn't need anyway.

As far as I could tell, there were no boats anywhere on the horizon except for one very far to the south. I took off my red sweater and waved it frantically, to absolutely no avail. I prepared to swim for it. I took off all of my clothes except for my underwear. Then, above deck, I

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heard Peter shouting. "Hallo," he said. "David. It's Peter. We're stuck. Can you save us?"

I went up to look. There was an island and we were drifting toward it. It had a huge vacation cabin on it, and sure enough, there were two men working on it.

Neither heard us, though. I laughed at the futility of it. Peter kept shouting. "I just worked on that house yesterday," he said. "That's David Braun. He's a beekeeper and the son of a minister. He'll save us. He's got a pontoon boat."

"But he can't hear us," I said. "There's no way."

"He will when the wind shifts," Peter said.

I went below deck and decided that it was time to pray. "Please, God, even though I am very stupid, please don't let Tommy drown. Please don't let Tommy drown or Peter or Alex or me."

Moments later, literally *moments* later, I heard a cry over the waves. "Are you in trouble?"

David Braun had heard us. "Yes, David," Peter said. "We're stuck on a boat that's broken."

Five minutes later, like an outstretched arm of God, David Braun approached us in his pontoon boat. "Peter," he said, "I'm glad to see you."

Suddenly, the lake that had seemed so dark and terrifying became liquid silk, holding us up, cushioning us, carrying us along. The cliffs on the lake were frames of our contentment. The chilly evening air was a tonic of health. Oh, happy day.

Thank you, God.

That night it rained heavily in Sandpoint. Tommy and I went to the Safeway to buy candy, then to the Gas-n-Go to buy lottery tickets, then back to the Safeway, and then back to the Gas-n-Go.

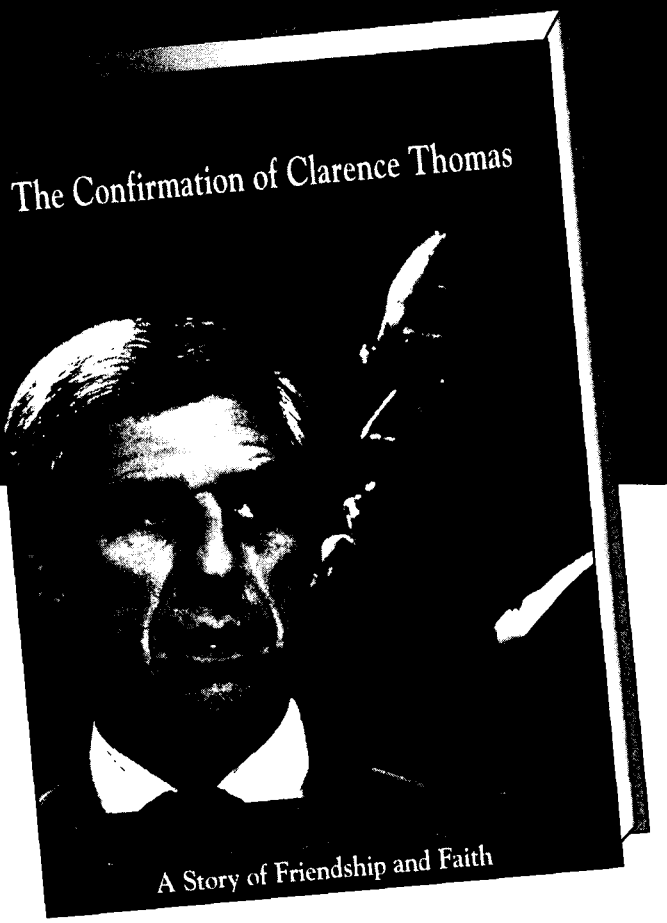
Every single time we passed a puddle, Tommy had to jump in. "Stop it," I said. "No jumping in puddles, you young fool. School starts next week. I don't want for you to get sick and miss school."

Oops. Of course, that made Tommy jump in every puddle twice. "I want to get sick, Daddy," he said. "I don't want to go to school. Can't you and me stay up here in Idaho forever and never go to school?"

"No, we can't," I said, although I wished I could have just said yes. I wish I could just stay here, bring Alex up here, and stay with him staying seven forever.

Sometimes, on a good night, when it's just him and me walking through the tree-lined streets of Sandpoint or through the Safeway, I feel so happy I could just explode. For most of my adult life, my happiest memories were of Santa Cruz back in 1972 when I lounged under a redwood and felt as if life would go on forever. That's still a happy memory, but it does not beat the feeling I had a few weeks ago in Sandpoint with my boy. We had just finished dinner at Ivano's. It was a warm Rocky Mountain night. We walked from Ivano's about half a mile to the Safeway, down leafy, quiet streets, with Tommy asking me how a street light worked, how a telephone worked, how his Mommy got to be a lawyer, what it was like to be an actor, if he could be an actor, if I knew what the differences were among different kinds of spiders. I walked under those

In the center of a political hurricane, they were sustained by friendship and faith.



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maples and oaks and pines with him and I could feel the warm breeze off the mountains. It was pretty close to perfect. This is now my ideal memory.

I watched him jump into the hundredth puddle and I thought, "I would never have done that." I would have thought it wasn't sensible. I would have been afraid that my mother would have been mad at me. This is why I love Tommy. He jumps in puddles. He refuses to eat his vegetables. He won't go to sleep when he's supposed to. He's a real boy. He leaps from bed to bed in our hotel room. He's not afraid. He's my boy, but not like me.

As we left the Safeway for the second time—always to buy lottery tickets for the little gambling maniac—the rain stopped and it was suddenly surprisingly warm. We walked back to the Edgewater. As we passed by the Panida, the local theater, we saw that a rock concert by some local Spokane grunge group was ending. We sat on a bench and watched the kids leave. They were obviously fired up by their evening. They ran around in front of the theater. One girl even took off her sweatshirt to reveal her T-shirt, then gigglingly put back on her sweatshirt. There were kids jumping over trash cans and shouting. A police car came and told the kids to get back on the sidewalk. They did. Then a few came running up to Tommy and me and told us how they loved "The Wonder Years." That's it. That's a riot in Sandpoint.

What a great summer it's been.

Tuesday

Back in glorious L.A. For some reason, there's been a wild aura shift here. People who were muddling along have lost their jobs. My neighbor, Dotty, who was happily working as a caterer, got fired because she delivered pigs in blankets and shrimp wrapped in bacon to a kosher Bar Mitzvah. She's hysterical and can't understand why this is happening to her. Another pal might lose a job because the magazine she works for is in trouble financially. Yet another friend, who recently went into bankruptcy, is having problems paying off his credit-card debt. What can this mean?

I had lunch today at a sushi place near Sunset and Crescent Heights in West Hollywood. The shopping area is a little grubby. Well, more than a little. But there are always beautiful girls hanging around at the sushi bar. For some reason, thin, pretty women in L.A. love sushi. I do not know why. Maybe because it's so good for you—at least this week.

Anyway, as I ate my tuna sushi, a stunning woman came in wearing short shorts, very high heels, a bandanna top, and dark glasses. "Did you just come from an audition?" I asked when she sat down next to me.

"No," she said.

"Are you an actress/model?"

"Close," she said.

"Dancer?"

"Used to be."

"What do you do then?" I asked.

"Are you a cop?" she whispered.

"No," I said. "I'm not a cop."

"How much do you have on you?" she asked.

She then told me, as she ate an almost obscenely large serving of sushi, that she was from Vancouver, had moved to Vegas to dance, wound up hooking there, was now hooking in Anaheim, and was trying her luck for a few days in West Hollywood. She also told me she made about a thousand dollars a day. I'm sure that's a lie, mostly because she said it, but anyway . . .

"If you're making a thousand dollars a day, and you lived frugally, you could easily save enough to retire and go back to your dancing, and send yourself to dance school for a really long time. Wouldn't that be great?" This from the twentieth-century Gladstone, yours truly.

"No," she said cheerfully. "If I'm making a thousand dollars a day, why would I ever want to do anything else? I don't want to go back to school. I like this kind of work if I can make that much money. Now do you want to see me or do you want to just talk."

"Just talk," I said. "Sorry."

I went on to pick up Mr. Perfect at school. He was his usual cheery self. I took him to play with his dog, Susie. He kept pulling at her collar. "Stop it," I said. "You're torturing her."

"No, I'm not torturing her," he said. "I'm just getting her into *the spirit of play*."

Quick. Wake Shakespeare from the grave. My little genius understands language this beautifully at age seven. While I sat, glowing at the dining table, Little Susie started sniffing around me. Then she pulled herself up to my lap. Then she sat on my lap and put her paws on my shoulders. Then she started licking my face and then she actually pulled herself up so she was trying to sit on top of my head. At that point, I decided enough was enough. I put her back on the floor, thanked her, and went in to watch Tommy read his book about spiders.

Wednesday

I *hate this*. I was supposed to have an article run in a city magazine. Now they want me to cut it and add quotes. I was supposed to have lunch with my physical therapist and she cancelled, with the bland assurance that she had an emergency come up. How often people tell lies in the course of the day. The boss tells the secretary to say he's out. The pretty girl says she has the flu and can't go on the date. The producer tells the writer that he loves the script. The agent tells the client she's sure he'll get the part. The pilot tells the passengers it's just a small problem and they'll be underway immediately. The hotel clerk tells you you're the first one to complain about the noise.

What a strange world we live in, where lies are standard and we revel in the rare truth.

Thou shalt not bear false witness—unless something better comes up. Oh, well. I shouldn't act holier than thou, when I've done it myself and will probably do it again.

Instead of seething, I called Kay to see how she was getting along. She sounded tired. "I haven't really done much," she said. "I have Colleen's ashes on my table and I look at them all day long. I think I'll just keep them until I go and then I'll have them scattered with my ashes. On the beach in Malibu. Maybe I'll have you do it. And I want them to play two songs at my funeral. Any Beach Boys song, because I think the high point of my life was dating a Beach Boy, and then 'In The Still of the Night,' because that song still gives me shivers."

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie. ❐

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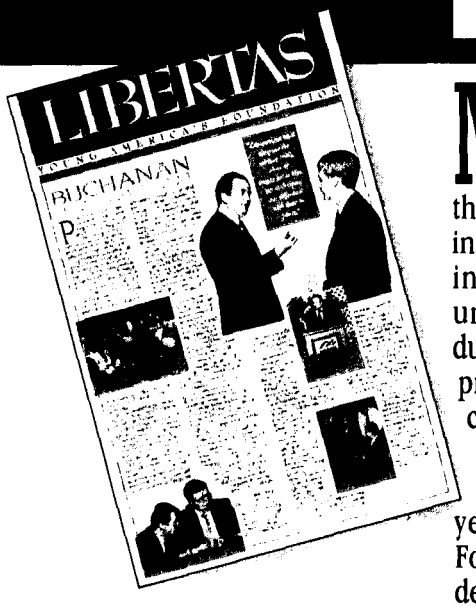

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have been successful conducting campus programs and battling political correctness.

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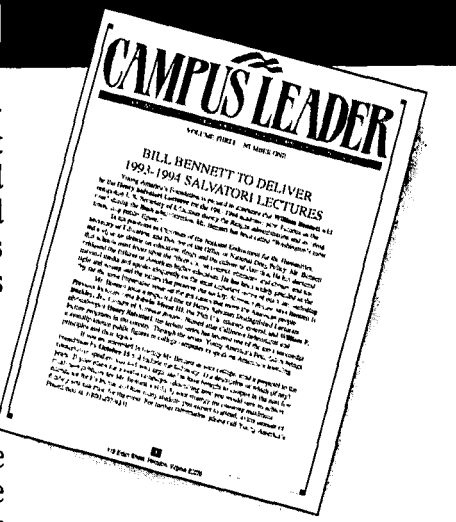

Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It contains information on resources available from the Foundation, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters have decorated thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

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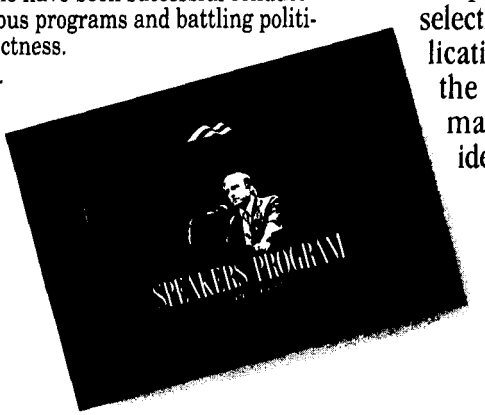

Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Robert Novak, Bay Buchanan, William Bennett, Dinesh D'Souza, Phyllis Schlafly, Walter Williams, and many more. In recent years these speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

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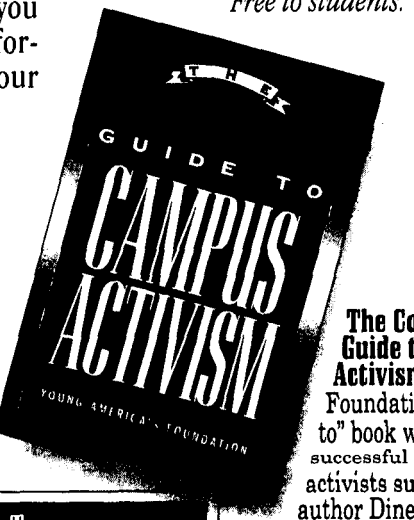

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Cash Voting

by Daniel Wattenberg

Just what did Bill Clinton get from Whitewater, anyway? It wasn't the money; he says the real estate investment didn't earn any. One doubts it was friendship. The charms of James and Susan McDougal wore thin when they began to tar Clinton with their failing savings and loan. A fog surrounded the whole affair while Clinton's motives remained unexplained.

Now a witness has stepped forward with a good part of the answer. This source has requested anonymity, since he/she is in a delicate legal position. But he/she (for the purposes of prose elegance, the source will hereafter be referred to as "he," "him," etc.) has previously provided detailed information that I have been able to verify extensively, and was in an excellent position to observe Clinton first-hand.

During the critical years 1984 and 1985, the source spent as much time by Clinton's side as any staff member, and worked in close proximity to the top staff in the governor's office and the re-election campaign. McDougal and his Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan were crucial to Clinton, he explains, because they provided a constant flow of cash for the campaign.

The source, in fact, handled paper bags full of the money himself. He says candidate Clinton was fully aware that large sums of cash were coming from a federally insured S&L and that somehow the money flow circumvented federal rules on reporting cash transfers. Clinton's lapse from public virtue, he says, was motivated by his perception of political necessity rather than personal greed. "He never thought about lining his pockets," the source comments. "It was just a means to an end."

The source says that the 1984 campaign made a series of cash withdrawals of less than $10,000 from Madison and the Bank of Cherry Valley (owned by Clinton friend Maurice Smith) expressly for the purpose of getting around the Bank Secrecy Act, which requires Cash Transaction Reports (CTRs) for cash transactions over $10,000. The cash withdrawals were unreported, according to the source, to conceal that the cash was being used to pay black political, religious, and community leaders to mobilize their congregations for Clinton.

"I didn't have a thing to do with that campaign," said Smith. McDougal's lawyer, Sam Heuer, didn't return phone calls seeking comment.

The source was personally responsible for guarding the cash. This "walking around money," he says, was handled by Betsey Wright, the governor's chief of staff and 1984 campaign manager, and by three political aides who followed Clinton to Washington: Undersecretary of Agriculture Robert Nash, Federal Highway Administrator Rodney Slater, and Democratic National Committee operative Carroll Willis. Wright or Nash would hand paper bags of cash over to the source for safekeeping in the governor's mansion or the official car. The source would in turn release it to Nash, Slater, or Willis for distribution to its intended beneficiaries. On at least one occasion, the source was able to determine that the cash payment far exceeded the permitted $50, because it was doled out in stacks of "banded money" fresh from the bank. (Wright, Nash, and Slater did not return my phone calls.)

The subject of CTRs came up in conversation between Clinton and the source, who believes that Clinton knew of the campaign's efforts to obtain the cash without filing the reports required by law. (Clinton knew that the source carried the cash, as well the governor's briefcase and billfold, explains the source.) "Clinton and I talked about having to report that money," says the source. "I would talk to Bill, and I would say, 'How can we get by with this, because they report these transactions?' And he would say, in gist, 'Not where we get it from' or 'Don't worry about that, there's no problem.'"

Problems occasionally cropped up when those at the top of the distribution chain would not "spread it out" as they were supposed to, according to the source. Clinton would then receive calls, which he would usually take immediately, from irate individuals who had not received their promised cuts. Then, says the source, "Clinton would bitch to Nash about it: 'That motherf---er hasn't spent that money! He hasn't spread it around!'" The source recalls that Wright would frequently refer to the campaign's under-the-table payroll. "Betsey would say things like 'We'll just have to spread a little money around' or 'That's the real world, that's how things happen,'" he remembers.

In an interview, Carroll Willis denied knowledge of any efforts by the campaign to get around CTR requirements. He acknowledged distributing campaign cash as a normal part of his grassroots organizing work in the black community but says that "none of that amounts to anything close to vote buying" and maintains that the campaign scrupulously observed the law governing campaign cash expenditures. "There have been monies for Get-Out-the-Vote activities which is traditional and perfectly legitimate," he said. "Arkansas law says that you cannot make cash payments to individuals for more than $50, and we tried to stay within the realm of the law." He said that he cannot remember who in the campaign disbursed

Daniel Wattenberg is an investigative writer for The American Spectator.

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the cash that he distributed for legitimate purposes like hiring cars and drivers.

The source's account is consistent with the reported activity of the 1990 Clinton campaign. In an August 1994 *New York Times* story, reporter Jeff Gerth revealed that the 1990 campaign withdrew $30,000 in cash from the Bank of Perry County (owned by Clinton friend Herbie Branscum) in four tranches of $7,500 each. Gerth reported that federal investigators suspect the withdrawals might have been structured to circumvent the Bank Secrecy Act.

Responding to a Gerth query by letter, Clinton aide Bruce Lindsey wrote that "cash withdrawals" had been made in support of get-out-the-vote efforts. "In describing get-out-the-vote activities, Mr. Lindsey's letter did not specifically say whether any such expenditure had amounted to more than $50," according to Gerth's story. "But it did say that 'cash withdrawals and expenditures were made with respect to these activities' because of 'the small dollar amount of each individual expenditure.'"

Although the source was not involved in the 1990 campaign, his account of the doings in 1984 and 1985 match the story that investigators have been extrapolating from Madison Guaranty business records. (See James Ring Adams's "Beyond Whitewater," *TAS*, February 1994.) The checkbook for the Whitewater Development Company account shows an unusual spate of activity starting on October 30, 1984, the eve of the election. Although the account held less than $300, someone made out a check for $18,000, ostensibly as a loan payment to the Citizens Bank and Trust of Flippin, Arkansas. Money from other of McDougal's projects flows back into the account over the next few weeks, bringing the balance just barely in the black, but then two more large payments push it back into an overdraft of nearly $10,000. One of these checks is made out to the Bank of Cherry Valley, which the witness identified as a source of cash withdrawals for the campaign's "walking around money."

Investigators for the Resolution Trust Corporation have already concluded that this shifting of overdrafts from one account to another explains McDougal's miraculous ability to raise cash. He was running a massive check-kiting scheme. The overdrafts grew larger and larger as he siphoned more money from his thrift. Just three months into 1985, McDougal was bouncing around a check for $30,000, apparently charged initially to his Gold Mine Springs partnership. Some investigators believe McDougal cashed out on the scheme on April 4, 1985, when he hosted a fundraiser in his thrift's lobby to retire Clinton's 1984 campaign debt. According to published reports, the fundraiser collected at least two Madison cashier's checks of $3,000 each from nominal donors (Ken Peacock, son of Madison board member Charles Peacock III, and former Arkansas Senator J. William Fulbright) who have denied making the donations attributed to them.

The Associated Press later reported that RTC investigators alleged in a criminal referral to the Justice Department in September 1993 that those orphaned cashier's checks and two other donations totaling $12,000 were illegally diverted from Madison—and that neither the $12,000 nor an additional $2,000 from real estate agent Chris Wade were listed on a May 1986 Clinton campaign finance report detailing campaign fundraising activity in the preceding year. (Nor did they appear on any other campaign finance report to surface publicly.)

Betsey Wright denied to the AP that the campaign had concealed the suspicious donations. "There was nothing in the few cashier's checks that would have raised anybody's suspicions," she told the AP. "I don't know how we should have known there was a problem."

"Betsey knew all about this," says the source, who adds that the campaign collected many more orphan Madison cashier's checks than the two discovered to date. He says that Wright and the 1984 Clinton campaign frequently tapped a compliant McDougal for extra "contributions" in the form of bogus cashier's checks. "They would use a relative's name on the check to disguise that Madison was the source of the money," says the source. If so, then the campaign not only exceeded contribution limits but also used taxpayer-insured deposits to do so.

The source reveals a previously undisclosed technique to siphon the thrift's funds while avoiding detection. "They would take someone who had given the campaign some money and bogus up the *amount* of the

(continued on page 86)

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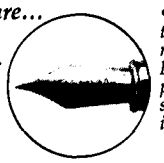

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Looking Ahead

by Grover G. Norquist

For more than a year Republicans had been dreading the final two weeks of the 103rd Congress. Bill Clinton would win several legislative victories and pass GATT. For the third time, the press would herald the "Comeback Kid," and bright and early on one of these last days, a thousand-page "rewritten" health care bill would be unveiled. Senator Chafee and the usual suspects would be trotted out to pronounce the legislation "bipartisan" and "moderate," and Republicans would help pass a government takeover of one-seventh of the nation's economy. An energized Democratic base would turn out in record numbers on November 8, while dispirited Republicans and conservatives stayed home because there wasn't a dime's worth of difference between the parties.

In the event, the final two weeks of the 103rd Congress could not have gone much worse for the Democrats. GATT was put off until after the election, the Campaign Finance Reform legislation and the Lobbying Disclosure Act were successfully filibustered (in fact, Senate Republicans launched an unprecedented twenty-eight filibusters in these final weeks), and health care never got to the floor of either house.

Republicans credit their success to lessons learned in the ten-day national debate last August over the crime bill. According to House Republican leader Newt Gingrich, the country's turn against the crime bill demonstrated that "the system will carry substantially more information than we thought. We learned that if you inform the public, they will react." Republicans who voted for the revised crime bill were pummeled by phone and fax, much of it talk-show generated. The crime bill fight, however, showed that it is not enough to inform the public of the faults of legislation if members of Congress do not immediately learn that the public has changed its views. Many of the forty-six House Republicans who voted for the final crime bill now explain they did so on the mistaken assumption that the bill was still popular.

And on the morning of September 27, there was Gingrich, attacking—from a standing start—late-in-the-day changes in the Lobbying Disclosure Act. These changes would have given a Clinton political appointee the power to regulate grassroots lobbying organizations and even demand to see their donor lists. Legislation that the Republican National Committee had declared innocuous only a week before was held to a six-vote margin in the House thanks to an overwhelming response from conservative activists and business leaders and to the attention of radio talk show hosts such as Michael Reagan. Rep. Dick Armey, in turn, informed members in a "Dear Colleague" letter that Rush Limbaugh was devoting two hours to the Lobbying Disclosure Act. Activist groups let the Republican leadership know immediately that the Christian Coalition had sent out a thousand faxes, that 7,800 trade associations had been alerted by fax, that the U.S. Chamber of Commerce (AWOL on previous fights) was weighing in heavily, and that every radio talk show host in the country had received several fact sheets.

Senate Republicans had promised a filibuster if House Republicans kept the vote close. Six votes was close enough, and forty-six senators ended up voting against cloture, killing the bill.

Free-trade Republicans were all set to support Clinton on GATT—until it was discovered that the Clinton forces had sneaked in several multi-million dollar subsidies to favored media outlets. The GOP is confident GATT will pass after the election, with no special favors to Katharine Graham—and no election bounce for Clinton.

Republicans learned that fighting Clinton's initiatives was not only good policy and good politics, but great for fundraising. One national Republican phone bank typically raised $150 an hour. During the C-Span broadcast of crime bill debates, hourly contributions shot up to $400 an hour. When the compromise was struck and the bill passed, donations fell to $40 an hour. When GOP congressmen picked up the fight again in the final weeks, direct mail contributions to the Republican National Committee shot up to $600,000 a day—240 percent of the amount it had targeted. Now even Republican technocrats see the virtue of fighting on principle.

When the 104th Congress convenes in January, Bill Clinton will face not only more Republicans but more aggressive ones, with closer ties to allies in the grassroots only a fax away. What's more, a second front will open up in state government, with the GOP expected to add six governors to its current nineteen, many of whom will have actual control over both houses of their legislatures. Republicans could take

Grover G. Norquist is the president of Americans for Tax Reform.

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power in both executive and legislature with a four-seat pickup in the Ohio house, one seat in Pennsylvania, one seat in Michigan, three seats in Wisconsin, nine seats in Illinois, or twelve seats in Florida.

Add these states to New Hampshire, New Jersey, Arizona, and Utah, where Republicans already control the governorship and both houses of the legislature, and any debate Clinton enters on welfare reform, crime and parole, unfunded mandates, or health reform will come down to more than the two-dimensional struggle between a Democratic president and a more Republican Congress. Every Republican governor with support in his legislature will be free to enter the debate. Virginia Gov. George Allen, though handicapped by a Democrat-controlled state legislature, has passed a ban on parole for violent criminals that is far tougher than anything in Clinton's crime bill. After three temporary Democratic vacancies in the Michigan house left both state houses with a Republican majority, Gov. John Engler earlier this year pushed through bills to punish striking public employees and restrict the use of compulsory union dues for politics. Both Engler and Gov. Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin threaten to move the welfare debate beyond Clinton.

Any of these GOP governors could become as fierce a competitor to Clinton as Newt Gingrich or Bob Dole or Phil Gramm. Rather than vote for tort reform, they can enact it. Better than outlining a vision of welfare reform, they can pass it.

• • •

Whoever finally wins it, the Florida governor's race between George Bush's son Jeb and the incumbent Lawton Chiles deserves to be studied, and not only because, as Bush's running mate has pointed out, "Florida is what the United States will look like in fifteen years: an older population with more immigrants and more Spanish speakers." Chiles's recent career parallels Clinton's. Chiles defeated Bob Martinez in 1990 after Martinez, elected in 1986 as an anti-tax candidate, supported an expansion of the sales tax, a tax hike that "bushed" him. Chiles actually ran to his right on fiscal issues, promising to be a New Democrat. He pledged to downsize government, but instead "right-sized" it after the election. Like Clinton, he ran to the center and then governed hard left.

Taxes continue to be a dominant issue. One of Bush's primary opponents, state insurance commissioner Tom Gallagher sought to capitalize on the public's fear of crime by calling for a one-point hike in the sales tax to pay for more prison space—and promptly lost five points in the polls. Gallagher and second-place primary finisher Jim Smith erred in harping on Bush's lack of experience in elective office versus their own lengthy political careers—forty-two years between them. (Smith, who took only 18 percent of the vote, withdrew four days after the primary, freeing Bush to focus on Chiles.)

With the possible exception of Steve Merrill of New Hampshire, Jeb Bush has run the most consistently conservative, anti-big government gubernatorial campaign this year. He is leading with such issues as parental choice in education, term limits for all politicians, support for a Florida initiative to subject all tax hikes to a referendum, and withdrawing Florida from Washington's welfare program. Bush champions privatization and repeatedly states that "the goal is not to re-invent government, but to de-invent government."

Bush's Reaganite focus on ideology was underscored by his choice of Orlando state rep. Tom Feeney as his running mate. Feeney and Bush met while leading efforts in Florida for school choice and term limits. Bush's campaign chairman is Phil Handy, the driving force behind Florida's successful 1992 term-limits initiative. Bush is long on activism as well as ideas. He has more than 29,000 donors, only 4,000 of them out of state—in 1986, Martinez campaign had only 2,000 donors—and 16,000 volunteers.

As this issue goes to press in late October, Bush is running 10 points ahead of Chiles. However, Florida's campaign laws—pushed through by Chiles—give the incumbent a last-minute advantage. Chiles, who faced no serious primary opposition, accepted a $5-million spending limit in return for taxpayer funding of his campaign. Bush, who needed to overcome both primary opponents and an incumbent's advantages, is refusing all taxpayer funding and has no limit on how much his campaign can spend. But the law gives Lawton Chiles one dollar from the taxpayers for every dollar Bush raises beyond the $5 million. The incumbent-protecting law Chiles pushed through for himself may represent his last chance to pull his fat out of the fire. ❐

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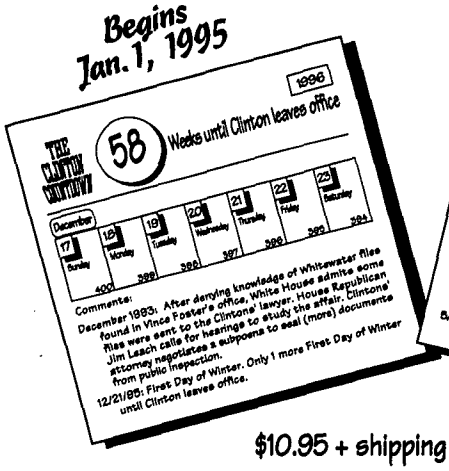
THE CLINTON COUNTDOWN
58
Weeks until Clinton leaves office
1996
December
Comments:
December 1993: After denying knowledge of Whitewater files found in Vince Foster's office, White House admits some files were sent to the Clintons' lawyer. House Republican Jim Leach calls for hearings to study the affair. Clintons' attorney negotiates a subpoena to seal (more) documents from public inspection.
12/21/95: First Day of Winter. Only 1 more First Day of Winter until Clinton leaves office.

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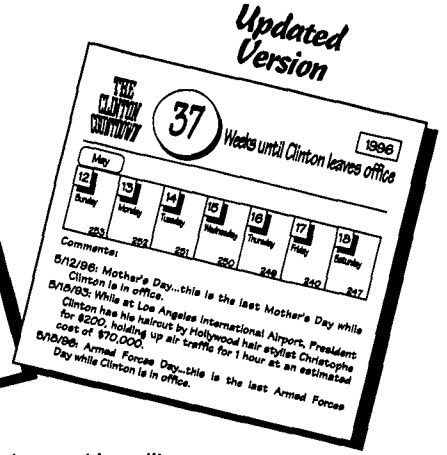
THE CLINTON COUNTDOWN
37
Weeks until Clinton leaves office
1996
May
Comments:
5/12/96: Mother's Day...this is the last Mother's Day while Clinton is in office.
5/15/93: While at Los Angeles International Airport, President Clinton has his haircut by Hollywood hair stylist Christophe for $200, holding up air traffic for 1 hour at an estimated cost of $70,000.
5/26/96: Armed Forces Day...this is the last Armed Forces Day while Clinton is in office.

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Belfast Americans

by Edward Conlon

Even when it was in Gaelic, much of what Gerry Adams told the crowd was familiar: "We threaten the Unionists with nothing but democracy," and "Irish America is up off its knees," and "This generation of children are not going to sell their mother!" Some of it was not familiar, even when it was in the plainest English: "Ian Paisley is one of our people!" The latter drew a few gasps and some muffled applause from the fifteen hundred who went to hear the leader of the political wing of the IRA at the auditorium at the Sheraton, where the bleak acoustical tile and fluorescent-lit ceiling was enlivened with orange, green, and white balloons.

But turnabout was one of the themes of the day, from the IRA cease-fire to Adams's sudden embrace by American politicians, Irish and otherwise; from Sen. Edward Kennedy, who greeted Adams at Logan Airport, to the congressmen and comptrollers who flanked him at the podium. There were fiery speeches and rebel songs, sometimes intermixed (Assemblyman Brian Crowley was introduced as "not just a terrific lawmaker, but a great singer"), as there had been the day before on the steps of City Hall, where Mayor Giuliani praised Adams as a "harbinger of peace," and Matilda Cuomo took the occasion to remind the crowd that her daughter-in-law, Kerry Kennedy, was pregnant with twins.

After the Sheraton speech, Adams—a wiry, bearded man whose public manner is often of vigorous and practiced irritation, like a coach who has lost a call—relaxed with a few dozen friends and supporters at J's Grill on East 45th Street. He sat at a large table in the back, sipping a pint and receiving visitors to pose for snapshots and tell of news from home. The hard rises and querulous stops of his Belfast brogue recalled Liverpool as much as Dublin. The crowd was working and middle class, ranging in age from their twenties through middle age, and the feeling was of familiar warmth, as if they had come together for a christening or an anniversary party. The conversations were like those at any Irish family gathering, except that the chat about who the baby takes after, or how well she looks at her age, was punctuated with references to Armalites, Saracens and C-4 (respective brand names for guns, tanks, and explosives), jail breaks, hunger strikes, and the hope of reprieve.

Before Joe O'Connor took up the refrigeration business in Ridgefield, New Jersey, he and his wife Liz lived in Belfast. Liz's brother Eugene also moves around—as a "red book" prisoner, senior and active in the IRA command—but in a narrower circuit, every few months from Port Laoise to Crumlin Road to Long Kesh, which are the Irish correspondents of Alcatraz and Sing Sing. When asked what Eugene was in for, Mrs. O'Connor's response was succinct and almost demure: "Making a thousand-pound bomb."

"He wasn't really involved, like," added her husband. "He was only there helping."

"Him over there," said the writer Patrick Farrelly, gesturing to a man in the far corner. "His brother was the most notorious hit man in the IRA before he come over here. He was a barman at some yuppie place, and a fella come up to him once, asked for two gin and tonics, what have you. Your man turns to him, gives him a look that would scalp you, and says, 'Can't you see I'm talking to someone?' 'I'm sorry!' he says. 'All right then. Be off with you.' I think he owns his own bar now."

A signal absence from the gathering was Michael Flannery, the 92-year-old gun-runner and founder of Irish Northern Aid. Flannery, who opposed the cease-fire ("That's the problem with some of the old timers, they think we're fighting a conventional war"), would in fact die the next day.

Others carried on in the same manner, with casual references to atrocity and incarceration as if they were dull and daily events because, in fact, they are:

"I know his wife, 'cause he was in at the same time as my Terry."

"Was Terry done for membership or possession?"

"Possession. A soldier with night glasses seen him get out of the car, and he had a leather jacket on and it rode up when he got out, and you could see the pair of automatics."

"No, not him," said another woman to a friend. "He was the fella that was shot in the spine, and when his Da come home and seen him, he had a heart attack and died himself."

"The last stretch I did was '81, before the hunger strike, thank f--k. It's a good thing, too, 'cause they done me for doing a screw's daughter."

"Ah, one more and I'm scundered," said a Sinn Fein councilor, meaning a pint and too many.

"I'm banjaxed," said Adams, meaning exhausted. His scheduler, Richard McAuley, added that after a speech in Detroit, he had learned to avoid the Irish term *craic*, pronounced "crack" and meaning fellowship and conversation. "He said, 'In Boston, the craic was grand,' and got a big laugh," said McAuley. "It was a bit confusing."

As the evening wound down, Adams was led out by his bodyguard, a burly homicide detective named Brian McCabe. The rest of the crowd soon followed, bit by bit, making their way home past the sleepy men on surveillance in the sedan parked outside. "Keep the faith," said Farrelly, as he left the last stragglers. "Whatever that is." ❐

Edward Conlon is a writer living in the Bronx.

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The New Republic at 80

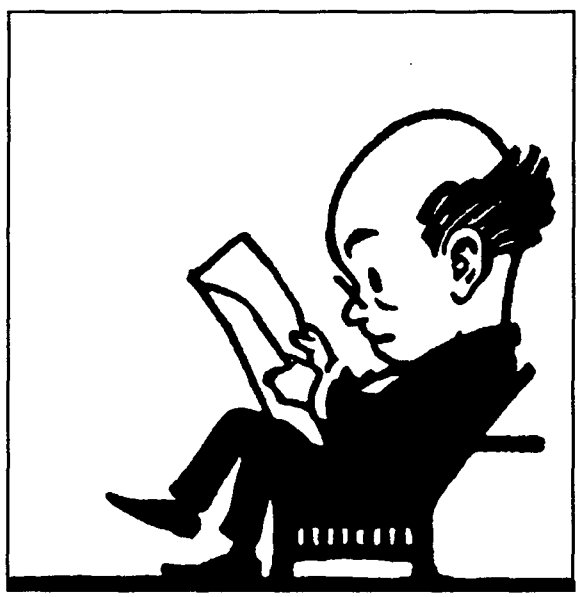
Life After Liberalism

by Hilton Kramer

Reading the *New Republic* these days, I often think of the late Lionel Trilling. It was Trilling's fondest wish to remain, in everything he thought and wrote, a paragon of enlightened liberalism. He had, of course, sharply criticized the liberalism of his own generation—the liberalism that in the 1930s and 1940s had proved to be so easily captive to Stalinist influence. Yet it was never his intention to repudiate liberalism itself. He set out to reform it, to make it more responsive to the complexities of experience and less doctrinaire in its formulas of salvation. His models in this endeavor were Arnold and Mill—especially the Mill who had written about the conservative Coleridge and the radical Bentham with such undeceived intelligence.

That his own criticism of liberalism was likely to meet with resistance and opprobrium from the radical left was a risk that Trilling was willing to take. Indeed, to incur the wrath of the Stalinists was in those days, for a liberal of Trilling's persuasion, a badge of honor. It seems not to have occurred to him, however, that he might be put down as a conservative by non-Stalinist liberals because of the very nature of his attack on liberalism. When the charge was made—and not by any Stalinist hack but by Joseph Frank, a critic of impeccable liberal credentials—Trilling was stunned. There is a sense in which it can truly be said that he never recovered from the demoralization he suffered as a result of this attempt to characterize his whole approach to culture and politics as essentially conservative in spirit. Trilling died without responding to the charge, and the debate over the exact nature of his conservative liberalism—or, if you like, his liberal conservatism—has continued to haunt his posthumous reputation.

The reason I think of Trilling while reading the *New Republic* is that this celebrated journal of liberal opinion nowadays offers us almost weekly bulletins on what might be called the Trilling dilemma: how to function as a critic of liberalism without being stigmatized as a conservative. The *New Republic*, which this year observes its eightieth anniversary, still presents itself to its readers as a bastion of liberal thought. Yet its expression of that thought, which on many issues is now all but indistinguishable from certain aspects of neoconservative thought, is frequently marked by an obvious dread of being seen—especially by liberals further to the left than the *New Republic*—to be deviating from the permissible limits of liberal orthodoxy. In the vain hope of warding off such charges, the magazine conducts a sort of intermittent border warfare against some of the neoconservatives who are its natural allies—often, in fact, its only allies—against the radical left. At the same time, however, the magazine publishes certain neoconservative writers—usually in its book-review pages—on subjects that are safely distant from party politics. The editors do not mind borrowing a little intellectual authority from the neoconservative camp so long as it is not seen to compromise the magazine's liberal loyalties.



As to what those liberal loyalties now consist of, it is sometimes difficult to say, especially since the departure of Hendrik Hertzberg and Sidney Blumenthal for Tina Brown's left-wing political salon at the *New Yorker*. For the better part of twenty years—since Martin Peretz acquired ownership of the *New Republic* in 1974—the magazine has seemed deliberately to organize its staff and its contributors into opposing liberal factions, some more liberal, some more conservative, some merely more facetious, than others. This carefully modulated deviation from liberal orthodoxy, which is mainly but not exclusively confined to the realm of foreign policy, inevitably brought cries of protest from the magazine's left-liberal constituency when it resulted in outright support for some Reagan administration initiative—as it did, for example, in the case of the Nicaraguan contras. But since Hendrik Hertzberg, who alternated for a time with the peripatetic Michael Kinsley in the editor's chair, could always be counted on to supply the requisite take-no-prisoners assault on Reagan himself, the protests of the loyal opposition at the magazine never amounted to much. Kinsley himself generally assumed the lighter

Hilton Kramer is editor of the New Criterion. *This essay is reprinted with permission from the* New Criterion*'s September 1994 issue.* © *1994 Hilton Kramer.*

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burden of amusing the magazine's yuppie liberal constituency—a group more interested in style than substance—with his flippant patter on domestic political affairs. While Hertzberg's liberalism wore a frown of scornful disapproval, Kinsley's displayed the self-satisfied smile of the perennial undergraduate scoring points against his elders.

Even if these upscale liberals had really wanted to break with the *New Republic* over its much-discussed turn to the right, where could they have gone? The *Nation*, which had long been the *New Republic*'s principal rival among left-liberal weeklies, had further degenerated into a sectarian organ reminiscent of the bad old days when radicals still worshipped at the altar of revolution. The *New York Review of Books*, now the *New Republic*'s only real competition for the loyalty of campus liberals, was already oversupplied with anti-conservative savants, and in any case preferred writers with more glittering intellectual credentials. Sidney Blumenthal did a stint at the *Washington Post*, to be sure, but he soon hurried back to the more salubrious purlieu of the *New Republic*, where he waited for something better to show up. Until Tina Brown made it safe—and far more lucrative, too—to practice radical-chic journalism without risk or restraint, the opportunities were limited for the left-liberal mandarins at the *New Republic*. When it came time for Kinsley to decamp, he at last found his true vocation, bringing his Ivy League brand of liberal facetiousness to the world of the television talk show, where it is accepted practice for glib phrases to serve as a substitute for thought. By and large, when the folks on Marty Peretz's left flank departed the magazine, it was more a matter of opportunity than of political principle.

Still, it must be said that, whatever the magazine's flaws, failures, and contradictions have been during the last twenty years of publication, Marty Peretz has succeeded in breaking the mold of the traditional liberal weekly by the changes he brought to the *New Republic*. He has weaned the magazine away from its infantile leftism, closed the door on any doubts as to what the Cold War was really all about, cast a critical eye on the new politics of racial quotas and preferments and the judicial arguments supporting them, kept a prudent distance from the excesses of feminist radicalism, and in general purged the pages of the *New Republic* of its abject obeisance to the political and cultural legacy of the sixties. While allowing his left-flank editors and contributors plenty of space in which to vent their dissent from the magazine's new course and vilify those outside the magazine who uphold views that in some cases are virtually identical with those that had now become central to the *New Republic* itself, Peretz went a long way toward disembarrassing the magazine of its disreputable political past. Not the whole way, to be sure, but a large part of the distance to be traversed, given the appalling political history of the *New Republic* since the Thirties.

From Malcolm Cowley's praise of the enlightened "jurisprudence" governing the Moscow Trials in the 1930s to Richard Gilman's pusillanimous surren-

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der to black nihilism in Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul on Ice* in the 1960s, the old *New Republic* had a pretty dismal record when it came to resisting or even comprehending the nature of the left-liberal fashions of its time. Under three of its most notoriously compromised editors—Bruce Bliven, Michael Straight, and Henry A. Wallace—the magazine remained, with only occasional exceptions, a complaisant supporter of Soviet foreign policy during the worst years of Stalin's murderous reign.

It is one of the merits of *The New Republic Reader*, which Dorothy Wickenden has edited to mark the magazine's eightieth anniversary, that it acknowledges the reality of this shameful political past both in the introduction and in the selection of texts.[1] It doesn't, to be sure, attempt to give us a comprehensive account of this history or dwell on the role played by the *New Republic*'s pro-Soviet line in the political life of the thirties and forties—a role that was finally reduced to macabre political comedy when, in 1946, the year in which Churchill issued his warning about the "Iron Curtain" that Stalin was then imposing on Eastern Europe, the magazine's proprietor, Michael Straight, appointed as editor the most eminent fellow-traveler in the country, Henry A. Wallace, who had been Vice President during FDR's third term.

Straight was not lacking in Stalinist credentials of his own. As Ms. Wickenden delicately points out, Straight "fell in with the Soviet agents Anthony Blunt and Guy Burgess" during his student days at Cambridge University in the thirties. She never actually explains that Straight was inducted into the Blunt-Burgess spy ring and for a time reported regularly to his Soviet "control." In a parenthetical aside, she acknowledges that while Straight claimed to have become an ex-Communist by the forties, his "own loyalties, however, remained a little murky. . . . In March 1951 [while the Korean War was still raging], Burgess ran into Straight in Washington, D.C., and admitted that he had passed along to Moscow the U.S. plans to advance into North Korea." Yet Straight, who had once served as one of FDR's speechwriters, did not disclose this betrayal to American authorities until long after the event, and then only because disclosure was a condition of securing a job he wanted with the Kennedy administration.

Ms. Wickenden, who was formerly the *New Republic*'s executive editor and is now the national affairs editor of *Newsweek*, is sometimes a little murky herself in explaining, or failing to explain, how the magazine's liberalism adjusted to the shocks of the Hitler-Stalin pact and the outbreak of the Second World War. She professes astonishment that the *New Republic* "counseled fatalism and restraint"—in other words, non-intervention—"in the face of Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco" at the onset of the war, as if this had not been the Communist Party line as a result of the Hitler-Stalin pact right up to the day in

1941 when Hitler's armies invaded Russia. Then, of course, the party line changed, and so did the *New Republic*'s. But then, Ms. Wickenden isn't very clear about the war itself. She seems to be under the impression that in September 1939 "the war began with Germany's invasion of Czechoslovakia." Apparently she is still unaware of what happened to Poland in September 1939.

Notwithstanding these egregious confusions, however, Ms. Wickenden has included just enough in this *Reader* to give newcomers to the subject a glimpse of what the *New Republic*'s liberal fellow-traveling line entailed in the heyday of Stalin's influence on American intellectual life. In this department, the *Reader*'s prize exhibit is undoubtedly Bruce Bliven's "Letter to Stalin," from the issue of March 30, 1938. As the infamous Moscow Trials were completing their course and the Great Terror continued to sweep millions of lives in its path, this abject liberal acolyte of the Soviet experiment made an open appeal to Stalin to, as we would say today, *improve his image*!

Bliven was worried, you see, that, as he wrote to Comrade Stalin with a heavy heart, "the series of trials of traitors, spies and saboteurs has had a bad effect on world public opinion." To remedy the situation, Bliven made four proposals. "I suggest, first," he wrote, "that in future treason trials, a procedure should be followed more compatible with that of countries under the Anglo-Saxon or the Roman law tradition." Then, in an attempt to soften so bold a suggestion, Bliven added: "It may be unjust of the Americans, for example, to suspect that torture is used in these cases; but in the United States there is a nationwide and long continued tradition of police brutality, of extorting confessions by torture in every sort of case from petty larceny to murder. It is inevitable that this country should look with suspicion upon confessions obtained in secret hearings, however plausible these confessions may be on their face."

It gets better, for Bliven's second point, or plea, was to suggest "that in the future you shall not merely present to the world testimony which many people in all countries find incredible, without some attempt to make its credibility apparent." Then, getting really desperate, Bliven added: "If these proceedings are not convincing, there is no point in holding them"—an observation that tacitly acknowledged that the Moscow "treason" trials weren't judicial proceedings at all but political show trials which were proving to be embarrassing to the faithful. What liberal acolytes of Stalinism like Bliven could not bring themselves to comprehend was that the trials were never meant to be convincing—not about the defendants' guilt, anyway. They were an instrument of terror, and they served their purpose with all the cold-blooded efficiency that Stalin meant for them to have.

Bliven's utter incapacity to understand the world he was writing about was made fairly explicit when, in his third recommendation to Comrade Stalin, he

[1] *The New Republic Reader: Eighty Years of Opinion and Debate*, edited by Dorothy Wickenden. A New Republic Book/Basic Books, 518 pages, $28.

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urged him to "abolish the death sentence for these and all other crimes." By March 1938, Stalin had already caused the deaths of millions of innocent people, and in the years that were left to him he would cause the death of millions more. This was something that the editor of the great liberal journal simply could not fathom—and neither, apparently, could the magazine's loyal liberal readers. By such people, Communism was still looked upon as a somewhat more militant variety of the liberal vocation, which itself was believed to have an exclusive patent on political virtue. Those who served in the underground Soviet apparatus knew otherwise, of course, but that was one of the reasons they were obliged to remain underground—from which position they were able to manipulate fellow-traveling fools like Bruce Bliven with the skill of expert puppeteers, no matter how contradictory or embarrassing the twists and turns of the Moscow party line might be. In Bliven's mental universe, it was unimaginable to be opposed to Communism, for such opposition would have constituted a violation of the liberal compact.

And so Bliven persevered, blind as a bat to the moral implications of the policies he espoused, advising Comrade Stalin in the fourth of his recommendations that he "offer an amnesty to all opponents who have not yet been guilty of any crime under the normal civil code, on a pledge on their part of future good behavior." He then added a further suggestion: that Stalin withdraw, as he wrote, "from the public life of your country for a stipulated length of time, perhaps a year or eighteen months," to prove to the world that he was not, after all, like the other dictators on the world scene. The sheer idiocy of the entire document is still astounding to contemplate, yet this was the kind of thinking that held the liberal left in thrall during one of the periods of the *New Republic*'s greatest influence.

It is Ms. Wickenden's view that one of the *New Republic*'s "saving graces" in the thirties was its "cultural criticism." "[Malcolm] Cowley's and [Edmund] Wilson's myopia about Soviet communism did not extend to the arts," she writes, "where they exuberantly explored modernism and its relation to the cultural legacy of the West." This is partly true, but it is by no means the whole story—especially where Cowley is concerned. The fact is, Cowley consistently used the literary pages of the *New Republic* to advance the reputations of writers favored by the Stalinist left and discredit writers who opposed it. Which was why, in 1940, James T. Farrell published an article in the *American Mercury* attacking Cowley for turning the *New Republic* into what he characterized as a literary mouthpiece for the Communist Party, and why Edmund Wilson, in a private letter written around the same time, criticized Cowley's Stalinism along the same lines. Ms. Wickenden makes a brief and not altogether intelligible reference to Wilson's letter to Cowley in her introduction to the *Reader*, but never mentions Farrell's attack, which ought to have been taken account of.

In the realm of literature and the arts, however, Ms. Wickenden does not seem to have either a keen interest or a firm grasp. As a result, that whole side of the *New Republic*'s history, which in certain

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periods *was* one of the magazine's chief glories, is given little more than token acknowledgment in this new *Reader*.[2] From reading this *New Republic Reader*, you could have no idea that the magazine employed two of the finest theater critics writing in this century—first Stark Young and then Eric Bentley—or that in Otis Ferguson it could boast of one of our best movie critics or that there had ever been a time when writers as distinguished as Léonie Adams, Conrad Aiken, Van Wyck Brooks, Kenneth Burke, Horace Gregory, Paul Rosenfeld, and Delmore Schwartz were regular contributors to its literary and arts pages. Rare contributions like T.S. Eliot's review of Julian Benda's *The Treason of the Intellectuals*, in 1928, and Scott Fitzgerald's obituary memoir of Ring Lardner, 1933, have likewise been dropped down the memory hole, as have George Santayana's essays from the earliest years of the magazine's existence. Clearly, contributions of this sort are of no interest to Ms. Wickenden. Instead she treats us to a report dispatched to the *New Republic* for the issue of February 14, 1933, by H.V. Kaltenborn, who offered the magazine's readers the following assessment of Adolf Hitler: "He is sworn to obey the Constitution and is likely to do so. The time for a Fascist coup d'état is past. Hitler himself had definitely lost prestige and power before he won the chancellorship. Whatever the result of the March fifth election, it will not give Adolf Hitler the opportunity to establish his long heralded *Drittes Reich*." As one turns the pages of this *Reader*, there are times when one almost suspects Ms. Wickenden of harboring a wicked sense of humor.

Or is it that, from the perspective of Washington, even the most mistaken political analysis inevitably commands an interest for the editors of the *New Republic* that a cogent criticism of culture and arts cannot claim? In any comprehensive historical account of the *New Republic*, the implications of its move from New York to Washington in 1950 would have been closely scrutinized. The magazine had been established in New York by a circle of intellectuals that had a serious interest in the arts. Its founding editor, Herbert Croly, was a writer on architecture. Even a writer as deeply immersed in political affairs as Walter Lippmann, another founder of the magazine, was capable in the early days of producing first-rate literary commentary, as he did in essays on Sinclair Lewis and H.L. Mencken. Edmund Wilson's tenure as literary editor was closely tethered to New York literary life in the twenties and its involvement in European modernism—a tradition that was continued by Malcolm Cowley until the effort foundered on the shoals of Stalinist orthodoxy.

When Michael Straight moved the *New Republic* to Washington, in the aftermath of the Wallace debacle, the nation's capital was still a cultural backwater, and in many respects it has remained one. Only in a capital as intellectually provincial as Washington could a president like John Kennedy earn a reputation as a supporter of the arts simply by inviting André Malraux and Igor Stravinsky to dinner. (And it's been downhill since then, for such invitations nowadays go to the likes of Oprah Winfrey and Maya Angelou.) Two of Cowley's successors in the literary editorship—Robert Richman (no relation, incidentally, to the *New Criterion*'s poetry editor) and Robert Evett—did a creditable job of keeping up a high standard in the magazine's coverage of literature and the arts in the fifties and early sixties, but in the aftermath of the Kennedy assassination and the eruption of the counterculture and the codification of the "new sensibility" in the period of the Vietnam War, the magazine's cultural pages suffered a descent into radical chic almost as devastating to sound judgment and high standards as the Stalinism of the thirties.

Given this history, it has been disappointing, to say the least, that the *New Republic* under Marty Peretz has never seen fit to appoint a literary editor whose primary intellectual interest is literature and the arts. This, I think, has something to do with the magazine's entrenched Washington orientation, which predisposes it to favor a philistine perspective, and a lot to do with its failed liberalism, which values the arts only when they can be seen to be an appendage to social policy. As a result, criticism of the arts has for some years now been relegated to a marginal status in the magazine. There are occasional articles of considerable interest, but little or nothing in the way of sustained attention. The principal exception to this rule has been the magazine's abiding attention to the movies—that sacred staple of yuppie culture, which years ago supplanted literature as the lead item in the magazine's back-of-the-book and, more often than not, has virtually nothing to do with serious artistic interests. Literature still fares better than most other fields in the *New Republic*, but that may be owing to the fact that the work of so many of the writers who are nowadays highly regarded is itself an expression of social policy, if not indeed of social pathology.

About the present literary editor of the *New Republic*, however, I cannot speak in an entirely disinterested spirit. For one of the longest essays that Ms. Wickenden has thought it appropriate to reprint in her survey of the *New Republic*'s first eighty years—and the only one that makes even a feeble attempt to comprehend the arts in the age of modernism—is Leon Wieseltier's "Matthew Arnold and the Cold War." This is the salvo that Wieseltier fired against the *New Criterion* upon the publication of its first issue in September 1982. Of course it is immensely flattering to find that the debut of our journal exactly a dozen years ago is deemed to be the only cultural event of the last eighty years important enough to merit a nine-page essay in this *New Republic Reader*. Yet the pleasure which this remarkable judgment affords us is somewhat allayed by the misrepresentations and unconscionable bad faith exhibited in the essay itself.

In this essay Wieseltier had some disparaging things to say about several of the writers who contributed to the first issue of the *New Criterion*, and falsely accused us of attempting to foster what he described as "the political delegitimation of doubt." If anything, of course, that first issue of the *New Criterion* may have been

[2] It isn't even true, by the way, as the dust jacket claims, that this *Reader* is "the first major anthology of essays" drawn from *The New Republic*. At least two earlier collections have been published—*The New Republic Anthology, 1915-1935*, edited by Groff Conklin, with an introduction by Bruce Bliven (Dodge, 1936); and *The Faces of Five Decades: Selections from Fifty Years of The New Republic, 1914-1964*, edited by Robert Luce, with commentary by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. (Simon & Schuster, 1964). Both give better accounts of the periods they cover than the new *Reader*.

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somewhat overloaded with expressions of doubt about a whole range of current cultural orthodoxies. But these were not the kind of doubts that Wieseltier's liberal pieties could easily countenance, for they put into question the received opinions then dominating—and, for that matter, still dominating—the academic left. To this first accusation Wieseltier added another that was equally false. This was the charge that we had somehow set out to undermine Lionel Trilling's call for "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty" in critical debate. What was interesting about this charge, false as it was, were the unacknowledged restrictions that Wieseltier clearly wished to impose on what was now permissible to question in the name of "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty."

Let me illustrate. Wieseltier took fierce exception to the essay called "Postmodern: Art and Culture in the 1980s," which I contributed to that first issue of the *New Criterion*. In that essay I was attempting to restate the theory of the modernist avant-garde, which I had first put forward in my book *The Age of the Avant-Garde* in 1973, and amplify it in the light of the so-called "postmodern" assault that had been mounted against modernism in the interim. It was my view that the historical relation which obtained between the avant-garde, on the one hand, and its bourgeois antagonists, on the other, had been unduly simplified by radicals and reactionaries alike. As I wrote in the introduction to *The Age of the Avant-Garde*: "The history of the avant-garde actually harbors a complex agenda of internal conflict and debate, not only about aesthetic matters but about the social values that govern them. If the bourgeois ethos may be said to have both a 'progressive' and a 'reactionary' side, the avant-garde is similarly divided." In the "Postmodern" essay of 1982, I restated the point this way: "The modern movement was always, perhaps, a more complex and pluralistic phenomenon than its more doctrinaire champions—and, for that matter, its more doctrinaire enemies—could ever bring themselves to recognize."

Yet this attempt to bring the principles of "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty" to bear on the study of modernism was firmly rejected by Wieseltier, who, donning the dunce's cap of the classroom radical for the purpose of slaying a suspected neoconservative dragon, insisted that "Modernism *was* a cultural insurrection," pure and simple. "The most unsatisfactory aspect of Kramer's analysis," he wrote, "is his failure to face up to the contradiction between the marriage of modernism and capitalism, on the one hand, and the history of their relations, on the other. These relations have not been harmonious." As if anything I have ever written had claimed that they were!

This categorical refusal to entertain the "possibility" of "variousness" or "complexity" in the discussion of modernism made Wieseltier a pretty lame advocate of the principle of "difficulty" he wished to claim in Trilling's name, but it *was* a perfect example of what I have called "the Trilling dilemma": the affliction suffered by disabused liberals out of a fear of being stigmatized as conservatives. And in Wieseltier's case, moreover, it represented an unacknowledged intellectual reversal on his part, for when he reviewed *The Age of the Avant-Garde* in the pages of *Commentary* in June 1974 he had nothing but praise for what he described as "not only a thoughtful and provocative statement of a revisionist view of avant-garde art, but . . . a comprehensive theory of modern culture as well." But that was before he fell victim to "the Trilling dilemma" as a member of the *New Republic*'s highly conflicted editorial board. In 1982, the *New Criterion* and its editor clearly looked like easy targets for a writer eager to renew his liberal credentials in the face of charges by the left of a turn to the right at *The New Republic*, and it hardly seemed to matter that the claim to uphold "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty" in critical debate got rather mangled in the process.

At the *New Republic*, the troubled afterlife of liberalism has often proved to entail more in the way of contradiction and denial than of anything resembling real complexity. Take, for example, the November 9, 1992, editorial endorsing "Clinton for President," which Ms. Wickenden has proudly reprinted in *The New Republic Reader*. Pronouncing the Bush administration "degenerate," a word seldom employed in liberal political discourse, the editors dismissed "the question of character"—"We believe it tells in Clinton's favor," they wrote—and cited the Democratic candidate's "Arkansas record" as a sign of the wonderful things he could be expected to accomplish in the fields of education and health. In fact, no more than the rest of the liberal media did the *New Republic* bother to scrutinize Clinton's Arkansas record before the election. Like a lot of other wounded liberals at the time, the editors of the *New Republic* turned Bill Clinton into a fantasy candidate, praising his "integrity," his "moral intuition," his grasp of "the cultural reality of today's America," his "internationalism" and "deep understanding" of foreign affairs, even his "marriage," as if on every one of these questions there were not already grave doubts to be entertained.

Which is why, since the election, as more and more has come to be known about the president's political and personal past and his conduct of the presidency itself, the *New Republic* has been obliged, like the rest of the press that favored Clinton, to explore all of the questions that were studiously avoided during the 1992 campaign. Only now—in the issue of August 22/29—does the magazine speak of "the general foreign policy vacuum at the center of the Clinton administration," for example, and this is but one of the many other issues—the health-care proposal, the Whitewater affair, the Paula Jones lawsuit, sundry conflict-of-interest cases, etc.—on which the magazine's fantasy candidate has proved to be an immense political embarrassment. In the afterlife of liberalism at the *New Republic*, the magazine's so-called turn to the right always comes to a halt at the voting booth, at which point the critical faculty is furloughed to make way for the same old political sentimentalities.

The *New Republic* deserved a better book than Ms. Wickenden's patchwork anthology to mark its eightieth anniversary—the kind of book that at least made an attempt to define the magazine's mission in the aftermath of liberalism's failures now that those failures are once again so vividly on display in our political and cultural affairs. But the fact that the editors have settled for such an intellectually inept account of the magazine's own history is no doubt a reflection of the troubled and conflicted choices that continue to beset the *New Republic* itself. ❐

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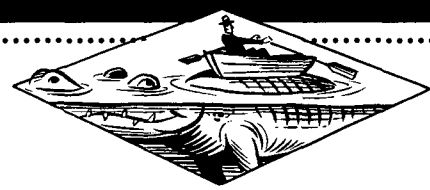

Manila Christmas

by William McGurn

The Manila Hotel

Almost immediately after Douglas MacArthur issued his famous vow to return to the Philippines, a cable arrived from Washington. Gently it suggested that the message might come across as too personal: Would the General consider changing the "I" to "We"? What the War Department never quite understood was that for MacArthur it *was* personal. When he quit his penthouse apartment here for the rock-island of Corregidor, he left behind more than a command post. He left behind the only real home the MacArthurs were to know.

The MacArthurs spent five happy years atop the Manila Hotel, and departed only because an advancing Japanese army made it impossible for the newly commissioned Commander of U.S. Army Forces in the Far East to stay. Christmas 1941 was the low point. Three weeks earlier—just hours after the attack on Pearl Harbor—a Japanese strike on Clark Air Base had stripped MacArthur of his air support. Two weeks later, Gen. Masaharu Homma's troops landed on the other side of Luzon island. On December 22, realizing he'd forgotten to do any Christmas shopping, MacArthur dispatched a trusted aide, Col. Sidney Huff, to pick up some gifts for his wife, Jean, and their three-year-old son, Arthur. That night they celebrated early.

It was well they did. By Christmas Eve the MacArthurs would find themselves inside a dank tunnel on Corregidor huddled together with President Manuel Quezon, remnants of his Philippine government, and a few thousand Fil-American troops. There were few comforts. And in between the savage Japanese shelling, they listened to the radio: to FDR pledging relief that would never arrive and Tokyo Rose promising to see the General hanged from Imperial Square.

More than fifty Christmases after Corregidor, I too have returned. Unlike the MacArthurs, however, my wife and I face no unpleasantness this holiday season. To the contrary, the Manila's recent facelift has left it more beautiful than ever; the only Japanese around are friendly tourists; and when we leave the hotel in the morning we do so with the knowledge that we will be back in time for cocktail hour. The hotel's Annie Ringer, an old friend, comes down to greet us. "Welcome home," she says, as though we have just stepped into her living room.

There are bigger and glitzier hotels in the Philippine capital, but none that quite compare with the Manila. And there is no better time to be here. Philippine banks and public offices compete for the best creche without fear of ACLU grinches closing it down. A front-page news story in the December 24 *Manila Bulletin* hails "the birth of the Prince of Peace" in its lead. And on almost every TV station olive-skinned Filipinas who have never seen snow dress in fur-fringed red Santa suits and deliver dreamy renditions of "White Christmas." I find them persuasive, even as I look at the palm trees swaying in the wind.

Built originally by Americans for Americans in California Mission style, the Manila Hotel could be nowhere but the Philippines. Certainly not the lobby, a vast colonnaded expanse of whitewash capped by a chocolate-colored, barrel-vaulted ceiling of *narra* (a local mahogany). Underneath its huge, brass-and-capiz-shell chandeliers, all of Manila passes by. Couples find it a convenient rendezvous. Senators pass through en route to their private lounge on the second floor. Occasionally one might catch a glimpse of Imelda and her entourage on their way to lunch at the Champagne Room.

Nor have its charms gone unnoticed by the traveling set. The hotel archives are bulging with photos of VIPs, ranging from Clare Boothe Luce and the Beatles to Douglas Fairbanks and Lea Salonga, the home-grown star of *Miss Saigon*. I count more Republicans (Ike, Nixon, Reagan) than Democrats (LBJ), but the Manila has been resolutely bipartisan. Here a young Ferdinand

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Marcos was nominated for the presidency in 1964; here a young widow named Corazon Aquino announced her own bid in 1986; here a group of Marcos loyalists led an abortive coup in 1987. And each evening this week we are treated to an hour of carols by the Ateneo Boys Choir, whose four dozen, budding Harry Connick, Jrs. are kept in line by a remarkable woman director.

This is my third Christmas in the Philippines, my wife's first. Just a few months back, we spent part of our honeymoon here, and it's hard to think MacArthur was treated any better on his return. Everyone smiles in the Philippines, so that much we take for granted. But it's not every hotel where the cab drivers remember my name and ask us when we are going to start having some babies. The bakery beckons with rows of chocolate Santas and tables full of gingerbread houses. Best of all, there is the lobby, with a Christmas tree to rival the one at Rockefeller Center and dozens of *parols*—the paper-lantern stars Filipinos make to commemorate the one that came to rest over Bethlehem a few thousand years ago.

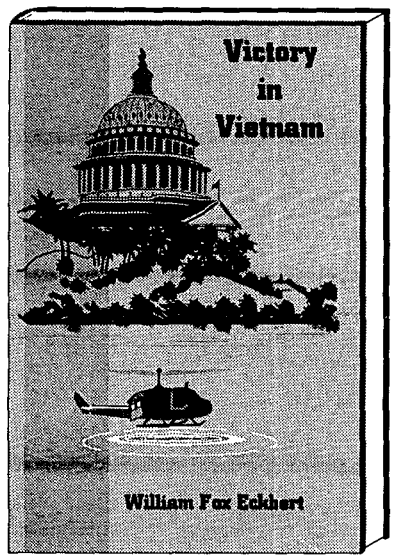
So much do new friends seem like old relations in the Manila, we almost forget to be homesick. But a Manila Christmas is not without its own graces. Thirteen months earlier, I had attended the final American withdrawal from Subic Bay, where the U.S. commander in chief for the Pacific fleet, Adm. R.J. Kelly, noted that among the things he was leaving behind in the Philippines was a father: Cpl. Robert Anderson. After a lazy brunch we decide to take a ride out to the American military cemetery in Makati to leave some flowers by Corporal Anderson's grave. A groundskeeper shows us where to find his name: it is on the wall of remembrance. I read the lines cut into the marble nearby: *Some there be which have no sepulchre * Their name liveth for evermore./Grant unto them O Lord eternal rest who sleep in unknown graves.* The admiral later told me that his father never returned from a bombing mission over New Britain.

After Makati, we get to play Santa. For the past few years my brother Brian and I have each sponsored a child in Quezon City, helping with their schooling. We have many letters but had never before met. Both girls turn out to be delightful. By Philippine standards they might arguably be considered well off, with a roof over their heads (even if of corrugated tin) and an electric wire for the TV. Mine is named Joharra, and her mother quickly sits us down in front of a mound of Cheez-Whiz sandwiches and glasses filled with Coca-Cola. They are trying their best to make their American guests feel at home.

Quickly the room fills with friends and relatives all here to wish us a Merry Christmas. Joharra asks about Emily, my niece—the flower girl in our wedding—whose photo I sent her months ago. "I would like to have blond hair too," she says somewhat wistfully, supremely innocent of her own dark beauty. As we leave, her father pulls me aside to squeeze my hand and say his thanks, all the more embarrassing because of its disproportion to our efforts. That evening, falling off to sleep in the Manila's comforting embrace, I remember to thank the Creator for his many blessings.

For the next few days, we glory in the luxury of lazy pleasures, sleeping late and ordering room-service breakfast. "Trifles Make Perfection, but perfection is no trifle" ran the copy in the advertisement announcing the Manila's debut in 1912, and it remains true today. Whether sipping Bloody Marys by poolside or simply drinking in the spectacular sunsets over Manila Bay, we find the simplest of delights transformed by that perfect Philippine mix of Latin grace and American informality.

But my favorite moments come on Christmas Eve. After midnight Mass at San Augustin Cathedral, built by Spanish friars more than four centuries ago, we walk back to the hotel through the dark. It is now well past two a.m., and an all-night prayer meeting is still going strong next door in Lunetta Park. Inside the lobby, the *parols* have been turned off, the place is still, and the man cleaning the floors straightens up to offer us a good night . "It is a good story if it is like the Manila Hotel," Hemingway once said. And there's usually a happy ending. Merry Christmas. ❐



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Sweat Dreams

by James Bowman

From those who disagree with me about the merits of the popular movies I so regularly disparage, the question I hear most often is this: What's so bad about sentimentality? I reply that it is a species of falsehood, which corrodes and ultimately destroys the human spirit. But it is rare that I am able to point to a specific example of that destructive effect at work. The documentary ***Hoop Dreams*** by Steve James, Frederick Marx, and Peter Gilbert is such an example, though the filmmakers have not intended it as one.

The film tells the story of two high-school basketball players, Arthur Agee and William Gates, from inner-city Chicago who dream of careers in the NBA. James et al. intend that we should take the experiences of these two boys as what one critic calls "emblematic" of the deficiencies of educational and other social institutions which are thought to have failed them. But what is truly emblematic about Arthur and William is their failure to understand what success requires of them—a failure which they unfortunately share, along with their dreams of stardom, with a great many kids from the ghetto culture. And these are a rare pair who might actually have something close to a realistic shot at the pros!

It is sentimentality that has taught them that they are entitled to the most wildly fanciful of ambitions, which then become the excuse for a lifetime of failure and self-deceit. "Ain't nobody going to take my dream away from me," says Arthur in response to his mother's mild suggestion that it might be wise not to lodge all his hopes of life in the expectation of an NBA career. Unfortunately, he is right. We know he is going to cling to the dream for dear life, just as his father and William's brother have done. His father is now a recovering drug addict and convicted burglar; William's brother went to college but is having a hard time holding down a job. Both cherished the same hope of hoop glory and, unable to let go of it, are now trying to live it through their son and brother, respectively. For Arthur's father, this "dream" is harder than crack cocaine to get out of his system.

But in the filmmakers' view the villain of the piece is the basketball coach at St. Joseph High School, the private Catholic school and basketball powerhouse in suburban Chicago that recruits both boys. His name is Gene Pingatore, and he is obsessed with basketball, which is what has made him a winner over the years. His great fault is meant to be that he doesn't care about Arthur and William as people very much; he is only really interested in what they can do for his basketball program. He has no use for their moony, childish "dreams" in the absence of total commitment. He curses their indolence, their sloppiness, their lack of discipline. Such qualities are much less important back home—where both families split up, where William is twice a father before he is out of high school and Arthur thinks that, if he misses out on NBA stardom, "I'll probably go into [being a] comedian or architecture or something like that," but where, at least, "dreams" are nourished.

St. Joseph's ought to have taught a lesson to the filmmakers instead of their trying to teach it one (the school has recently sued them for its treatment here). We are invited to hate the place for trying to collect the debt owed it by Arthur's family or for putting too much emphasis on winning and fostering what Coach Pingatore calls "the killer temperament." The filmmakers juxtapose this scandalous desideratum of the basketball winner with Arthur's being mugged at gunpoint and his mom's being thankful that he has made it alive to the age of 18, as if dedication and desire to win were too dangerous and likely to get them killed. The coach may not be a caring guy in the sentimentalist's sense, but he knows what neither William nor Arthur nor those who have put their lives on film know—namely, what it takes to turn dreams into reality.

Ed Wood had a dream too: to be a great filmmaker like Orson Welles. He died in 1978, at the age of only 54, on the very eve of the postmodern revolution that has conferred upon him posthumously something of the greatness he sought. Like John Keats, he was unappreciated in his lifetime; unlike John Keats, he was a talentless dolt. It took a radical change in sensibility for him to receive—alas, too late—the recognition that has come to him with Tim Burton's film, ***Ed Wood***, and the cult status it betokens. Indeed, it is debatable whether Wood himself could have foreseen that his proclamation in 1980 by *The Golden Turkey Awards* as "the worst director of all time" was to the hip, the ironic, the postmodern temperament, tantamount to a certification of his greatness.

Burton's film is worth seeing for the splendid performances of Johnny Depp as Wood and Martin Landau as Bela Lugosi. The relationship between the aged, washed up, morphine-addicted Lugosi and the young, ambitious, and clueless director is beautifully and movingly portrayed. Though Landau's acting (like his makeup!) is stunning, in a way Depp has the harder job to do. He has to make Wood both believable as a fool and sympathetic as a man so completely out of touch that he doesn't know how bad he is, a man whose sunny optimism sur-

James Bowman, our movie critic, is American editor of the Times Literary Supplement.

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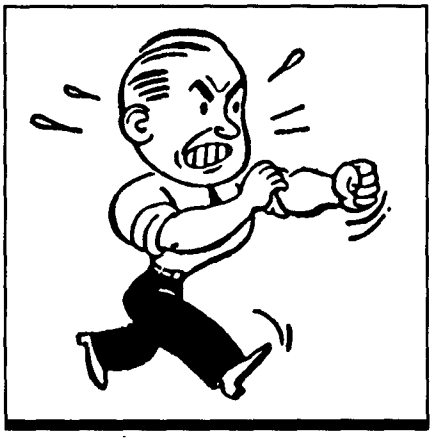
vives, seemingly effortlessly, the most crushing defeats, and who—as if that were not enough—is a transvestite with a thing for angora sweaters. I would give the guy an academy award. I would give both guys an academy award.

Nevertheless, the film as a whole is a bit of a disappointment. It misses some opportunities that arise right at the beginning. As Wood is lying sleepless beside his girlfriend, Dolores (Sarah Jessica Parker), in the silent watches of the night, he says to her: "What if I'm wrong? What if I just haven't got it? Orson Welles made *Citizen Kane* when he was only 25, and I'm already 30." This is a wonderful chance to take a cliché and give it a disturbing new life. We have heard such words many times before, and every time the dynamics of the drama have depended on our understanding that the speaker *does* have it, that he only has to persevere and to believe in himself and eventually he will achieve the success he dreams of.

But here the guy *hasn't* got it. The doubt that must be shrugged off in the classic situation is here the simple truth. This being the case, it is rather a cop-out to go with the postmodern solution that he did, after all, have a *kind* of talent—a talent for badness. This pseudo-talent remained entirely unrecognized until camp was transmuted into postmodernism and took over the moviegoing sensibility of the whole country. This solution is much too easy. The question of what becomes of the talentless, of those who believe in themselves mistakenly, of those whose self-esteem is based on a lie, of those whose perseverance only makes them more ridiculous, is lost and forgotten. Essentially, Tim Burton's answer is the same as the traditional and sentimental one: that such things never happen and such people do not exist.

The Movie of the Month, ***Pulp Fiction*** by Quentin Tarantino, represents the high-water mark, artistically speaking, of postmodernism in America so far. Tarantino has managed to put together a jokey, allusive, ironic, self-referential movie that is much more about other movies than it is about real life, and yet still to give it the power to move. To be sure, it moves us mostly to laughter. Its three stories—"Vincent Vega and Marsellus Wallace's Wife," "The Gold Watch," and "The Bonnie Situation"—each live up to their collective billing as pulp fiction, for each is a shocker, a lurid popular story (though of a rather superior kind) set in a sort of gangland *demi-monde* that is half Los Angeles and half Movieland but looks surprisingly real—perhaps because the real Los Angeles is half Movieland.

But Tarantino has arranged the three stories in a self-consciously artful way—out of chronological sequence and with overlapping characters—so as to produce satisfying character development and a sense of a rounded whole that makes the film into something more than pulp fiction. It starts with a kind of prologue set in a coffee shop or restaurant in which a young couple, calling each other Pumpkin and Honey Bunny (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer), decide that robbing restaurants is preferable to robbing banks and why don't they just start here. As they draw their guns and stand up to command everyone to lie down, the film cuts away



to its first story. But it will come back to Pumpkin and Honey Bunny at this same moment two-and-a-half hours later in the surprising conclusion.

In between, we witness a wonderful phantasmagoria of memorable images, witty dialogue, and excellent jokes. Nearly all of them are what we might call Hannah Arendt jokes, focusing on the banality of evil or the juxtaposition, as in the case of Pumpkin and Honey Bunny, of sentimental sweetness and sickening violence. Vincent and Jules (John Travolta and Samuel L. Jackson), two hit men on the way to wipe out five human lives, discuss whether or not giving a foot massage is a sexual act; a suburbanite whom the same two killers ask for help when they unexpectedly find themselves riding in a car drenched in blood can only worry about what his wife will say when she gets home from work. In fact, evil is not so much banal as charming. We get into the spirit of the occasion and hope that Vincent and Jules can get cleaned up (with the help of Harvey Keitel) before the wife gets home.

So, too, we are drawn in to the ongoing conversation between them, which ranges from the relative merits of different fast-food chains to what the French call a quarter-pounder to the foot massage to whether a dog is a filthier animal than a pig. In the midst of all this triviality and gossip and bickering, the conversation becomes theological in nature. Jules has experienced "what alcoholics refer to as a moment of clarity" when he and Vincent have survived—"miraculously," as he insists—certain death at the hands of one of their victims, whom they are able to kill instead. Vincent thinks it was just one of those strange things that sometimes happen, but Jules sees it as a direct message from God Almighty to give up their wicked way of life. Vincent tries to talk him out of his epiphany and takes it all as rather a joke, but Jules is having none of this. "God got involved," he says. "I can't go back to sleep."

Tarantino allows both Vincent's levity and Jules's seriousness to carry equal weight, as they soon find themselves at the point of a gun wielded by Honey Bunny. At the climax, there is a wonderfully comic scene in which Jules negotiates his salvation with Pumpkin and Honey Bunny at gun point. He goes off to grace, we must suppose, as Vincent departs to what we already know from the second story—featuring Bruce Willis as a boxer who double-crosses the crime boss who has fixed his fight—will be a less happy fate. It is a nicely postmodern touch that Tarantino takes as the moral of his story the lesson learned by a rather absurd religious crank; but that is also a way to cut the incipient sentimentality. Genuine grace does have that touch of the absurd about it, as Tertullian first noticed 1800 years ago. The dreamers of *Pulp Fiction*, like Arthur Agee and William Gates, like Ed Wood, have media dreams, dreams concocted out of the deceiving images of the popular culture. In fact, they *are* media dreams. But at least Tarantino doesn't allow his dreamers to take the media too seriously. ❐

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ON THE EDGE: THE CLINTON PRESIDENCY

Elizabeth Drew

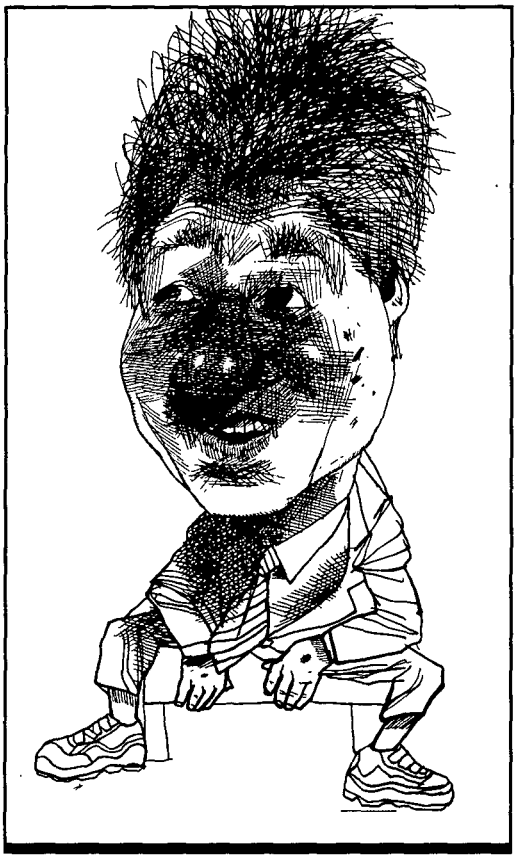
Simon & Schuster / 462 pages / $24

reviewed by BRIT HUME

Late last year, with the tide of the Whitewater case beginning to rise around them, President and Mrs. Clinton resisted calls for the appointment of a special investigator. Republicans in Congress pounded them ceaselessly for holding out. According to this book, the reason the Clintons submitted to this pummeling was just what many suspected at the time: that Hillary Clinton didn't want the investigation and her husband, to a lesser extent, didn't either. "Neither she nor her husband had done anything wrong, she argued," author Elizabeth Drew reports. When Clinton aide George Stephanopoulos contended that it would be better to call for a special counsel and get it over with, Drew quotes another White House aide as saying, "Hillary jumped down his throat. She yelled and fussed."

But Drew says that what the Clintons most feared was a court-appointed independent prosecutor. "Their nightmare," she writes, "was Lawrence Walsh's seven-year investigation of the Iran-Contra affair." Finally, the Clintons' lawyer, David Kendall, convinced them "that if they didn't accept a special counsel, an independent prosecutor would be forced upon them. That brought Mrs. Clinton around." In the end, of course, the Clintons got both: a special counsel inquiry (started by Robert Fiske); and an independent counsel investigation (ordered by a court to take over from Fiske after Congress re-passed the independent counsel statute and the president, as promised, signed the bill into law). It was the worst possible outcome, one of many achieved by the Clinton White House and set forth in authoritative and absorbing detail in *On the Edge*.

This book is an account of the first two years of the Clinton White House. Its overall landscape is very much the one sketched by the news coverage of the administration. There is little support here for the proposition that while the media were consumed with such matters as gays in the military, the travel office scandal, and the Whitewater case, the Clinton White House was busy doing the great but unnoticed work of governance. Indeed, if anything, Drew's reporting on what was going on behind the scenes during such episodes is even more disturbing than what could be seen out front. The Clinton White House is portrayed as a chaotic place in which lines of authority were vague, meetings were endless, decisions seemingly made were continually unmade, and the president exhausted himself trying to be in on everything at every moment.



In addition to all the White House aides running around (likened by one of them recently to a small boys' soccer team with nobody playing his position and everybody chasing the ball), Mr. Clinton had also granted the run of the place to an assortment of other characters. They included (for a time) Harry and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, and Susan Thomases, the arch-liberal New York lawyer, political activist, and friend of the Clintons. Perhaps most prominently, they included the political consultants, James Carville, Paul Begala, and Mandy Grunwald, and the pollster Stan Greenberg. This latter group seems to have had more influence than comparable figures in any administration in history. They even had a seat at the table during the White House drafting sessions on the president's economic program. Paul Begala usually occupied the seat and used it to urge that the program not stray from the populist themes of the Clinton campaign. Begala also argued later that the president should abandon the fight for the North American Free Trade Agreement, Drew reports, because he believed it was an "elitist" issue. Fortunately for the president, this advice was not taken and his come-from-behind victory on NAFTA may have been his single biggest success with Congress.

Part of the trouble with the Clinton White House was the way it was organized, but Drew makes clear that the big problem was the president himself. He is after all the one who resisted the hierarchical structure used by many Republican presidents, preferring something more along the lines of the "spokes in the wheel" concept used by John F. Kennedy (whose own presidency, Richard Reeves makes clear in *President Kennedy*, was hardly free of chaos). The result was that a host of aides had access to the president and claims on his time. He liked it that way, at least at first, because it made him a part of every decision. Drew describes the marathon White House meetings on the first Clinton bud-

Brit Hume is the ABC News chief White House correspondent.

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get at which the president made line-item decisions on nearly everything while worn-out aides endured it as best they could. "As some of the meetings stretched to 8:00 or 9:00 P.M.," Drew writes, "someone would say, 'Mr. President, do you have time to go on?'—hoping, along with others who were also exhausted that he would call it quits. And Clinton would respond, 'Sure, let's continue.' One participant said, 'There would be almost audible groans in the room.' . . . As a meeting went on and on, he would often remark, 'This is fun.'"

Decisions that came out of such processes often turned out not to be final. On Bosnia, Drew reports, Clinton had already started to bail out on the idea of lifting the arms embargo and striking Serbian targets from the air, even as Warren Christopher was trying in vain to sell the European allies on the idea. When the president decided to fire Defense Secretary Aspin, he nearly backed out at the last minute. Drew describes an extraordinary circumstance in which Bobby Ray Inman was waiting in a Washington hotel for word that he would be named to succeed Aspin, while the president, having met with Aspin, had suddenly developed cold feet. A desperate David Gergen frantically telephoned Admiral William Crowe, who had been advising Clinton on defense matters since the campaign, to enlist his help. "It's unsettling around here," she quotes Gergen as saying. "We're about to lose our nerve." As it turned out, Clinton went ahead and fired Aspin, only to see Inman lose his own nerve in the face of criticism from *New York Times* columnist William Safire.

The author traces much of the Clinton White House's difficulties to the attitudes they brought with them from their years in Arkansas and their experiences in the presidential campaign. It is never easy to tell people who have just won the White House that they may not know what the hell they are doing, but the Clintons seemed especially oblivious. "As the confident new President took the oath of office," Drew writes, "he, his wife and his staff had no idea how unready they were to govern." She notes that he chose his cabinet first, with a by-the-numbers devotion to "diversity" that gave him such dillies as the ill-fated Mike Espy and Zoë Baird. Only afterward did he get around to choosing the White House staff, and did so with an aversion to Washington insiders. After all, the Clintons reckoned, they came here to change things, not to hang out with the usual crowd. "Clinton," Drew says, "was to pay a heavy price for waiting so long to choose his staff and for preferring inexperience." A heavy price indeed. Bernard Nussbaum, Mack McLarty, David Watkins, the late Vincent Foster, and even George Stephanopoulos all proved highly unsuited for the jobs to which they were originally appointed. Finding that out was a costly and painful process, one that cost Mr. Clinton the services of a couple of capable Washington veterans, senior adviser Roy Neel and chief lobbyist Howard Paster. They left, ostensibly for "family" reasons, but Drew reports that they both quit in frustration at their inability to do their jobs effectively in the floating-crap-game atmosphere of the Clinton White House.

Elizabeth Drew, a veteran Washington journalist and author, brings to this book no antipathy toward the Clintons. Her overall appraisals are forgiving, even favorable. Mr. Clinton, she writes, "was well-motivated and serious about using his time in office to serious purpose. He had a sense of where he wanted to take the country—even a 'vision'—and how he wanted to improve the lives and potential of its citizens." After two years, with his party in danger of a mass slaughter at the polls largely brought on by his unpopularity, Drew nonetheless writes, "Despite all the difficulties, Clinton had accomplished a great deal, and turned the country in a new direction." It will not be as clear to her readers that this is so.

But it is a tribute to her clear-eyed account that the reader feels no suspicion that her reporting is influenced by her sympathy for Mr. Clinton and his goals. Drew writes in an afterword that she has based her book on regular interviews with "every high official in the Clinton White House on the broad range of issues." She calls her reliance on these sources, who are not identified, as a "genre of middle-distance journalism, intended to catch events and people's involvement in them or reactions to them while they are still fresh." She has certainly done that, and in so doing, made an admirable contribution to the literature of the modern presidency. ❐

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JEWISH RENEWAL: A PATH TO HEALING AND TRANSFORMATION

Michael Lerner

Grosset–G.P. Putnam's Sons / 426 pages / $25.95

reviewed by ELLIOTT ABRAMS

Richard Brookhiser once famously said that the only distinction between the Democratic Party and Reform Judaism was the holidays. Here is the proof.

Michael Lerner is a longtime leftist activist and the editor of the left-wing Jewish magazine *Tikkun*. His brief stint as Hillary Clinton's guru brought him fame, so his new book, *Jewish Renewal*, has attracted considerable attention. It is Lerner's attempt to explain his view of Judaism, and it is well timed. The American Jewish community is engaged in an energetic self-examination, caused in part by the grim results of the 1990 National Jewish Population Study. With intermarriage rates way up and the Jewish population going down, Jews are wondering what they must do to reverse the present discouraging trends.

Lerner has a prescription, and in a word it is politics. Shorn of its annoying neologisms and psychobabble, Lerner's view is that Jews have a mission on earth. That mission is to "heal" the world, by which he means "heal" its class divisions and maldistribution of wealth. Jews are to be the "vanguard committed to healing and repairing the world," Lerner says, adapting the Leninist terminology.

"It was in the Torah," Lerner tells us, "that I learned a profound radicalism and a commitment to revolutionary transformation." Those who argue that the Torah is a profoundly conservative document, at odds with the moral relativism of our day, can be dismissed. There are, according to Lerner, two voices in the Torah, and the old-fashioned stuff "is not the voice of God." It is merely "the voice of accumulated pain" being transmitted by the mortals who conveyed God's word to us.

How, then, does one distinguish between God's true voice and "the voice of accumulated pain"? Take the case of homosexuality. The Torah could not be more straightforward, for it is written in Leviticus 18:22, "Do not lie with a male as one lies with a woman; it is abhorrence," and in Leviticus 20:13, "If a man lie with a male as one lies with a woman, the two of them have done an abhorrent thing. They shall be put to death." Is that not clear enough?

Not to Lerner. While Jewish tradition interprets the words as a prohibition on homosexual acts, Lerner calls that interpretation wrong. Jewish homosexuals "could agree to abide" by these verses because "the way they would lie with a male would be different from the way they would lie with a female."

Here Lerner twists the text to achieve his political goal, but that is not his usual method. More typically, he simply urges the infusion of politics into Judaism. He suggests that the ancient rules of *kashrut*, determining which foods are forbidden, be amended to "add a new code for eco-kosher practices" based on the goals of the ecological movement. "The bottom line for saving the planet," Lerner writes, "is this: we need to develop a worldwide plan for how to use the world's resources and how to distribute the world's wealth." Such faith in socialism and central planning is ludicrous, but attempting to wrap Judaism around it is repellent.

Lerner's handling of the Jewish holidays offers the best example of his warping of religion to serve his politics. The Passover seder must be used

> not just to talk about the good-old days, but to become actively engaged ourselves in planning how to transform the world. Passover seders should have this element of strategic focus—it's not just a ritual, it's an occasion to move forward the collective discussion about the strategy we are going to use to defeat the contemporary embodiments and successors to Roman imperialism.

The harvest holiday of Sukkot becomes "the time the community gathers to make concrete assessments of current ecological struggles, and develops strategies for how to strengthen ecological movements in the coming year."

Worse yet, Sabbath morning services must also include a political meeting:

> Jewish renewal does not accept the notion that the week's political events are somehow irrelevant or a distraction from Shabbat services. While specific political organizing strategies tend to be avoided because of the anxiety that would be provoked by having to debate them out, more theoretical analyses of contemporary situations are encouraged. The two things that are never ruled out of a Jewish-renewal community are God and politics.

Nor is Israel left unscathed by "Jewish renewal." Deprecating that country's security problems with Palestinian forces, Lerner urges a move to what he calls "post-Zionism." This form of "Zionism" he describes as competing with the one now extant in Israel, and his version, "based in Jewish renewal . . . will embrace the redemptive and liberatory

Elliott Abrams is a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute and the author of Undue Process: A Story of How Political Differences Are Turned Into Crimes *(Free Press).*

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aspects of Judaism, reject its racist and repressive aspects, and articulate a critique of the emerging world capitalist order." While "liberatory" is not actually a word, we get the gist. Post-Zionism, in the end, means Socialism and giving land to the PLO. Since early Zionism meant Socialism and giving land to the Jews, Lerner's redefinition will hardly strike most Jews as an improvement.

It is easy to make fun of the excesses Lerner indulges and advises. His book ends with a list of suggested new liturgical sources, and for the Sabbath services he proposes a prayer book called "Or Chadash: New Paths for Sabbath Mornings." This he describes as "an experimental loose-leaf *siddur* [prayer book] drawing together gender-balanced, dance- and movement-sensitive liturgical innovations." God spare us!

But Lerner deserves more than mockery, for his ideas are seriously bad. He emerges from his writing as a well-meaning, if often silly and confused, man, and the damage his proposals could do to contemporary Judaism is no joke.

For if there is one thing the Jewish community needs today, it is a revival of religiosity and a turn away from secularism and the politicization of religion. Too many Jews *already* have trouble distinguishing their religion from contemporary liberal cure-alls. At one level, Lerner understands this. He realizes that the secularization of our society is bad for religion in general, and for Jews as a small minority in particular. He also realizes that the left has contributed much to this problem. Here is his historical analysis:

> We were presented with secular and antispiritual social movements of democracy and individual rights, which had emerged in a struggle against feudalism. Rather than imagining a different possibility, a democratic movement that could validate the ethical and spiritual truths of our tradition, most Jews were so grateful for the chance to be accepted by non-Jews in any joint venture that they enthusiastically embraced the secular enlightenment of liberalism that was being offered, and even became its most outspoken advocates. The tragedy of contemporary Jewish history is that the only way available for us to achieve liberation from previous systems of oppression has been to identify with a secularist form of thinking that belies the deepest truths that we have been fighting to preserve throughout our Jewish history.

Now what should Jews do? Lerner's reply is that

> It does not follow that Jewish secularism must be abandoned. But secularism . . . needs to be reconstituted in ways that acknowledge the ethical, spiritual, and psychological concerns that have often been ignored or denied in the various materialist forms of secular thought. . . . Secularists need to address the ways that society systematically frustrates these meaning needs, and then to develop a "politics of meaning" that aims to achieve societal transformations aiming to eliminate those aspects of our economic and political life that frustrate our meaning needs.

Putting aside, again, babble like "meaning needs" and looking at the substance, Lerner is simply contradicting himself. While he seems, on page after page, to recognize man's search for the spiritual, his answer to that longing is more politics—to be precise, a "politics of meaning" in the phrase he and Hillary made famous. Man's search for meaning cannot, he understands, be satisfied in Freudian psychology, Marxism, or science, but it is to be found in an equally secular political quest nonetheless. Judaism is, to him, a religion whose whole point is politics, and "healing" the world turns out to be awfully close to adopting the usual environmental, economic, and sociological nostrums of the left. And Jewish renewal turns out to be little more than, well, as Brookhiser put it, the Democratic Party with holidays.

In its way, *Jewish Renewal* is, as publishers like to hear, an important book. Its suggestions to the Jewish community are precisely wrong; its remedies for the decline in that community are exactly incorrect. Lerner's own search for meaning has led him from politics, through religion, and then back again. His proposals, if adopted, would decimate the Jewish community like a plague. The effort to turn Jews into some sort of revolutionary vanguard for ecology and welfare benefits is ridiculous, and it is hard to think of anyone taking it very seriously—even Hillary Clinton. ❐

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MY LIFE AS A RADICAL LAWYER

William M. Kunstler with Sheila Isenberg

Birch Lane Press–Carol Publishing / 414 pages / $22.50

reviewed by JOE QUEENAN

Last winter I was a guest on a BBC radio program with the radical lawyer William Kunstler and the irrepressible MTV deejay Kennedy. The subject was the Reginald Denny trial, which had just reached its improbable dénouement after the disoriented L.A. truck driver publicly forgave his attackers for their repeated lapses of taste in cracking his skull open during the Rodney King riot. Kennedy, perhaps the only Republican ever to appear on MTV, spent a lot of time making fun of Mr. Kunstler. So did I, noting that Denny's general absolution proved he had sustained far more serious cranial injuries than any of us had suspected.

Kunstler gamely chuckled through our jibes, clinging to his novel theory that the Rodney King disturbance was not so much a riot as a spontaneous uprising by an enslaved people against their oppressors. This being the case, Denny's beating was not a capricious act of senseless violence by a bunch of sociopaths, but an act of insurrection, fraught with political significance, carried out by an aroused citizenry. Although Kunstler did not approve of the beating, he felt it was important to place it in its proper context.

Afterwards, the three of us had a nice chat, mostly about Kunstler's burgeoning acting career (he played a judge in Spike Lee's *Malcolm X*, and was left on the cutting-room floor of Brian De Palma's *Carlito's Way*). Kunstler in person was a relaxed, avuncular figure, all hugs and chuckles, who seemed determined to get the fetching Kennedy to share a cab downtown with him. The fact that we had just spent the last 30 minutes ridiculing his ludicrous theories didn't make the slightest bit of difference to him. He didn't take any of this personally. He knew that we had our jobs to do. Our job was to make fun of his preposterous arguments. His job was to ignore us. His job was to perform. He was a consummate professional.

This sense of the lawyer as performing artist, blithely sequestered from reality, animates Kunstler's autobiography *My Life as a Radical Lawyer*, co-written by the previously obscure Sheila Isenberg. In it, Kunstler portrays himself as a man who has long been committed to the plight of the underdog, as evidenced by his work with Martin Luther King and the Freedom Riders in the 1960s, and with John Gotti, Colin Ferguson, and the guys who tried to blow up the World Trade Center in the 1990s.

Readers will have trouble understanding how a lawyer who started out defending oppressed Southern blacks and jailed civil rights workers ended up cashing checks from mobsters and terrorists. But to Kunstler, it all adds up: the capitalist-pig government is evil, so those persecuted by that government must, in some way, be good. As he writes, "I am committed to taking somewhat politically incorrect causes in part because, over the years, my perception of good and evil has changed dramatically. I cannot regard someone like John Gotti as more evil than someone in George Bush's position."

That's George "The Ice Man" Bush, and his moll Babs.

Kunstler has certainly had an interesting life. The son of a New York proctologist and the grandson of the New York baseball Giants' team physician, Kunstler attended Yale, served with distinction in the South Pacific during World War II, wrote poetry, maintained an active correspondence with Dylan Thomas, and went to law school with Roy Cohn, whom he once recommended for a job. In a career of amazing diversity, he once drafted a will for Joe McCarthy, shot heroin in a bathroom with comedian Lenny Bruce, and toasted a group of mobster clients by saying, "Here's to crime."

The William Kunstler we know today, of course, came into being in 1969 during the circus trial of the Chicago Seven. Until then, Kunstler had been a relatively low-key lawyer who worked in the civil rights movement. But after the festivities in Chicago, Kunstler became one of the most recognizable legal figures in the country, a man whose name first became synonymous with seemingly hopeless causes, then with hopeless causes, and finally with worthless causes.

Desperately craving the spotlight—a passion he does not deny—Kunstler in recent years has taken fewer and fewer cases in which the rights of certifiable underdogs are in question, and more and more cases that smell to high heaven. This is the reason Kunstler is as disliked by certain liberals as he is by conservatives. A generation ago, a significant number of Americans were right there in Kunstler's office when he defended Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, the Freedom Riders, and even when he negotiated with the doomed jailbirds at Attica State prison. But now that he has taken to defending scum, Kunstler is an increasingly isolated figure. Kunstler, who at one point likens himself to David battling Goliath, underscores his loose grip on reality with this bizarre reading of an American literary classic:

> In *Moby Dick*, Melville's theme of the never-ending conflict between good and evil was personified by the obsessed Captain Ahab's pursuit of the white whale. Like Ahab the activists of the Sixties were devoted, involved and committed to the eternal war between good and evil. They also believed they could win. They were reinforced by their own exuberance and by the sheer numbers of oppressed people rising up and shouting: Screw You! No More! We want change!

Actually, this is not the way Captain Ahab is portrayed in *Cliff's Notes*, but let us hear Kunstler out:

Joe Queenan is the author of If You're Talking to Me, Your Career Must Be in Trouble *(Hyperion).*

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Even though Ahab did not bring down the white whale and ended up sacrificing his life as well as the lives of his crew, the youngest member of the crew, Ismael, survived and went back to sea. There may be climactic victories, no perfect green pastures, in the human rights struggles of today and tomorrow, but we must never fail to strive for a beachhead hero, and a beachhead there. Like Ismael, we must always go back to the sea.

Along the way, Kunstler's anchor in the sea of sanity seems to have come loose. ❐

DICTATORSHIP OF VIRTUE: MULTICULTURALISM AND THE BATTLE FOR AMERICA'S FUTURE

Richard Bernstein

Alfred A. Knopf / 367 pages / $25

reviewed by M.D. CARNEGIE

Every year the undergraduate newspaper at the University of Pennsylvania, the *Daily Pennsylvanian*, carries a single conservative column. Gregory Pavlik was the writer of that column during the 1992-93 academic year, and drew a lot of attention from his fellow students and the university administration. Pavlik opined that affirmative action contradicts the American principle of equal treatment for all; he also recounted the stale old news that Martin Luther King, Jr. was an adulterer and a plagiarist. Hardly incendiary material in the normal, free exchange of ideas.

That was not the way campus authorities saw it. First, the university's Judicial Inquiry Office called to tell Pavlik he would be the subject of an investigation. The charge: racial harassment, in the form of the opinions he expressed in his columns. Pavlik was told the charges against him would be dropped if he agreed to a meeting with the thirty-one students who had accused him. He refused. In protest, a group of black students stole and destroyed a press run of the newspaper. They reiterated the racial harassment charge, and defended their own actions as an example of free expression. The university finally agreed not to prosecute Pavlik, after a faculty member warned it might not be the best thing to punish one of its students for what he wrote in the school paper.

The story has a final, improbable twist: The only people finally punished for the incident were the police who arrested the students who destroyed the papers. One officer was suspended, and a follow-up report by the university recommended that the campus police begin keeping race and sex information on their detainees, "to determine if [arrest policy] has an adverse impact on any groups and if the policy is applied in a consistent, non-discriminatory manner."

If you have the inclination to see Gregory Pavlik's story as an isolated case of sensitivity run amok, Richard Bernstein's *Dictatorship of Virtue* will disabuse you of the notion. Bernstein, a reporter for the *New York Times*, has written a report that catalogues so many such abuses that it becomes impossible to consider them exceptions that prove fairness and honesty to be the general rule.

Indeed, the only thing fair and honest in this book is Bernstein's reporting; these tales of idiocy and intolerance read like a reference source for *1984*. Advanced Placement European History, widely regarded as the best and most challenging course at Brookline High School in Massachusetts, is slated to be abolished in favor of a course in "government," in which the student takes an internship in a local or state agency. A small group of parents protests the change, noting that several graduates of the course have gone on to Ph.D.s in history, while more than a dozen others are history teachers in other schools. The dissenters are lambasted as "vigilantes" and "intellectual imperialists." A social studies teacher defends the abolition of the course in a strident letter to the local newspaper, listing historical "greats" from other cultures that ought to be studied instead. Great, except she misspells "Gandhi."

A professor of English at the University of New Hampshire was found guilty of sexual harassment stemming from a classroom lecture in which he said, "Focus is like sex. You zero in on your subject. You seek a target. You move from side to side. You close in on the subject. You bracket the subject and center on it. Focus connects experience and language. You and the subject become one." It may not be pedagogy at the level of Quintilian, but is it enough to destroy the career of a thirty-year veteran with tenure? As the incident gathered steam around the school, other students started piling on additional charges. The teacher was eventually suspended without pay after an alleged remark about a female student was reported by a third party; the supposedly "harassed" person never heard a thing.

Bernstein allows that he himself is a liberal, one who is sympathetic to multiculturalism's goals—equal opportunity and justice for all—but who feels that the reactionary forces of the left have simply gone too far. The stories Bernstein relates surely support that sentiment, but in the end he seems unwilling to draw the necessary lessons from them. While he may be correct in arguing that our obsession with racial "diversity" and "inclusion" is a direct outgrowth of the civil rights movement, Bernstein does not go so far as to conclude what most conservatives take for granted—that, in the end, a "bias-free environment" is an abstraction that can be neither effected nor managed by institutions such as universities and governments.

Bernstein's book is a tiny but unmistakable sign, I think, that relatively normal, middle-class Americans of all political bent are growing less tolerant of the foolishness about sensitivity and identity victimization. And that, of course, is what conservative thinkers have known for quite some time: if you force "tolerance" down someone's throat, he is sure to grow less tolerant. ❐

M. D. Carnegie is a frequent contributor to The American Spectator.

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NO ORDINARY TIME: FRANKLIN AND ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: THE HOME FRONT IN WORLD WAR II

Doris Kearns Goodwin

Simon & Schuster / 759 pages / $30

reviewed by JOSEPH SHATTAN

With *No Ordinary Time,* Doris Kearns Goodwin has produced a history of Franklin and (especially) Eleanor Roosevelt's years in the White House that is cause for celebration. Granted, it is written at the level of an intelligent eighth-grader. It contains not a single new insight, not a single sparkling sentence, not even a single map. It does, however, contain a floor plan of the second story of the Roosevelt White House that carefully explains who slept where—just the kind of striking detail a twelve- or thirteen-year-old might relish before moving on to high school.

Do you know "the nightly ritual Roosevelt followed as he tried to fall asleep in the middle of the war"? Can you picture "how the president's face would light up when his daughter, Anna, walked into the room"? Are you fascinated by the White House butler's recollection of Winston Churchill, "standing in his long underwear, demanding a 90-year-old brandy in his White House suite every night"? These are the sort of vivid and arresting anecdotes that make history come alive for young readers, and Mrs. Goodwin provides them in abundance.

Eggheads, neocons, and other killjoys might question the propriety of treating the great and terrible events of World War II as little more than the backdrop for a lengthy, White House–based soap opera, but who are we to judge? How many of our children have heard of Churchill, Stalin, de Gaulle? For that matter, how many adults know who Harry Hopkins was, or Bernard Baruch, or John Lewis? Isn't it important to introduce young readers to these great historical personages in a "reader-friendly" fashion, while leaving the complicated diplomacy and strategy for grad school? Think of *No Ordinary Time* as the literary equivalent of midnight basketball—a way of reaching out to the kids.

To be sure, FDR's marital infidelities and Mrs. Roosevelt's unconventional private life raise complicated issues. Eleanor's barely repressed lesbianism might be difficult for a young person to comprehend. When she writes to her great friend, Lorena Hickock, "Hick darling, I want to put my arms around you, to hold you close," and when Hick replies, "Most clearly I remember your eyes . . . and the feeling of that soft spot just northeast of the corner of your mouth against my lips," what is the intelligent eighth-grader to think?

And the first lady's insistence, which Mrs. Goodwin cites repeatedly and approvingly, that, "the war would not be worth winning if the old order of things prevailed" in the United States—was this a reasonable position for Mrs. Roosevelt to take? Did an imperfect America have no moral right to wage and win a war against Nazi Germany? Against the Soviet Union? The gifted social studies instructor could organize many animated debates around this crucial and controversial issue.

Or consider the role of the media during FDR's presidency. Mrs. Goodwin makes it clear that reporters collaborated with the White House in disguising President Roosevelt's disability. As a result, most Americans hadn't the vaguest idea that the man they had elected president for four consecutive terms was a paraplegic. Was this unusual state of affairs part of what Eleanor called the "old order of things" that needed to be swept away? Again, there is much room for spirited discussion here.

Of particular interest to me is the relationship between Eleanor Roosevelt and Joseph P. Lash. Mrs. Roosevelt, it seems, was on poor terms with her four sons, but on the most intimate terms with the youthful student activist. "I believe Eleanor sort of fell in love with Joe Lash and began to feel like a young woman again," observes Lash's friend, the eminent scholar Lewis Feuer, and her letters to Lash bear Feuer out. "I'd like to believe you had a *right* to my love and interest," goes one such letter. Another reads, "Separation between people who love each other makes the reunion always like a new discovery. You forget how much you love certain movements of the hands or the glance in the person's eyes or how nice it is to sit in the same room and look at their back." (For his part, the object of Eleanor's love could think of nothing more apt than to note in his diary, "She personifies my belief and faith in the possibility of the social democratic way instead of the communist.")

Call me a fuddy-duddy if you will, but these passionate avowals of love made by a 60-year-old woman to a man half her age strike me as strange. Stranger still is that when Lash published his massive, Pulitzer Prize–winning biography of Eleanor Roosevelt in 1971,

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he never mentioned these letters, let alone the feelings that inspired them. This raises a troubling question: Can a man carry on an intense relationship with an older woman for many years, then write an objective biography of her?

There is, then, much food for thought in Mrs. Goodwin's book. I warmly second the respectful reviews it has received from some of our most eminent historians. My quarrel is with the book-review editors who insist on treating it as a serious work of history written for grown-ups and refuse to place it in the Young Readers' section, where it could do so much more good. ❐

ALL'S FAIR: LOVE, WAR, AND RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT

Mary Matalin and James Carville, with Peter Knobler

Random House and Simon & Schuster / 493 pages / $24

reviewed by JOHN PODHORETZ

I am writing this review of *All's Fair* under protest. It is the obligation of every book reviewer to read every word of the book he is reviewing, and I have fulfilled my obligation. But I am full of gall and wormwood, because I know its authors have not actually written it—and I would demand to see an affidavit before I believed they had even actually *read* it. For Mary Matalin and James Carville have been far too busy over the past few years converting themselves from real live human beings into Disneyland figures, famous-for-being-famous spouses who happily insult each other publicly in the opening joke of a speech or the closing joke of a nightly cable show. Where would they possibly find the time to read a 493-page volume, even if their names are on the dust jacket, the spine, and the title page?

The person who carved their notes and mutterings into this he-said-she-said account of the lives, triumphs, tragedies, passions, and presidential campaign experiences of Matalin the Bushie and Carville the Clintonite is a long-suffering soul named Peter Knobler. He has managed to make moderately interesting an account in which you cannot be sure a single anecdote is being told honestly or straightforwardly.

That would be a heroic accomplishment if there were any reason for this book to exist in the first place. There is not. After all, nobody actually expects you to read *All's Fair*, not really. The decision of rival publishers Random House and Simon & Schuster to issue the book jointly—a ridiculously self-conscious parallel to the union discussed in its pages—is testimony to the contempt with which this entire project was conceived, sold, produced, and marketed.

The book, like the relationship itself, is what Hollywood calls "high-concept"—you can sum it up in a sentence, like "Bus will blow up if it goes less than 50 miles an hour." Once you get past the fact that Matalin is a Republican who worked for Bush and Carville is a Democrat who worked for Clinton, there's nothing left. Is there something about Mary's bootstraps ideology that attracts James? And does James's bleeding heart make Mary's sing?

They say nothing about that, probably because she doesn't have an ideology and he doesn't have a bleeding heart—these are political operatives, who carry around their contempt for the centrality of ideas in politics like a badge of honor. Oh, sure, they pay obeisance to the governing philosophies of their respective parties, but I doubt they mean it. Mary Matalin calls herself a conservative, but she was legendary in the 1992 election cycle for her tone-deafness about the vitality of the conservative message. She clings to every last stupid idea about why Bush lost—it was Quayle's fault, we were badly organized, the economy was sour, Perot was crazy, the Houston convention was full of hate—which is yet another indication that her vaunted tactical abilities are a matter of Washington myth. Politics is entirely personal for Matalin. She loves Rush Limbaugh the same way she loved George Bush—because they were both nice to her.

Carville is more troubling, because he clearly knows that his main political skills are encouraging candidates to be demagogic, to appeal to the lowest forms of envy and rage in an electorate, and to play dirty. It's inarguable that his counsel has helped get people elected. It has also helped to destroy them once they are in office, as we are seeing with Bill Clinton today. Run your candidate on a platform of class resentment and the minute he has the reins of power that very resentment will turn on him.

Given the emptiness with which these two approach their profession, the emptiness at the center of this book isn't surprising. These are two people whose most intimate moments are now objects of the same sort of "spin" they provide to political candidates, so you cannot take even the expression of their private thoughts or fears seriously. Is there any reason to believe that Carville's portrait of Hillary Clinton, for whom he may well work in 1996, is entirely frank? And what of Matalin's nauseating and repeated praise for *Washington Post* White House reporter Ann Devroy, whose virulent bias against Matalin's candidate was an ongoing Washington scandal throughout the Bush presidency?

There's something obscene about this kind of log-rolling. It's one thing to use newspaper columns and soundbite quotes to curry favor and reward friends, but it's quite another to do it in hardcover. You expect a certain honesty from a book, but buying and reading a book like *All's Fair* is a little like having your pocket picked and your brain vacuumed. Don't let them do it to you. ❐

John Podhoretz is the author of Hell of a Ride: Backstage at the White House Follies 1989-1993 *(Simon & Schuster) and the television critic of the* New York Post.

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CORRESPONDENCE
(continued from page 10)

was difficult to flick his cigar ash out, and, oh my God, I don't know how he suffered through it, the car lacked sufficient air conditioning to cool his mass.

"Boom, Squeal, Boom, Squeal, Yip Yip Yip, P. J.," the article in *Automobile* was aptly titled.

By the way, there certainly has been a lot of whining from the likes of Buchanan, North, Robertson, Falwell, Limbaugh, Liddy, Brock, Bennett, Cheney, Schlafly, Tyrrell, Pleszczynski et al. since November 1992, now hasn't there. I guess O'Rourke can't hear that over the roar of the Bugatti. Get a life, boys and girls . . . Bush lost!

—Pat Henry
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"Pull your pants up, turn your hat around, and get a job." This was the perfect ending to a great piece of journalism. Articles like "Fashionable Worries" are why I subscribe to *The American Spectator*.

—Daniel Wolleson
Winnsboro, Louisiana

I have but one thing to say to P.J. O'Rourke: *Thanks, I needed that!*

—George Causey
Crystal River Ranch, Washington

A Class Act Classic

I thoroughly enjoyed Christopher Caldwell's review of *Mrs. Thatcher's Minister* in *TAS* for October, but, in the interest of accuracy, please allow me to point out that an SS 100 is nothing so stodgy as a Rolls Royce.

The SS 100 is a Jaguar, a classic rendition of English sports car design of the late-twenties, early-thirties school; a no-nonsense two-seater. Note Clark's reference to the "long louvered bonnet" and "the racing diamond tread of its 18-inch wheels."

The last one I saw in ordinary day-to-day use was on the RAF base in the Aden Protectorate in 1953. Now they're polished, pampered, seldom driven except at enthusiast meets or for period-piece television films, and sell for dismally expensive prices.

—Robert J. Powers
Col., USAF (Ret.)
Shreveport, Louisiana

It's Arthur Miller Time

I would like to add to Joe Queenan's analysis of *Snapshots From Hell: The Making of an MBA*, by Peter Robinson. I did think that it was an excellent book and many of the experiences faced by Robinson in his course work would be true of most MBA programs nationwide. However, as a graduate of the Texas Tech University MBA program, let me say that not all MBA graduates will be as fortunate as Robinson come graduation time.

Robinson writes that entering business school enabled him to get a taste of investment banking during a summer internship and allowed him to receive offers from the likes of Robert Maxwell, Steve Jobs, and Rupert Murdoch. This is not the case with the typical MBA student, unless such a student attends a Top 10 business school. Many of my classmates in the Class of 1992 were fortunate to receive job offers in the low twenties with small to mid-size regional businesses. For them, the only advantage of possessing an MBA was that it gave them an edge over marginal undergraduates pursuing lower-level positions. Not only that, but darn few corporations came to campus offering summer internships. Robinson does state that an MBA is a "yuppie union card"; perhaps what he meant to say was that an MBA from a top-flight program is.

This is not to denigrate the MBA degree or Texas Tech University. I was fortunate to make numerous friendships while in graduate school, as well as learn much about the workings of business enterprises. . . . The liberals I often confronted in the business school lounge would argue constantly with me over how much better society would be if businesses were forced to "do what is right." Such people had absolutely no idea the misery faced by the "little guys" trying to build a successful business enterprise in the face of unmerciful government mandates.

I agree with Robinson that much of the MBA curriculum is irrelevant because it is often taught by out-of-touch individuals who have never had a job outside of academia. I found that the most useful courses were those taught by professors who had returned to school to receive their doctorates following a stint in the "real world." . . .

As for the usefulness of my MBA, I can say that this credential will eventually lead to more opportunity than would simply obtaining an undergraduate business degree. So far, the only opportunity the MBA has provided me was getting me assigned to the most work intensive department at my current company following completion of the training program. Although I am gaining additional knowledge compared to my non-MBA counterparts in other parts of the company, I am also working longer hours and putting up with less-pleasant working conditions for the same salary and benefits. However, if I can tolerate these lousy conditions for another ten to fifteen years before I burn out or resign, perhaps the degree will finally enable me to surpass those not possessing similar academic credentials. . . .

—Chris Roberts
Sweetwater, Tennessee

Animal Farm

What was James Herriot doing in "The Continuing Crisis" column (*TAS*, October 1994)? Has R. Emmett ever read *All Creatures Great and Small*? RET makes James Herriot out to be some kind of animal rights/tree hugger wacko. Herriot is simply an uncommonly skillful writer of heart-warming apolitical stories based on his life as a country vet. Geees, lighten up. In his "ironic" stories Herriot is "butted and trampled" by the animals more often than not. While I am a fan of RET, in my opinion Herriot, the "dotty Brit," could write circles around certain Editors-in-Chief. Heart-warming may not be popular among The Elite, but a lot of us regular folks (apparently millions) need a dose once in a while.

—Raymond Smith
Germantown, Maryland

California Vistas

While I agree with most of Tom Bethell's October column ("Bearish on California"), I must take issue with two points raised. First, Bethell states that "illegal immigrants are not in fact the cause of California's problems." While illegal aliens may not be the cause, they are certainly a major cause of my state's woes. California's recent budgetary problems are due in part to the billions spent every year on educating, incarcerating, and providing social services to illegals. The massive black market in

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fake documents also enables thousands of illegals to jump on the welfare and food stamp rolls.

Second, Bethell states that "illegals have jobs that Americans refuse to take." This assertion is simply ludicrous! Who did all of the work before massive illegal immigration took place? The answer is American citizens and legal residents. Illegals, many of whom are paid below market wages by unscrupulous employers, have taken jobs away from low-income Americans.

While Bethell adequately discusses the burdens of illegal immigration, I don't think that many others residing in the "Beltway" appreciate the gravity of the illegal alien situation in California. As a life-long Angeleno, I can tell you that we are being practically overrun by out-of-control illegal immigration. We are a nation of laws, and this violation of our sovereignty must end.

—Jeffrey A. Hartwick
Los Angeles, California

Tom Bethell's "Bearish on California" could have noted that Oliver North's campaign for the Senate from Virginia is another example of "the old cliché that national trends begin in California." That is that the North candidacy shows that many more people from as far away as California are also supporting his race to the U.S. Senate for the very same reasons that Virginians are going to vote for him, namely, because he represents our views more than those from our own states. As a friend recently observed, senators now really represent their favorite PACs rather than the citizens of their states so it is entirely necessary and proper for people like me to seek our representation in the federal Congress no matter what state the representatives come from.

As a consequence, many Californians are going to do as I am doing, hold my nose and vote for Mr. Huffington for senator from California (though without any enthusiasm such as I had in voting for the very wise and principled Bruce Herschensohn two years ago), but I'm sending both my financial and emotional support to Oliver North to really represent me in the Senate on the issues I deem most important: equal protection of the laws for all (not reverse discrimination in behalf of the politically favored), limiting the federal government to its enumerated powers, opposing federal funding of abortion-on-demand, term limits, etc. Finally, to those who decry North's great "crime" of lying to Congress, I ask why they should care when they themselves have voted for and continue to support President Clinocchio who lies nearly every time he opens his mouth.

—Alfred Lindeman
U.S. Administrative Law Judge
Greenbrae, California

Gerrymeandering

I would like to applaud Terry Eastland's reasoned discussion of the *Holder* v. *Hall* decision in your September 1994 issue ("The Bad Brother"). Gerrymandering, racial and otherwise, is a topic of vital importance. Yet, during this summer of Whitewater, Haiti, Cuba, health care, and crime bills, the whole subject seems to have dropped off the radar screen.

Justice Thomas's opinion makes several salient points, beginning with what should be an obvious one about what the Voting Rights Act actually says and including the observation that the assumption that members of a minority have a common political outlook, merely because they are members of that group, is itself racist. But it stops short of discussing the fundamental issue of the anti-democratic nature of gerrymandering, whatever its goal.

It may or may not be a basic premise of our system that minority views in the populace should be represented by appropriate minorities in our legislatures. But I am sure that we can all agree that the principle that majority views should hold a majority in our legislatures is truly fundamental to the republic. Yet we allow gerrymandering to subvert this obvious fairness. The most starkly illustrative example that can be cited is that of the New York state legislature. It is divided into two houses, a Senate and an Assembly, each of which has been traditionally allowed to redraw its own district boundaries every ten years. And for about as long as anyone can remember, the Senate has been Republican-controlled and the Assembly Democrat-controlled. Surely, one of these bodies does not represent the views of the majority of New Yorkers.

As a computer programmer, I cannot help feeling that our centuries-old tolerance for gerrymandering has been overtaken by technology. Two hundred years ago, the system of allowing politicians to draw district lines could be defended with two arguments. First, that since the process of creating districts of equal population is so arduous, there is a natural constraint on how widely the politicians may search for a map that is advantageous to their party. And second, since some human must draw the lines, it might as well be done by appropriate elected officials. With the advent of cheap and powerful computers, both of these arguments are now obsolescent.

Computers have allowed the exploration of new, and increasingly ridiculous, frontiers in gerrymandering. The North Carolina congressional district that travels 160 miles along Interstate 40, exiting when it reaches a city only long enough to encompass inner-city residents before moving on, is a celebrated example and one that would have been virtually impossible to construct without the aid

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of computers. But there are even more spectacular examples of politically inspired cartographic creativity. A few years ago, when New York City was drawing districts for its new City Council, it was actually proposed that one district might run over the Williamsburg Bridge while another crossed under the bridge, along the Brooklyn waterfront.

At the same time, computers have introduced the prospect that we might be able to remove the inherently biased humans from the process of drawing district lines altogether. A state could decree a basic formula for drawing the map of its congressional districts and use the map that best satisfies it. For example, the map could be the one that (a) has districts with population differences of less than 0.01 percent, (b) does not divide any zip codes (or census tracts, or town lines, or whatever might be appropriate) between districts, and (c) minimizes the total length of all district boundaries in the state. Barring the freakish possibility of a tie on the third item, there should be only one such map for any state, which a computer should be able to find. That map would contain fair, compact, and—best of all—arbitrary districts, free from the taint of political slant.

—Nathan Eigerman
Boston, Massachusetts

Tearing Into Stein

Ben Stein's Diary is far and away the most clever and original approach to the socio-political concerns that dominate Hollywood in the 1990s. His Diary is always the first department to receive my attention and I wish that it was located closer to the front of the journal (cover page) so I wouldn't have to disfigure the preceding articles while tearing through the pages to reach it.

—Desmond Estees
Chicago, Illinois

Ben Stein comes late to the awareness that the difference in life between those who have human capital—education, money, connections—and those who don't "is like the difference between being buried alive and being alive above ground" ("Unmaskings, *TAS*, October 1994). The prematurely interred sense this—know it—all their lives, and it is the reason why leftist/Marxist morality and politics, class envy, appears to most people to be intuitively correct, an accurate description of the social world. This perception is the reason why capitalism remains eternally tainted with the residues of the feudal system, and why its morality is counterintuitive, why the story of the "self-made man" seems like a self-justifying, kitsch mythology. Dwelling in Hollywood as a Republican mole makes Stein feel like a brave martyr. The fact is, he has much more in common with human capital–endowed showbiz leftists than he does with the audience degraded by the industry and its product. Unless one is a leftist, it is impossible to be "with and against." Stein is not buried alive. He's alive and well, above ground, circulating with the stars, a blue dwarf amongst red giants.

—Omar Ramo
Venice, California

Unlike Hillary Rodham, Benjamin Stein knows what a conflict of interest is, but he doesn't know much about ancient Rome ("Laughing All the Way," *TAS*, November 1994). Juvenal published his satires in the second century, under the emperors Trajan and Hadrian, not "in the days before Augustus." His poems appeal to modern readers because, like us, Juvenal was living at a time when the ordinary citizen not only had been reduced to a political spectator, but had long grown accustomed to his impotence.

"Consulship" was not a stage on the Romans' "long, slow slide . . . into dictatorship." The consuls were the supreme magistrates of the Republic from its beginning in 510 B.C., when the Etruscan kings were driven from Rome. It was not a growth in consular power that created Caesar, but the abuse of military commands, converting the state's legions into personal armies. And even then, it took 400 years for the Roman Republic to degenerate into tyranny. Our own slide has been much faster.

Incidentally, Stonewall Jackson commanded infantry, not cavalry.

Alas, Tommy, your father doesn't know everything.

—Mark Edens
Springfield, Tennessee

Clinton Era Conundrums

I am having great difficulty in making a decision on whether to make a monetary contribution to either the Clinton legal defense fund or to the defense fund for Carlos the Jackal. Your council would be greatly appreciated. Please advise.

—Zak Arthur Klemmer
Tucson, Arizona

Could money from the Crime Bill be used to investigate the 300 employees in the White House without security clearance? *—Eleanore Speicher*
Kenmore, New York

Clinton Era Cancellation

Please cancel my subscription. When I first subscribed to the *Spectator*, it was a witty, intelligent, well-written sheet with opinions with which I could heartily agree or disagree—unlike most mishmash passed off as "commentary." With the accession of the Clintons to the White House, however, it has become puerile, nasty, and irrelevant. (It still is, admittedly, well-written.)

—Samuel Reifler
Clinton Corners, New York

CLINTON'S ARKANSAS

(continued from page 61)

check," he says. McDougal would make up the difference between the funds actually contributed by the nominal donor and the inflated amount on the checks. The source remembers having written several small contribution checks during this election cycle and suspects that Wright may have "dummied up" the amount.

The source states unequivocally that Clinton was privy to the financial manipulations that his campaign carried out in conjunction with McDougal.

The source says the subject of the bogus cashier's checks first flared up during the campaign, when a non-contributor called the campaign to complain about a contribution falsely attributed to him. This contretemps, according to the source, prompted Clinton to explain that "that was the way to get money out of Madison." In fact, the source recalls, Clinton would marvel at McDougal's uncanny ability to make "McDollars" materialize: "He would make remarks to the effect that 'McDougal is a goofy SOB, but he can sure raise a lot of money.'" In fact, the source claimed Clinton used to say, "I never had a cash cow like that before."

Clinton personal lawyer David Kendall described the allegations as "false, anonymous, and scurrilous." ❐

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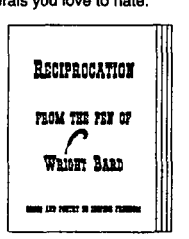

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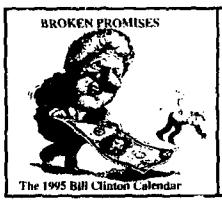

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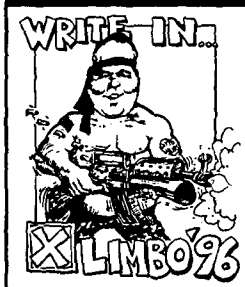

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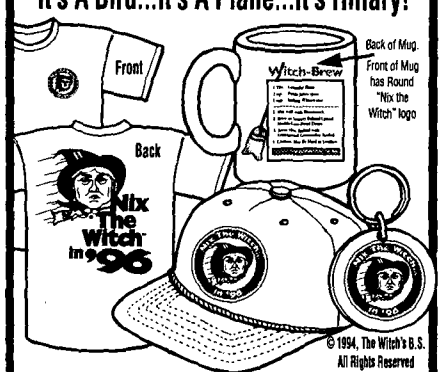

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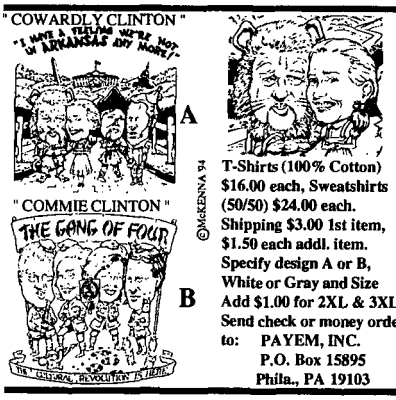

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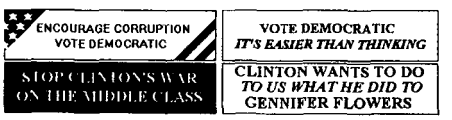
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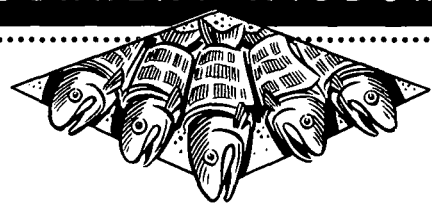

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Jail is not as bad as you might imagine. When I say jail, I don't mean prison. Prison is the kind of place you see in old movies or public television documentaries, those enormous gray places with guard towers at each corner and curly strips of razor wire going round and round like a loop-the-loop atop the high fence. Prison is where they hit the bars with metal spoons, plan insurrection in the yard, and take the smallest boy—the one in on a first offense—into the shower room, while the guards pretend not to look and leave him to find his own way out, blood trickling palely, crimson mixed with milky white, down the backs of his hairless thighs, the shadows at the backs of his eyes changed forever.

Or at least that's what I've always imagined prison was like.

[from One True Thing *by Anna Quindlen, Random House, 289 pages, $22]*

San Francisco Chronicle

What happens when a Beverly Hills urologist flies into gaudy San Francisco, as reported in that city's incomparable *Chronicle*:

The men with the surgically enlarged penises were to call after 8 p.m.

At 8:30, the phone rang.

"Uh, hello," an older male voice said, "Mickey at Dr. Barron's office referred me here?"

Mickey is Mickey Mesa, the buff, blow-dried, flawlessly tanned salesman who screens patients for Dr. Rodney S. Barron. Barron, a Beverly Hills urologist, flies into San Francisco International Airport every week to spend one or two days enlarging penises in Santa Clara.

[October 3, 1994]

Washington Post

From Donna Shalala's "Top Ten Reasons Why We Should Keep Health Care Reform Alive," evidently compiled by the Government Accounting Office:

In 1993, President Clinton and Congress enacted the most far-reaching deficit-reduction package in our nation's history. As a result, the federal budget deficit has declined in each of the last three years.

[October 10, 1994]

Independent Florida Alligator

A concerned American writes to the student newspaper at the University of Florida after a harrowing experience with the cheerleaders at a UF volleyball game has driven her to despair and—not so bad this—to scholarly reflection into the onomastics of "KILL!":

I am writing to express my concern over the repeated and vehement "KILL!" shouted over the loudspeaker at UF volleyball games.

My young children, husband, and I frequently attend home matches and consider it an enjoyable and affordable way to support UF athletics and show our Gator spirit together as a family.

I am greatly bothered and offended that it seems necessary to include such a violent word at this sporting event. I am wondering if it is, in fact, an authentic volleyball term used in the game or if it is just being said as an expression of enthusiasm.

Whatever the case, perhaps another word, such as "POINT!" or "SPIKE!" could be substituted.

Unfortunately, I am all too aware of the violence occurring around the Gainesville area, and the memory of the student murders still haunts us all. I implore you to please take the violence out of this nonviolent, family-attended sport. Let's not even subliminally suggest to "KILL!"

[September 27, 1994]

Seattle Times

Mr. Tom Phalen, celebrated musicol-ogist and devotee of Seattle palm reader Rosie Rose, waxes poetic on the gifted Trent Reznor's recent con-cert to an audience of Future Farmers of America, trial-lawyers-to-be, real-estate-salespersons-to-be and other happy converts to the bourgeoisie:

On his recordings Reznor is the eye of the hurricane, almost dispassionate in the dense maelstrom he almost solely creates. Cool reasoning in a bed of lava. On stage he was the firestorm. He stopped moving just long enough to strangle the micro-phone and purge himself. Only the crew ran as fast as Reznor, struggling for close to two hours to clear the wreckage the singer left behind.

At the terrible and delirious climax of one song, Reznor caved in the keys of a synthesizer like he was kicking in a rib cage. Bones spewed into the grasping audi-ence as Reznor collapsed backwards in a heap. There were little splintered trophies for the very few.

During the minimalist "Eraser" and longer more desperate "Hurt" a stage covering screen was dropped so that black-and-white film images of sand and sea, thundering clouds, the horror of nuclear annihilation, death camps, dis-ease and time lapsed decay could be pro-jected. The film was horrible and fasci-nating, and because most was taken from ancient news footage, chillingly believ-able.

"Beneath the stain of time," Reznor sang, "the feeling disappears, you are someone else, I am still right here."

But for all the morbidity, the Nail show had remarkable energy and passion. While that passion tended to the carnal and some-times brutal, it didn't much matter. It was a tribal event . . .

[September 26, 1994]

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Sacramento Bee

Campaigning against Oliver North, Senator Barbara Boxer reveals the tough times she has endured as an American, conscientious almost to the point of neurosis:

"My lowest, darkest, bleakest day as an American was when I learned that a Marine colonel who swore to uphold the Constitution of the United States had sold arms to the most terrorist nation on Earth," California's Barbara Boxer said Thursday as she and three female Senate colleagues campaigned for Robb in Arlington. "That person cannot become a United States senator."

[October 10, 1994]

Ms.

Ladies' plumbing raised to the highest plateau of scholarship by the pioneering Doktor Professor McClintock, now of the University of Chicago:

Why do women who spend a lot of time together seem to menstruate at the same time? As a psychology major at Wellesley College in the late 1960s, Martha McClintock noticed this phenomenon in her dorm and mentioned it to some male colleagues during a summer job in a lab. They were highly skeptical: "menstrual synchrony" was women's folklore, not science. The undergrad proved them wrong—and changed the field of biopsychology. McClintock collected menstrual records from 135 women, analyzed the data, and wrote a paper on the topic that was later published in the prestigious journal "Nature." At 23 years old, McClintock had made a name for herself with "one of the first real examples of social interactions affecting basic biology," she says.

McClintock, now a professor at the University of Chicago, still doesn't know exactly why cycles tend to synchronize. But her cutting-edge research is pushing toward the answer, mapping out a complex picture of the interrelation of hormones and behavior. She has proved that ovulating lab rats send out social signals and pheromones (airborne chemicals) that change the ovarian cycles of other rats. Why? *Because even rats need good child care*: when rats ovulate together, they get pregnant together, then raise their young communally, turning out healthier pups. If they give birth out of synch, two thirds of the litter die.

[July/August 1994]

Valley Optimist Magazine

(Northampton, Massachusetts)

New vistas in the sexual revolution as propounded by Mr. Michael Perlman, sexual visionary:

A friend who recently moved to South Deerfield told me that her roommate did something a little odd while they were jogging together. They had jogged into Sunderland and paused by the monumental sycamore tree—one of New England's largest—that grows near the center of town. On an impulse, my friend's roommate embraced the tree and "gave it a big smackeroo."

Could it be that my roommate's friend's affection for the Sunderland sycamore represented a welling-up of the ecological (or, more precisely, aboreal) id?

If you surmise that my question is a leading one, you're right on the money. But what it leads to is another, much larger realm of questions. Why does your average passerby think it's weird to kiss trees? Is there in his or her response to the tree-kisser an analogue to homophobia? Why is it forbidden to make love with trees? Are we (if I may coin a phrase) an ecophobic society? And if, with whatever difficulties and setbacks, American society is coming to realize that bisexuality and homosexuality are in and of themselves as healthy as heterosexuality, why do we lag in recognizing the inherent healthiness of erotic, even sexual, connections with nonhuman nature? Why are we so conflicted about—to broach a concept—our natural ecosexuality?

[August 24, 1994]

San Diego Union-Tribune

An exquisite conscience takes to the field for the betterment of humankind:

A planet goes bonkers. Children starve in places like Rwanda. Hatred spills into the streets of Haiti. Cubans risk their lives trying to reach our shores in rickety boats.

So many times, we feel helpless and joyless in a world like this. Then the Chargers go 4–0 and in San Diego, at least, we have a little something to take our minds off the world's ills–something to cheer, something to smile about.

Then the Chargers defense comes up with a nickname that involves the most hateful tag imaginable, considering the social issues facing us in this area of the world. Don't they know that calling their stellar defense the "Border Patrol" is an insult to people who are striving to better themselves, Latinos specifically, and all pursuers of goodwill generally?

Come on, keep it positive, Chargers.

[October 10, 1994]

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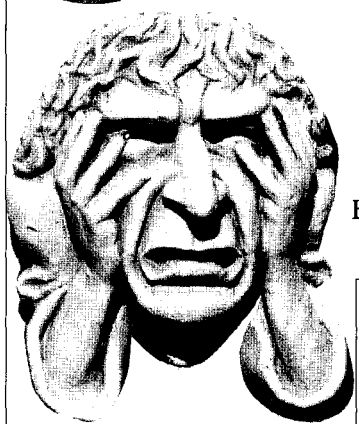

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Cuomophilia

by Matthew Scully

For as long as I can remember, no Republican mission has seemed to me more urgent, vital, or praiseworthy than to remove Mario M. Cuomo from any position of public responsibility whatever. Throughout all my professional wanderings, he has remained a sort of beacon. On whatever matter he can be heard arguing, rationalizing, orating, agonizing—let me be on the other side.

This "Cuomophobia," as a friend calls it, began with his stirring "St. Francis" address to weepy delegates at the 1984 Democratic Convention. But I can pinpoint another moment, too. A reporter asked Cuomo an abortion question, to which the governor replied as he turned away, "Read Notre Dame"—a reference to the hallowed site of his exposition on the matter a few years earlier. Leaving aside the improbability that Lincoln ever told anyone to "read Gettysburg," there is something about the governor only slightly less distasteful in his finer moments, as when he reportedly declined a Supreme Court post "for the good of New York." If now he is opposed by the sorriest of Republicans, still I say: Spare no man or resource from the effort!

It was in this not very healthy state of mind that I found myself a few weeks ago at New York City Hall. There had been a call the week before. Would I be interested in submitting to an interview for the job of chief speechwriter for Mayor Giuliani?

Anticipating a candidate's first logical question, he added, "You have to live in one of the five boroughs." Having not too long ago moved from New York City, I checked my first impulse: to say why sure, I'd be delighted to leave Virginia for Manhattan, but was at the moment leaning toward a more tempting offer from the mayor of Calcutta. More calmly, I just said, "Sure."

Arriving, I had to hack through an angry mob in front of City Hall—a good sign. Better still, they were legal-aid lawyers, furious because the Mayor had responded to their strike (underpaid) by threatening to fire the lot of them. I didn't follow how it all played out, but the sight confirmed a general impression of Giuliani I'd worked out on the train: his support for the crime bill and chumminess with Clinton, his waffle on abortion, his marching in gay pride parades—these were genuflections, compromises without which he would not today be an otherwise fine mayor undoing the Cuomo legacy.

The first round of interviews bore out the truth that when you seem vaguely uninterested in something, often that's when people are most intent on giving it to you. In the main lobby I'd spotted a portrait of my own grandfather, who was president of the Board of Aldermen in 1919, right up there between Al Smith and LaGuardia. Thrilled at the discovery, I asked at one point to leave, running out to buy a disposable camera so as to photograph the portrait, like some tourist getting his once-in-a-lifetime gander of City Hall.

"Can you come back to meet the Mayor? We want to move quickly on this thing." Sure. The return trip would also be unreimbursed, which gnawed at me a little, but doubtless was to be taken as a further sign of our impending partnership. Something bigger than a lousy $400 bucks was unfolding here.

Had they, I asked on the second visit, read the speeches I sent by Fed-Ex? "Of course. That's why we had you back." Testing my theory about Giuliani, I had sent two speeches by Vice President Quayle laying more or less all blame for all the city's maladies with Mario Cuomo, two by a pro-life Democratic governor examining "Notre Dame" and its author, Mario Cuomo, and to round out the portfolio three or four articles with various Cuomophobic reflections. The staff read these, I was told, in the spare hours of a flight to Atlanta, where the Mayor was to address the national conference of Planned Parenthood.

"You sit right here. The Mayor will be with you in a moment." Time passed, and I reflected on the strange fate that had brought me here to help finish off Mario. "The Mayor is still tied up. If you'll just wait a little longer . . ." Of course. It's all just a formality anyway, right, so why should I mind? Another hour. Anxious staffers huddled in a corner of the room. Just then something passed me. Security police flew from their seats and then disappeared. "That," said the chief of staff, whom I had come to like, "was our Mayor. We'll have you back another time."

It was all a little disorienting; preferable, though, to settling into a new office weeks later when the phone rings and someone barks, "Scully, have you finished that Cuomo endorsement yet?" It turns out mayor and governor share, as the *New York Times* was to put it, a "mutual appreciation of the burdens of governing." Schooled by the Christian brothers, "each man, their friends say, has something of an altar boy's sense of moral obligation in the face of a fallen world." This is a very touching thought, offering hope that when those vital funds Mario has promised the city arrive, someone will remember the small matter of $400. ❐

Matthew Scully was a speechwriter for Vice President Dan Quayle.

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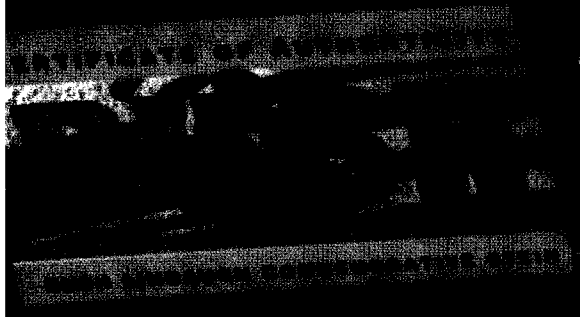

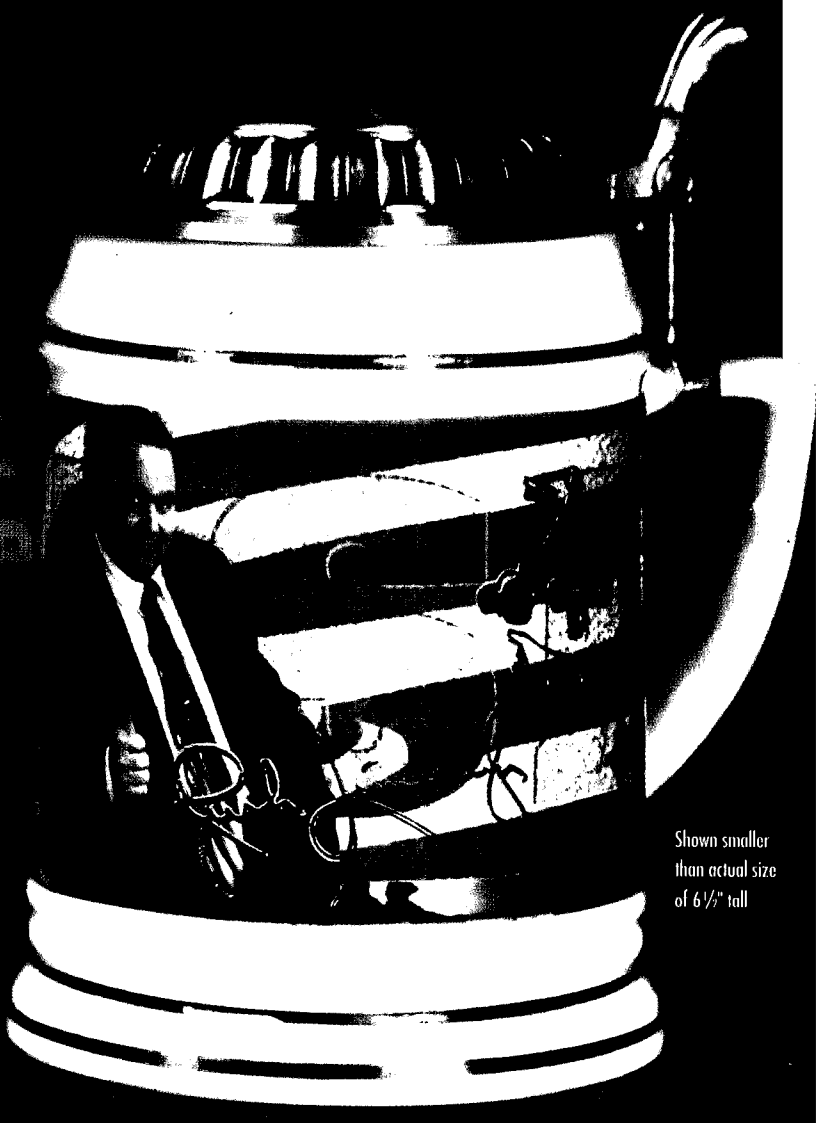

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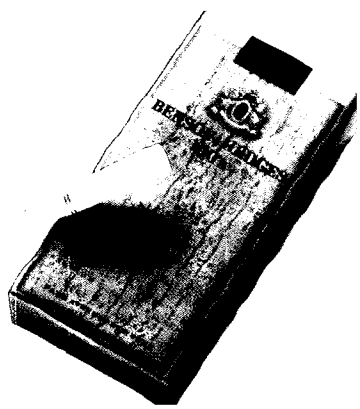

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